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THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF AMERICAN POPULAR GOVERNMENT

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"GOVERNMENT of the People, by the People, and for the People," that, surely, is a concise, but, at the same time, an accurate definition—as definitions go—of "Popular Government." If the terms are not really equivalent, there must be some limitation—unexpressed—attaching to one or the other of them. It certainly lies open to the charge of *obscurum per obscurius*, of being a definition which does not define—that is, if the terms are not interchangeable: "Government of the People" must necessarily, on the face of it, be "popular." But, for a fuller and more complete definition, there is required a preliminary explanation of the terms, "people" and "popular." It will then be possible to decide whether the one really corresponds to the other.

What does an American, that is, an inhabitant of the United States, understand by the expression, "The People"? To the Greek, to the Roman, to the citizens of the mediæval republics, to aristocrat, middle class, to Democrat, Socialist, Anarchist, it has, or had, a distinct and definite signification in each individual instance. To an American it conveys the idea of the united votes of every male citizen over twenty-one years of age; that is, of the majority, large or small, in any particular election. It is a matter of so many *votes*, rather than of so many *persons*. Briefly, "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People," amounts, *theoretically*, government by the majority of ballots. Popular government, therefore, is that which—again theoretically—fulfils the will of the majority, as expressed by their votes.

In so far as such a definition accords

* *Democracy in America.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. *The American Commonwealth.* By James Bryce.

with those of the two principal authorities on the subject of American Popular Government, it will presumably be accepted without further question for what it is worth. In so far as it may happen to differ from the opinions of those two authorities, it will be received or rejected according to the evidence or the arguments that may be produced in support of it. As regards de Tocqueville, it may be said, first, that his *Democracy in America* was written many years ago, and that, of all types of political institutions, Democracy is the least persistent; secondly, that it was written by an aristocrat—not using the term in any invidious sense—who, however much inclined academically, so to speak, to admire Popular Government at a distance, was too familiar with it at home to be entirely unprejudiced or impartial; thirdly, that he wrote as a *Frenchman*, to whom the genius of the English—Anglo-American—race, however carefully studied, was after all foreign, and more or less uncongenial.

Of *The American Commonwealth* it is difficult to say anything that might seem like a criticism. Only in so far as any statements in the present article may differ from the conclusions contained in that work, it may be urged on behalf of the former that the Professor's residence in the United States was, at best, but a short one; and that no critical or historical ability, however great, can entirely replace the experience of long years of familiar intercourse and of daily observation. As a matter of fact, neither an Englishman nor an American—in either case, for obvious reasons—is altogether qualified to pronounce finally on the subject of American Popular Government. An American who had lived many years in England, or, preferably, an Englishman who had lived many years in the United States, would probably fulfil the task with the minimum of personal predilection.

The definition, such as it is, may therefore be allowed to stand for the present. It does not differ widely, if at all, from the conclusions of the two authorities, from those of the more modern one especially. At the most, it assigns to the tyranny of the majority its real limits and its true nature, at the same time, possibly, entering some kind of a plea in its favor, or rather some additional reasons for submitting to it. It may, moreover, appear

that facts can be claimed to support it. The *theory* of "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People," is "government by ballots and for the party possessing at any given period a majority of ballots." It is, fortunately or unfortunately as it may chance to be regarded, not only the theory but the practice also. That is to say, American Popular Government is government by so many votes on one side or the other.

Herein, it may be said, American Popular Government does not *primâ facie* differ materially from any other free Constitution, since theoretically and practically—within certain limits and under varying conditions—all such conditions rest ultimately upon the will of the majority as expressed by their votes. The majority may in any particular instance be either large or small, homogeneous or, as we in England have lately seen, utterly heterogeneous; but the final decision rests, of necessity, upon the votes of the people.

The limits are, as might be expected, dependent upon the local conditions, or the conditions subject in some measure to the limits. In the United States those limits are clearly defined by the written Constitution, but the local conditions, nationality, traditions, divergent party interests, tend to influence the written Constitution itself, adversely or favorably, as it may happen. But there is always the fact of a definite and, as it were, tangible limit, superior under normal circumstances to all ordinary conditions, a barrier not easily removed, weakened, or surmounted, even by "the will of the people." That is to say, that the Sovereign People has chosen to submit to certain self-imposed restrictions—restrictions which, by all the laws of political probabilities, tend to grow more firmly established, since every year that passes adds to their traditional prestige.

It may, however, be taken as a general rule that the theory of any one Popular Government cannot, from the nature of the case, differ essentially from that of any other, since Popular Government implies presumably "government by the People;" and under modern conditions the People can only make their decisions known, whether spontaneous or inspired, by means of the ballot-box. Short of unanimity—unknown to free nations—the choice must remain with those who can

claim the greatest number of votes. It is when theory becomes practice that the divergences appear: Popular Government is the result of the will of the people. That is to say, "As is the people, so is the government."

Is that a mere truism? Possibly; but it will bear closer examination than might seem probable at first sight. The nature, limits, and efficiency—or otherwise—of Popular Government must, surely, depend upon the constituent elements, nature, limitations, capacity—mental and political—of the people by whom it is carried on. In other words, if the people be sovereign, the result of that sovereignty—as of all others—must be determined by the fitness of the ruler for his office. If the power rests *with the majority of the votes cast*, to whom do those votes belong? Who constitute the majority, that is, in effect, the people? The answer to these questions, or rather, this one question, in any one instance, will decide what is meant, *in that instance*, by Popular Government. According to the different answer in each case, in so far will one example of Popular Government differ from all others. The quality of any one such government is the sum of the qualities, national, mental, moral and political, of the individual voters who constitute the majority for the time being.

To whom do the votes belong in the United States? Of what constituent elements is any possible majority composed? Of these constituent elements, which one is most likely—from numbers, organization, or other cause—to preponderate, either permanently or under any particular conditions?

To the first question the answer is simple enough. All native and foreign-born citizens, over twenty-one years of age, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude—in the words of the fifteenth Constitutional amendment—enjoy the right of suffrage. If, as the Constitution declares, all men are born free and equal, then the possession—"enjoyment"—of the franchise by any one citizen involves, as a logical necessity, the right of suffrage as the heritage of all men. Further, if there can be no taxation without representation, it is evident that manhood suffrage becomes a right by this claim also. That so many millions of American women should be taxed without direct

representation does not, apparently, affect the validity of this latter argument. As to the former, all men must evidently be taken in the sense masculine only; though equally with the slaves *who voted to make themselves voters*, women might claim the right bestowed on those human cattle, either as a compensation for, or in consequence of, their previous condition of servitude. For the present, however, the People must be understood to signify all *male* citizens over twenty-one—that is to say, approximately, one person in every five.

Government of the People, therefore, according to this rule, means the government of some ten or twelve millions of men who enjoy the right of suffrage, simply because it is the right of every man who has lived a certain number of years in the United States. If he had the privilege—or was it a misfortune?—to become a citizen by the accident of birth, he must wait twenty-one years before attaining his right; the citizen by choice, whose former residence was an Irish cabin or a Neapolitan slum, need only wait five years, nominally. Often less than half that time, particularly the party boss, his fellow-countryman, understands practical politics. By the same rule of time qualification, Government by the People is, in effect, the result of a few thousand votes one way or the other. Government for the People amounts to government for those in power and for those who put them there. This, it may be said, is true of all Popular Government; but given the provisions and professions of the Constitutions, the ultimate result is, at least, worthy of attention. That is to say, that the tyranny of the majority is a sufficiently serious matter; but the tyranny of a comparatively few variable, not to say venal, votes, is an unmitigated evil.

That approximately one-fifth of the population should constitute the people, and should monopolize a right belonging to all men who are born free and equal by means of an arbitrary time qualification, may seem inconsistent, to say the least of it, if not actually unjust. But on the principle of *beati possidentes*, those who enjoy the right also possess the power of imposing whatever conditions they please. What the Sovereign People, by the grace of circumstances, decree, *must be* popular. Is not that sound democratic logic? That

government by a chance, or manipulated, majority of a part of the people should not only claim to be popular in the true sense, but should, practically, be recognized as such, tacitly, if not avowedly, would seem to be an unavoidable consequence of American democratic institutions. Whether unavoidable in fact, or, possibly, only an accident, such is the actual position of political affairs. But, surely, if the right of suffrage be the mark of sovereignty, and that sovereignty be the prerogative of the people, then those who possess the right also possess the sovereignty, and those to whom the prerogative belongs must be the people. If the logic is faulty, the conclusion remains true; since the voters are, in the United States, to all intents and purposes the people. That is to say, that their will, as expressed by their votes, constitutes what is understood as Popular Government.

That the distinction is arbitrary, or seems to be so, does not affect the main issue. That the privilege of the franchise may be justly given or withheld by the sovereign power is evident; that the right of suffrage should be made subject to limitations is not so obvious; in fact, it would be almost impossible to assign any valid reason for it except the reason of an autocrat—namely, that *it is the will of the people*. Does not all law rest ultimately on some such basis? Is not the will of the sovereign power, king, oligarchy, people, the source of all law? If the voters, who, for all political purposes, constitute the American people, make suffrage the condition of citizenship, have they not a right to do so? Are they not *de facto*, if not *de jure*, the Sovereign People? If so, expression of their will must be Popular Government. Further, since by votes alone can the people declare their will, then the majority of votes, however small, no matter by whom they may be cast, or how obtained, must of necessity—short of constant civil war—be accepted as the real expression of the popular will.

This is, at all events, the theory and practice of American Popular Government, as regards this particular point. The solution may be an erroneous one, but it is the American solution of the enigma of tyranny. Tyranny—that is, absolute power—is, apparently, inseparable from all forms of human government. It may reside in one, or a few, or in many; may assume

many different aspects, and be subject to various incidental limitations. That the Americans have chosen the most illogical, the most crushing, the most hopeless of all possible forms of tyranny, is perfectly possible. But logic is not the dominant idea of political institutions—except on paper. A tyranny deliberately chosen, in which each man is nominally a participant, as well as really a sufferer, loses much of its bitterness for that very reason; and, lastly, the fact that it is hopeless, and, as it were, inevitable, makes resignation not only possible but absolutely necessary. To which it may be added that it is, at least, strong, enduring, impartial and *impersonal*; revolt against a dynasty, an aristocracy, a class, is always a possibility, and therefore a source of weakness, change, and discontent; revolt against *so many impersonal votes* is inconceivable.

Since, then, the voters of the United States constitute what is known as “the People” for all purposes of government, of what different elements does this people consist? Firstly, doubtless, of masses and of classes. That division, however clear and simple—to many, however ominous of danger—does not exhaust the category. That the spending masses being most numerous should outvote the taxpaying classes, should constitute, under most conditions, the dominant majority, the Sovereign People whose will is Popular Government, is not, by any means, the final conclusion of the matter. Whether such a state of matters be desirable, or very much the reverse, is a matter of personal predilection, or of the noble art of vote-catching; it still remains to be determined what elements go to make up the people at any given period? Briefly, whose will is supreme as expressed by their votes?

That there are classes in democratic America is an uncontrovertible, not to say, a self-evident, fact, human nature being what it is. That there are many classes is also not to be denied; moreover, the interests are as many and as diverse as the classes are numerous. If it were possible to present a clear issue between classes and masses, rather than a multiform divergence between class and class, between mass and mass, the matter would be considerably simplified. But, in the United States, the issues are inextricably interwoven. As a general distinction, not to be pushed too far, the manufacturing class and the opera-

tive mass are on one side, having many interests in common; the learned professions, the farmers, and the tradespeople on the other.

This last definition—imperfect, at the very best, as all such definitions must be—approaches more nearly to an answer to the question, "What elements constitute the people?" Were it possible to reply—leaving out the classes for the present—the townspeople on the one side, the country people on the other, the matter would be simple enough still. But only *some* town-dwellers form one mass, not *all* country-dwellers are included in the other. Further, the town mass is composed of many elements, as is also the country mass. Therefore, eliminating the distinction between town and country, of what do the masses, the majority, the People, consist?

America, the "dumping-ground" of nations, does not that one phrase contain the answer? Not the mart of nations as was Alexandria of old; not the home of the free of her own proud boast, once a true one; but the dumping-ground of nations, the convenient corner on which Europe—to use the simile applied by Swift to the Pope and the Protestant Church—dumps all her refuse, paupers, criminals, anarchists, surplus population. It is, doubtless, a very easy and simple way of getting rid of we ds.

"Her friendly latch-string never was drawn in
Against the meanest child of Adam's kin."

And the meanest child of Adam's kin, with all his relations and friends, has not been slow to take advantage of the opportunity. The question is not so much of what does the American people consist? but rather, of what elements, desirable and most undesirable, does it not consist?

Herein lies the difference between American Popular Government and all other free Constitutions. Most peoples are homogeneous, or, at least, composed of a few distinct elements, with race, traditions, language, history, as a common heritage—one or more of these, religion possibly excepted. American Popular Government rests on the will of a people, of all possible peoples the most heterogeneous that can be conceived. It is a vast, inchoate, partially assimilated, conglomeration of races, languages, traditions, interests, in which the originally dominant, and still *nominal* race, the Anglo-Teutonic,

is in manifest danger of being absorbed, instead of actively assimilating all others to itself. It is the seething confusion of Briton, Saxon, Dane, and Norman over again in the nineteenth century, and on a stupendous scale. Possibly, after long centuries of chaos, the true American people may be evolved.

Yet, in this confusion, there are some distinctions more or less clearly marked. Firstly, *as a rule*, the most desirable emigrants, skilled mechanics excepted, do not remain in the cities, but take up farms in the West and North-West. These are, however—again with the same exception—a comparatively small percentage of the whole number. Secondly, the operatives (mechanics) are generally on the side of the manufacturing class in political matters, for the reason that a high tariff does mean high wages for certain favored trades. So that the line of cleavage is practically between manufacturers—including "coal barons" and "railroad kings"—mechanics and slum-dwellers on the one side, and professional men, tradespeople and farmers, on the other. This intermingling of class and mass on either side is complete; the mutual political interests—chiefly concerning the tariff—strong and clearly recognized.

Yet, strange as it may appear at first sight, it is literally true that in this "warp and woof" of "class" and "mass" interest lies the safety and the hope of American Popular Government. Were any one "class," or any particular "mass," on one side or the other, to become overpoweringly predominant, there would be imminent danger of civil disturbance. Under present conditions, "plutocracy," though undeniably a menace to the welfare of the Republic, cannot gain complete control of the political machinery which is apparently an unavoidable concomitant, or consequence, of democratic institutions, for the reason that the professional and shopkeeping "classes" in the cities, and the farming "masses" in the country, oppose them on all main issues with a consistency superior to all nominal "party interests."

To the question, "Which of these elements is likely—from numbers, organization, or any other cause—to preponderate, either permanently or under any particular condition?" the answer is more difficult. Assuming as accurate, or sufficiently so for the present purpose, the broad distinction

already laid down, there must be introduced into the calculation a factor hitherto omitted, namely, the "class" of professional politicians. The "class" partakes of the nature of both "class" and "mass," or rather, is intermediate, as it were, between the two denominations. That is to say, the politicians are a distinct and clearly defined "class," more clearly defined, probably, than any other; but they are recruited from both "classes" and "masses." Moreover, the politicians belong to both "parties," or to neither, there being "no politics in politics." In this fact also consists, notwithstanding many drawbacks, one of the safeguards of American Popular Government.

Unfortunately, the professional politician is the veritable "free-lance" of political warfare, apparently, if not actually, the "consequent" of the conditions arising out of the circumstances. The party, therefore, that can raise the "biggest campaign fund" can count on the services—only too efficient and professedly indispensable—of the trained and skilful organizer of "campaign tactics." As a rule, the millionaire manufacturer or "railroad king" does not take an active part in the sordid strife of "practical politics;" he subscribes liberally to the party fund, and the politicians "do the rest." A party composed of millionaires, mechanics, and slum-dwellers would be impossible, without this "adhesive element" or connecting link; so that were all the politicians on the side of the millionaires, "popular" government would speedily degenerate into "class rule."

As a matter of fact, the millionaire-mechanic-politician-slum-dweller combination has hitherto tended to preponderate, as is manifest from the tariff legislation of the last thirty years. It is a very simple matter. "Protection of American industries" enriches the manufacturers, benefits (or seems to) certain sections of laborers, and pays the politicians who confer the favor. The slum-dwellers, democratic in some large cities, and, as a rule, in local politics, are amenable to substantial reasons. To this rule, as to all others, there are of course exceptions, but it holds good in the main. One thing is absolutely certain: whichever party becomes, in virtue of a majority of votes, "no matter by whom cast, no matter how obtained," "the sovereign people" for the time being,

the professional politician remains "mayor of the palace."

That "professional politicians" are, if not an evil, at least a fact to be regretted by all true lovers of their country, cannot be denied; inasmuch as their existence is a departure from the "ideal" of popular government. That they are a "necessary consequent" or "invariable accident" of democratic institutions, is almost equally certain. That the control of all the "machinery of practical politics"—"machinery" without which the ordinary routine of political affairs could not be carried on—amounts to "class rule" of the most arbitrary, unjust, and undesirable nature, there can be no doubt at all. But there can, at the same time, be no question as to the real necessity of such a "class," under the present conditions of "Popular Government" in the United States. The "right of suffrage" being enjoyed by some ten or twelve millions of men, a large percentage of them being immigrants partially or wholly ignorant of the language, institutions, and laws of their adopted country, some kind of "political machinery"—elaborate, adequate, and efficient for the purpose—becomes obviously necessary. A considerable section of the "classes" being, for various reasons, averse to "politics," the organization falls, as it were, of necessity, into the hands of the only men willing to devote to it that exclusive attention which it requires. They may be fit or unfit—judged by the high standard of true political morality—but they are undeniably able, and they supply a real demand.

This, then, seems to be, under present conditions, the *ultima ratio* of American Popular Government. The people is a term equivalent to the majority of votes for the time being; that majority, from the nature of the case, since the masses greatly outnumber the classes, must, in only too many instances, consist of those least fitted to exercise the right of suffrage. They hold, at any time, and under all circumstances, the balance of power, their interest, in any given election, being confined to the strongest of all possible motives—self-interest. Moreover, being exploited by the professional politicians, whose long and varied experience has taught them the full value and utmost possibilities of such material, they are better organized than any other of the many ele-

ments that constitute the sovereign people. That the professional politician, with unlimited money, perfect machinery, long training, and a sufficient supply of venal votes, should be master of the situation—"boss the whole show"—is only the natural effect of the adequate cause.

Therefore, if the people be really equivalent to the majority of votes, and that majority, to all practical purposes, be in the hands and at the absolute disposal of the professional politicians—that is, of a comparatively small and distinctly defined class—how can the will of the people—so understood and qualified—be, in any true sense, Popular Government? If, further, the quality of such a government is the sum of the individual voters who constitute the majority, what must be the quality—political, moral, legislative—of a majority consisting practically of ignorant immigrants and utterly unscrupulous professional politicians? That the effects of such a state of affairs are not more disastrous than they are, is due—if the seeming paradox be permissible—to the fact that both political parties are equally to blame for it.

In other words, the professional politician does not belong exclusively to either the Democratic or to the Republican party, but is to be found in both of them. It is, apparently, an inevitable result of party government under Democratic institutions, that the tactics of one party, however unworthy, and even reprehensible, become *necessary* to the other, in self-defence. This fact constitutes, together with universal suffrage, the chief power of the professional politician, the party which should venture to dispense with his services would practically cease to exist. Such a self-denying ordinance requires a courage beyond the reach of a popular party. So long as one party employs the professional politician, and all his works, the other *must* do the same.

All this, surely, is worthy of study, particularly by those who like to Americanize the British Constitution. The *written* Constitution of the United States possesses, doubtless, strong attractions for minds inclined to true Conservatism. A Constitution difficult to change, supreme above Parliaments, Ministers, the will of the People, above Royalty itself—that, so it would seem, were the ideal of political perfection. These qualities probably appeared to De

Tocqueville to be the special advantages of the American Constitution, who, aristocrat, royalist, conservative, had witnessed the fitful phantasmagoria of French Constitution-making.

On the other hand, the rule of the Sovereign People—notwithstanding certain defects, more or less serious, and easily obviated by British superiority;—the (nominal) abolition of all class rule and class privileges; the placing of all political power in the hands of the masses, on whom Heaven itself has manifestly bestowed the true right divine—to govern wrong; each one of these is a most desirable object in the eyes of critical and historical Liberals.

If only the written Constitution could ensure political perfection in those who live under it, then all true Conservatives might well envy all the safeguards provided by the wisdom of its framers against sudden changes and against popular impatience. Even so, were the Sovereign People *as a whole* really sovereign; were the tyranny of the majority—since a tyranny it is, whatever may be said in extenuation of it—the tyranny of a genuine *majority* lawfully obtained; were Popular Government, in very deed, the expression of the will of the People, and, lastly, were class rule and class privileges abolished not only nominally but in fact, then, surely, the most advanced Liberal would be content to tolerate the modicum of Conservative heresy imposed by a written Constitution on the American model, for the sake of the many incidental advantages. If only the masses in the United States could be proved by their political conduct to be fit for sovereign power, then would the right divine—to say nothing of the superior wisdom—of the masses in England be established, once for all, beyond possibility of controversy.

But, if it be true, as here contended, that the Sovereign People in the United States means nothing more than a chance—or rather, a manipulated—majority of votes, of which a large percentage is so much political merchandise, that Popular Government in the domain of ordinary legislation *outside the province of the written Constitution and unaffected by its provisions*, is the will of this factitious majority and *not* of the People in any true sense; then, evidently, the most perfect written Constitution that even British in-

genuity might devise could not ensure political perfection. Further, if it can be proved, and the evidence of American political facts would seem to point that way, that class rule and class privileges—the rule of the politicians and the privileges of their paymasters, both being worse than the rule or the privileges of any European autocracy, aristocracy, or *bourgeoisie*—are not only not abolished but actually fostered by American Popular Government, then, certainly, the most sanguine and enthusiastic Liberal may well be doubtful of the success of the suggested experiment.

That Government of the People, by the People, and for the People should come to mean Government of the Politicians, by the Politicians, and for the Politicians—and for their privileged employers—is doubtless disappointing to those who believe in triumphant Democracy as the system of government which is to put an end to all political evils, but it is, to all intents and purposes, a fact in the United States. The masses form the majority; it is only what might be expected that the majority should rule by means of those who are able to fix things most efficiently. The Sovereign People like other sovereigns whom the world has known, is, naturally, inclined to delegate its supreme authority to unworthy favorites. Whether all these evils be inseparable from Democratic institutions or only accidents due to local causes, cannot here be decided; it cannot be denied that they are decidedly conspicuous in the American model.

The Conservatism which attracted De Tocqueville certainly exists in the written Constitution; but, as already said, the details of ordinary, current legislation are

not in any way affected by the provisions of that remarkable document. These details form, after all, the real sphere of Popular Government, since they affect the daily life and immediate interests of the Sovereign People. Therefore, since that sphere is entirely outside the limits of the Constitution, Popular Government may be democratic in the extreme, while the national charter remains professedly Conservative. Even so, "the tyranny of the majority," on which Professor Bryce insisted so strongly, is not only an inevitable consequence of "the will of the People," but is the tyranny, not of "the People," but of a "class," all the more dangerous as being, to all appearance, a political necessity.

That the American Constitution is admirable, *on paper*, will, probably, be generally admitted; that the safeguards *against* the actual Popular Government, *against* "the will of the People," in matters of national and Constitutional politics, are well worthy of study, will not presumably be called in question. The *theory*, in these matters, is as nearly perfect as a political theory can be; but the practice, in *popular* Government, in ordinary legislation, as is apt to be the case in human affairs, falls considerably short of perfection; and there does not appear to be any valid ground for supposing that the theory will, ultimately, reform the practice. In other words, those who desire "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People," according to the American *theory*, must be very careful to guard against Popular Government according to the American *practice*.—*Westminster Review*.

FIN DE SIÈCLE MEDICINE.

BY A. SYMONS ECCLES, M.B.

If there is one feature more than another which may be fairly regarded as characteristic of the world we live in today, it is the development of combinations among individuals interested in the same objects, engaged in like pursuits, or eager for the attainment of a common desire. This tendency to unite their forces on the part of those who already possess com-

munity of thought or action has very naturally begotten the desire to endow the bodies so formed with functions which shall demonstrate their vitality; and one of the most remarkable evidences of the birth, growth, and development of great associations, is afforded by the multiplication of Congresses engaged in the discussion of subjects as varied as the hues

of the rainbow, ranging from biology to bi-metallism, and fraught with more or less interest to the community in general, as well as to the particular society which meets to promulgate the views entertained by its members.

Of the meeting of Congresses there is no end, and perhaps there are some persons who are beginning to doubt the utility of such meetings, and to regard their increased frequency merely as a means to the somewhat dubious end of affording a pious excuse for indulging in a holiday under the cloak of pseudo-laborious discussions which gather an assumption of gravity from the portentous titles affixed to the contributions offered by those who take part in the proceedings. But, in spite of the fair criticism to which some Congresses have been exposed, there are certain meetings whose utility cannot be gainsaid, and whose influence on the welfare of mankind is not altogether unfelt.

Among these may be included two which will shortly take place in the field of medicine. The British Medical Association meets in Newcastle on August 1, and at the end of September the International Medical Congress will be sitting in Rome. A glance at the programme of the former suffices to indicate the direction in which medical practice is running; and it may not be altogether uninteresting to the non-professional reader if the progress of medical thought and action since the meeting of the International Congress of Medicine three years ago in Berlin is briefly considered. It will be remembered that the curiosity of the medical world was stimulated on that occasion by the announcement of a great German bacteriologist that he would shortly place at the disposal of his colleagues a remedy which should prove potent against one of the most terrible and widespread diseases afflicting the human race. Hopes were raised in the breasts of those who hitherto had been condemned to death. Berlin was besieged by sufferers from consumption, and the reservations of the scientist, who claimed neither omnipotence nor infallibility, were rendered null and void by the almost hysterical advertisement of the lay press. Doctors and patients alike strove to be possessed of the miraculous liquid which, when injected in doses of a few milligrammes, was to drive out the demon bacillus of phthisis.

"I will cleanse the foul body of th' infected world

If they will patiently receive my medicine" *

was the fiat which had gone forth from the savant of Imperial Germany according to the exaggerated telegrams encumbering the wires of the whole world for a short space. In vain the modest investigator, who was hailed as the savior of consumptives, sought to stem the tide of turbulent credulity which overwhelmed him and his disciples; and it was not until practice and experience had tried and found wanting the promised prophylactic that the injection of tuberculin was undeservedly relegated to the realms of failure, when the few who had carefully noted its effects and gauged its limitations, following the indications of the inventor, employed it with success, and continue to do so, for the arrest of superficial manifestations of tuberculosis.

The alleged mode of action of the much-vaunted remedy for consumption was exceedingly fascinating to those who looked for the brilliant results prophesied. The organism recognized as the cause of consumption (and of other forms of tuberculosis affecting tissues apart from the lungs, which from the prevalence of phthisis are commonly associated with the popular term consumption), having invaded the organ affording a congenial resting-place, colonizes the affected tissue, and multiplies, rapidly surrounding itself the while with its own off-scourings. The active ingredient of tuberculin is the waste product or off-scouring of the tubercle bacillus, and the ingenious idea of its adaption to the cure of consumption resembled very closely the historical episode of the horrible Black Hole of Calcutta. The wretched prisoners were destroyed by the accumulation of their own exhalations in the confined space into which they were huddled by the vindictive ferocity of Surajah Dowlah; but the German professor was more merciless to the bacillary invaders of human lungs than the Eastern miscreant proved to be to the victims of the Black Hole, though the results of his behavior to human prisoners were more effectively fatal than the treatment meted out to intrusive microbes in the cases of pulmonary tuberculosis injected by the Koch method.

* As You Like It. Act ii., Sc. 1.

The prisoners of Calcutta were left to die by the poisons generated by their own respirations ; the organisms infesting consumptive lungs were poisoned by the deliberate addition made to their own off-scourings of the waste products from the cultivated members of their own race, bred in captivity on purpose to supply sufficient material to render the situation of any vigorous bacillus untenable within the precincts of the home made in the organs of the host so invaded. But here the comparison ceases to be parallel : for whereas the Indian provided against the escape of his prisoners, the German could not take similar precautions, so that the tubercle bacillus, being compelled to quit its nest by the obnoxious addition to its midden-heap, sought for more pleasant surroundings, and, frustrating the hopes of the bacteriologist that it would be expectorated, roamed to other parts of the lung previously uninvaded. Thus the effect of the hoped-for cure in some cases resulted in an extension of the disease, and the injection of tuberculin as a remedy for consumption has been abandoned, though its value and unquestionable usefulness in certain affections of the skin has been proved and recorded.

Meanwhile the researches of an eminent French physiologist, undertaken some years ago, proved that the dictum of St. Paul in his exhortations to the Corinthians was very remarkably fraught with truth in regard to certain glands whose function even now is not fully understood : "Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary."* And in pursuing his investigations he was able to show that the healthy condition of organs whose precise use may not be demonstrable was necessary to the well-being of the individual and the proper elaboration of the blood circulating through the body for the nutrition of the tissues. The fact that all the various organs which together make up the whole body are necessary to each other has long been recognized ; but the due exercise of all the various functions of the different tissues has not been sufficiently insisted on, with the result that many maladies of the present day are probably attributable, not so much in the first instance to disease in the sense of an alteration in structure, as

to disuse of certain organs which have been suffered to remain idle, or whose easily-recognizable use has been minimized because the conditions of civilization tend to foster disuse rather than activity. Probably the most potent factor of present day ailments is the abeyance into which the muscular system is permitted to fall by dwellers in cities, who are daily becoming more and more dependent on artificial means of locomotion and on labor-saving apparatus, until disorders of digestion and nervous maladies are now as common among the comparatively poor members of the community as they are among those who are wealthy ; indeed, while the rich man endeavors to overcome the mischief wrought by his sedentary life by riding in the Park or playing golf, the poorer man, who is unable to afford these pleasurable exercises, neglects his muscular development, and invariably mounts his omnibus or tumbles into his train rather than waste the time necessary for a brisk walk or a half hour in the gymnasium. The Volunteer movement and the popularity of the bicycle have tended to counteract the disuse of muscles engendered in a large proportion of town residents ; but there are still numbers of persons of both sexes who require vigorous muscular exercise in order to maintain health. The centralization of many domestic industries may have improved the character of the products thus manufactured or of the work performed ; but when bread was made, and washing was done, at home, the female members of many families fairly well off, but not too richly endowed with this world's goods, were profitably employed in kneading the dough and ironing the linen. Healthy exercise of the muscles being in many cases no longer regarded as a necessity for the maintenance of well-being, the latter end of this century has produced the revival of a practice which is recorded in the earliest medical papyrus in the British Museum, verifying the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. But just as the multiplication of Congresses may be in a measure due to the increased facilities now afforded by rapid means of locomotion, so the introduction of massage may be regarded as evidence of the tendency in these latter days to the neglect of muscular exercise ; and if it be true that the abeyance of function in certain

* I. Corinthians, xii., 22.

glands is productive of diseases which can be cured by the injection of organic liquids derived from a similar source, much more is it evidently true that the failure to employ the great bulk of muscular tissue, which is so large a portion of the human frame, will and invariably does give rise to disordered function and altered structure in the other organs and tissues of the body which are interdependent on the activity of the muscles and each other. Mental and nervous over-strain are rarely dissociated from muscular disuse and flaccidity.

The interchange between the blood and the various tissues of the body is necessary to the healthy vitality of the human being; but, in order to facilitate such mutual exchange, there must be activity on the part of every organ, and in view of the fact that the muscles are greatly in excess in bulk and weight of any other organs, it follows that their activity is essential to the well-being of the whole body. Muscular exercises induce acceleration of the blood stream and serve to pump effete material out of their interstices so as to make room for fresh supplies brought by the blood-vessels ramifying through and around them. *Fin de siècle* medicine, recognizing the deficiency of muscular activity as a fruitful source of maladies resulting from the want of combustion and elimination of material used up or vitiated by the disproportionate action of other organs and tissues, has been compelled to revive the ancient practices pursued by the Egyptians, and later by Hippocrates and his successors in the earlier ages of the world's history, which thus repeats itself in these latter days.

Reverting to the imitation of methods which are gravely proposed by the pioneers of these therapeutic means, even to the extent of supplying defective organs by the injection of materials derived from the same sources in animals—*e.g.*, extracts of bone marrow, spinal marrow, sweetbread, etc.,—it is interesting to note that, according to French authorities, and in some instances with the verification of observers in this country also, distinct benefit has been derived from these new methods of treating disease: notably in the employment of the juice of the thyroid gland in cases of a disease in which this organ is found to be atrophied, and again in the employment of other organic liquids for

the cure of neurasthenia, a term which being translated into the vulgar tongue simply means nervous weakness or exhaustion. Sleeplessness is a very common and distressing symptom of neurasthenia. But here again we are confronted by what appears to be the cause or one of the causes of sleeplessness. A well-known French scientist has shown that certain matters which are formed during sleep are stimulants to the nervous system, and as the tide of their production rises they finally wake the sleeping brain cells, and stimulate them into activity. On the other hand, the matters formed while the individual is active and awake, when sufficiently accumulated in the body, tend to produce sleep. But it is more than probable that inactivity, especially muscular disuse, interferes with the due production of the soporific matters in the blood and tissues, so that insomnia often results from the want of a fair amount of muscular exercise. Perhaps the most remarkable advance in the investigation of the action of organic liquids, as means for the cure or modification of disease, is the alleged discovery, by a Russian savant, that all the organic liquids derived from different sources, and whose use has been advocated by his French colleagues, depend for their efficiency on a constituent which is common to them all; and it is maintained that all the beneficial effects produced by the injection of diverse organic extracts may be equally derived from a much smaller quantity of a solution containing the active ingredient which is stated may be found in every tissue of the body, but is more easily isolated from some than from others. The theory that functional disorders of the nervous system depend in great part on errors of digestion and on the accumulation of waste products and effete matters acting as poisons on the nerve cells, which the writer has frequently had reason to believe is abundantly proved to be unquestionably correct, would appear to be supported by the experimental evidence afforded by the discoverer of the substance which is asserted to be the active principle and essential ingredient of the older preparations. The matters which are formed in the digestion of food-stuffs escape the protective function of the liver, whose duty it is to mount guard over the entrance of the products of digestion into the general circulation, to

turn back such as would prove deleterious, to alter and elaborate those which in a crude state might be obnoxious, and to regulate the admission of fit and proper materials; and when the function of the liver is not sufficiently active, or is overtaxed by the excessive duty imposed on it under the circumstances of over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table, or a vitiation of the digestive processes not so immediately under the control of the individual, it follows that the blood becomes overcharged with matters which are not nutritive as they should be, but poisonous, so that the body, instead of being refreshed and invigorated, is impoverished and weakened, all the organs and functions being upset in consequence. Headaches, lassitude, nervous irritability, all the thousand-and-one ills of which the so-called nervous invalid complains, may be directly traceable to the ingestion of poisonous materials replacing the properly elaborated nutritious matter which should serve to build up the organism. Now, it is suggested that the elimination of these poisonous substances may be greatly facilitated by the injection of a ferment which shall so alter their chemical composition as to render them easy of excretion by the organs whose particular function is to get rid of matters for which the body has no further use. That the substance introduced by the Russian scientist is endowed with properties which effect certain well recognized chemical changes under certain conditions outside the body has been demonstrated. Experience of the remedy in the native country of its inventor has led to its employment in disorders of the nervous system, believed to be dependent on poisonous conditions of the blood, with alleged beneficial results. It is on trial in this country, and hopes are expressed that a good record of utility may follow its employment, for it appears to rest upon an intelligible basis. French advocates of these remedies have endeavored to claim for them some vital properties, and the use of such suggestions has been regarded with eyes askance by the majority of prac-

titioners of medicine in this country, who are inclined to place them in the same category with certain remedies of mediæval medicine-mongers savoring of the witches' broth in Macbeth,*

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

But the Northern chemist places the use of organic liquid injections outside the pale of "A New Phase of Suggestive Therapeutics" which an Italian critic has insisted is the only virtue to be discovered in the use of these remedies. If the material prepared in the Muscovite laboratory behaves with the same vigorous chemical action within the human body as it possesses when brought in contact with certain oxidizable substances outside it, considerable results may be anticipated.

The elimination of waste products, the chasing away of poisonous matters, in other words, the cleansing of the intoxicated nervous system, is a process in treatment which must result in benefit to the sufferer from the many evils consequent on the toil and trouble, hurry and scurry, of these closing years of the nineteenth century. Be the means what they may, mechanical, chemical, or some other agencies not yet within our grasp, those who are in constant attendance on the sick and sorry, who are sometimes oppressed with the sense of shortcoming and futility which ordinary methods too often engender, may be forgiven if in their anxiety to relieve pain, to modify suffering, or to lift the cloud of mental depression, they seek the aid of "*fin de siècle* medicine" which may not lie strictly within the limits of ancient orthodoxy, but which, if haply the results are curative or even alleviative, may be used judiciously and temperately for the reason that the end justifies the means.—*National Review*.

* Macbeth. Act iv., Sc. 1.

GLIMPSES BACK: A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A LIBRARY is unlike every other room in a house, not because it is generally the most comfortable, and has the sleepest arm-chairs, nor because it supplies you with "something" to read. The magazines of the month and papers of the day do that, not to speak of the weekly periodicals, which are so many. These all mainly tell us of what is going on in the world, and what our neighbors, friends, and enemies are thinking and saying about it. In them we look for the last jokes that have been made to make us laugh, the last murders that have been reported (with ingenuity of detail) to satisfy our natural appetite for the realistic, and there we skip our study speeches which have been delivered in order to make us agree with the speakers, or think for ourselves.

We get all this in any room where the tables are supplied with what we call "current literature." But the walls of a "library" are more than screens to shut out the cold, and surround easy-chairs.

Every book-lined shelf is really a "curtain," through the chinks of which we may peep at the past, hear what men were saying, and see what they were doing in the years gone by. There, too, we may behold great completed clusters of history, and learn (if we can) how events which have become turning-points in the world's course arose, were carried on, and sometimes ended. We may perceive also that the greatest of these often hung on the smallest of nails, like pictures; and see how the mightiest impulses which have stirred mankind were accompanied throughout with a by-play of lesser incidents which go far to make up the pleasures and the pains of daily experience. There never, indeed, was a time in which sugar was not sweet, buttons did not come off, chimneys did not smoke, and it was not difficult to find a piece of bread buttered on both sides. Probably some of the three hundred at Thermopylæ had colds in their heads, and the "Decay of the Roman Empire" was surely accompanied by that of many Roman teeth. Gibbon does not notice this, but it concerned ancient citizens more personally than the conduct of senates or Cæsars. Though the turning round of the earth is a mighty business, involving the order of

creation and the existence of mankind, we have to think what we shall have for supper, and ascertain whether our beds are properly aired. Thus throughout any researches into the past the little threads and fringes of life are ever showing themselves, and events which cast great shadows are accompanied by insistent daily needs, enjoyments, and vexations.

But to return to our library. There is a shelf in mine which holds what was called the *New Annual Register*, and I have just been taking down the volume which tells me what men were saying, doing, and thinking exactly one hundred years ago. Mighty things had freshly come, or were coming to pass in those days, including such as the French Revolution and the Independence of the United States, let alone wars and rumors of wars in Europe, and what men then called "the East Indies." The record of these fills about one-third of the octavo volume under the title of "British and Foreign History," while another, headed "Biographical Anecdotes and Characters," is a medley of papers, essays, reviews, poetical and other extracts, and "Observations" on the "stile" of Demosthenes, the natural history of the beaver, the fifth satellite of Saturn, verses to a fly taken out of a bowl of punch (capital letters), with receipts for the making of cider and the curing of hydrophobia. All these take up as much room as America, India, France, and the rest of the world.

Thus manifold tastes are suited, but it is from a large sheaf in the middle of the book that I would first pluck a few stalks for my reader. It is called "Principal Occurrences in the Year."

These are not gathered from the small fields of the United Kingdom alone. The whole world offers a harvest, and the reaper wanders over its surface cutting handfuls here and there from what seem to him the richest growths, and worthy of being called "principal." I have sometimes wondered at the guiding motive of those chroniclers who pin an event to each day in our present common almanacs, and fill a space which might have served for the making of a memorandum with the statement that on such and such a date "John Bright was born," or "Galileo

died." Occasionally you come across a juxtaposition which suggests a fitness in the sequence of events. The other day I noticed these immediately following announcements in a penny calendar. "Martyrs burned at Oxford." "Fire Insurance begins." This was obviously unintentional, otherwise there would surely have been more happy coincidences. But the choice of the historian who records the "Principal Occurrences" for a whole year in the *New Annual Register* indicates what would seem to be a curious paucity of news in the journals of the day since in his opening pages he gives equal prominence to "an extraordinary earthquake at Lisbon," the offering by the Pope of "a suite of superb rooms" in the Vatican to "Prince Augustus, fifth son of his Britannic Majesty" (who politely declined them), and the finding of "an enormous stone in the body of a cart mare at Colchester." This comes in the chronicle of January, which also immortalizes a certain "Mr. Smith" who was crushed to death in a crowd outside the Haymarket Theatre, and the humanity of the inhabitants of Hull, "which deserves to be recorded to their honor," since they collected "fifty-six pounds" for the relief of a shipwrecked crew. More interesting is a glimpse of the rude condition of agriculture a hundred years ago. This is indicated by two announcements. The first records the invention of a machine, "which is so simple, and so excellently contrived, that by one and the same movement it separates completely, and throws into different receivers, the heavy corn and the light." The other tells how "an ingenious farmer," having cut the "tops and tails," stacked and thatched about twenty loads of turnips, so that they were preserved from the frost, and "when opened," were found "perfectly sound and fresh," affording "an excellent fodder." This now common process was then hailed as a unique discovery, but the narrator does not hint that there was any prospect of its general adoption. It was only "ingenious." Presently follows an account of the execution of one "Anckerstroem," who had assassinated his Swedish Majesty. This reveals a horrible bluntness of the age to the cruelties of punishment, being recorded without comment, except that the assassin was taken to the final place of execution "amid the hisses and hootings

of the attending multitudes," which, says the narrator coolly, "seemed considerably to affect him." One might have thought his feelings had become blunted by that time, for this is how he was treated.

Having been deprived of "his rights of nobility, and of a citizen, with infamy," the night before, he "was conducted to the Ritten-haus market, and fastened by an iron collar upon a scaffold during two hours, and afterward whipped with a rod of five lashes, at a stake, where, under his name, with the title of *regicide* added, was tied the pistol and the knife, the instruments of his crime. The same punishment was repeated on the 20th at the Hay-market, and the 21st at the market of Adolphus Frederic. Yesterday terminated his existence on a scaffold erected in the great square. His right hand was first chopped off by the executioner, who immediately afterward beheaded him, and then divided his body into four quarters, which are stuck up in different parts of the city." It is added that "At the commencement of his punishment he showed much firmness, but his strength became exhausted from his sufferings; and he was dragged, being incapable of walking, to the places of punishment and execution." It was then that the people hooted (loyal subjects!), not at the hideousness of the spectacle, but at "him."

And there is not a word in the narrative of the registrar to indicate any perception on his part that the three days' torture (for it was nothing less) of this criminal could be reckoned barbarous, or that the recital of it would be other than gratifying to his educated readers. Indeed, this "occurrence" is recorded with evident satisfaction at the sense of just retribution which it revealed. The story of another follows, also illustrating the severity of punishment a hundred years ago. Some convicts who had escaped from Botany Bay in an open boat were captured after a miserable voyage of ten weeks and taken to England, but expressed a desire to suffer death rather than be sent back to New South Wales.

Those were the days of damages for libel, however. On the same page is the report of an action brought by a young lady against the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Tattersal, a "horse-dealer," living in the Isle of Ely, who (on that

account) pleaded ignorance of "what was going on in this great city," i.e., London. But "the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £4000." Then we have mention of one "Serjeant Grant," whose sentence, for some cause, was "mitigated," and instead of his having a "thousand" lashes, he was let off with "fifty," which he received "on the parade at St. James'." The mention of the original punishment ordered is, apparently, incidental. The point in the "occurrence" is the mitigation of his sentence. Public whipping, however, was by no means reserved for military offenders. Two "occurrences" in the outskirts of this same year are mentioned, one of which especially involved a matter of "great importance to the public, who were daily suffering under similar impositions." A man had fraudulently obtained two shillings from a servant for the delivery of a parcel, and for this he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and then "to be publicly whipped from the Admiralty to Charing Cross, and thence to Bridge Street, Parliament Street." In the other case, that of kidnapping a voter, the offender was sentenced to be "whipped through the streets" of Edinburgh, and then "banished Scotland for seven years."

Among the events mentioned, few are more frequent than fires, for the extinguishing of which the engines of the day seem to have been almost always impotent. Instances of longevity are of course duly recorded, and in one, that of "a little woman" who died in the hundred and fifth year of her age, it is mentioned that, "Some years before her death she had a new set of teeth." But it is not said whether these were provided by a dentist or by nature; if by the former, was it to rank as a "principal occurrence"?

In these days of rapid intercourse it is interesting to notice that the arrival of "the Thames Frigate" off Portsmouth on April the 3d, "with despatches from the East Indies," has a paragraph to itself, she having sailed from "Tellicherry" the 28th of December, and from the Cape the 2nd of February. But these long postal voyages lasted occasionally into the "fifties" of the present century.

Take other entries which indicate social advance. In the report of the House of

Commons on the number of debtors in different jails (the total number was 1957), it appears that "one Gaskin," a leatherdresser, had been confined eleven years for a debt of "five shillings" in the county jail at Worcester. This was hard lines, but not to be compared with the sufferings of some negroes, next recorded, as thus (without comment): "Barbadoes, June 17. The King George, Howard (was he related to the philanthropist?), of Bristol, was lost about the middle of April to windward of this island. She had on board when she went on shore 283 men slaves, 261 of whom were drowned in the 'tween-decks, they being in irons, and the gratings locked down. One old man and a boy, being not well, and on deck, swam to shore, as did many of the women, 87 of whom were sold here." Still there were not wanting some kindly-disposed people in English society. The next paragraph tells us how when Lord Egremont's horse won £50 "on the race-ground at Brighthelmstone," his lordship asked some gentlemen who stood near him "whether there was a Sunday School at Brighton." The answer was that there were "two." His lordship then desired that the plate won by his horse might be equally divided for the benefit of those laudable institutions. All this, be it remarked, was in the lifetime of some who (presumably) are alive now.

It was exactly a hundred years ago that Earl Stanhope's experiments for navigating vessels with "the steam engine" were recognized by the Navy Board, which undertook to pay the expense of one (two hundred tons burden) "on condition that if she do not answer, after a fair trial, she shall be returned to Earl Stanhope, and all the expense incurred made good by him." This, adds the narrator, "is undoubtedly a noble experiment, and highly honorable to his Lordship, whatever may be its success. If it answer, the advantage to the public, particularly in inland navigation, will be immense." The next paragraph tells us that Lord Falmouth and others were laudably exerting themselves to prevent the plundering of wrecked vessels by the country people on the coast of Cornwall.

There is mention made of food riots in various parts, and straws in the wind showed that certain disaffected people were being inflamed by reason of what

had been coming to pass in France. One man was taken into custody for having stuck upon the door of the Fleet Prison "This house to let. Peaceable possession will be given by the present tenants, &c., &c. Bastiles are no longer necessary in Europe." We are not here told what was done with this dangerous wag, but a company of the London Militia was ordered to be on duty night and day, and a large meeting of bankers, traders, and others was held at Merchant Taylors' Hall, "when a declaration expressive of their determination to support our present happy constitution was unanimously agreed to." But all do not appear to have been satisfied, since about the same time Mr. Perry, the printer of *The Argus*, was indicted for a libel, to wit, "that the House of Commons were not the real representatives of the people, and that therefore the laws were not enacted by their own consent." Mr. Perry seems to have escaped, since a reward of £100 was offered for his apprehension.

The last item in "Principal Occurrences" is the table of metropolitan mortality for the year, in which it appears that the "Burials" showed an excess over the "Christenings" of 865, and that of the children who had died (the total deaths of all ages being 20,213), 8703 were under five years of age, and that only 432 persons (male and female) reached the age of 80 in the twelve months. With regard to the proportion of infant deaths, since children were not counted till they had been christened, there would probably be many who died (born, but unreckoned) before baptism. This suggests an appalling picture of infant mortality in London (and, indeed, elsewhere), only a hundred years ago.

On searching the "Principal Occurrences" of the following year for the fate of the man who stuck a handbill, "This house to let, &c.," on the door of the Fleet Prison, I find that, "since he had conducted himself with a criminal effrontery that bespoke no compunction of heart," he was sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for the term of three years, and during that time to stand once in the pillory at the Royal Exchange, and at the expiration of his imprisonment to find security for his good behavior for five years, himself in £500, and two sureties in £250 each—a lesson to political bill-stickers.

As might be expected, one marked feature of this century-old *Register* is the repeated list of men and women "left for execution." Some of these, indeed, were respited, but the gibbet was the chief weapon of the law for punishing all sorts and conditions of offenders. Protests, however, were not wanting against this severity. The public conscience was beginning to be touched, though it can hardly be said to have been awakened till within the last thirty or forty years. Voices, too, were being freshly raised against the "slave trade" by Mr. Wilberforce and others. Thus, special notice comes to be made of it in current publications, and the *New Annual Register* under the head of "British and Foreign History," gives condensed reports of the debates to which it gave rise in Parliament.

It was not, indeed, for the first time that they were then held, a hundred years ago. "On Monday, the 2nd of April (1792), the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee to consider (again) of the circumstances of the African slave trade." It will be remarked that the subject of debate was not "Slavery." Mr. Wilberforce, who opened it, "disclaimed any design of an immediate emancipation of the negroes. They were far from being in a state for the reception of such an enjoyment. Liberty he considered as the child of reason." These are the reported words of the great philanthropist in beginning his speech. It was the nefarious "traffic," the importation of any more negroes from Africa, against which he then pleaded. In support of his plea, "he observed the number of slaves now in Jamaica only was 300,000, while that of the whites was only 20,000, and this alarming disparity they wished preposterously to increase." Then he proceeded to expose "the absurd supposition that the trade was a nursery for seamen," quoting authentic documents, pleading also that the abolition of the traffic would not injure commerce, and pressing the consideration (which reads curiously to us now) "that when no more slaves were suffered to be imported, they must be well treated; and by proper treatment they would multiply faster and be better servants."

The greater part of his speech was, as might be supposed, devoted to an exposition of the horrible cruelties seen in the

kidnapping and transportation of negroes. Then one member after another defended the existing state of affairs; and Mr. Vaughan, who had visited Jamaica, "to certify himself with respect to the truth," said, "thumb screws, and other instruments of torture, except the whip and the stocks (a considerate exception) were utterly abolished, and he saw but little of that cruelty which was so much complained of. He confessed, however, that there was room for much amendment. Missionaries, he said, should be sent to instruct the slaves in religion; marriage ought to be encouraged, medical societies instituted. . . . Premiums ought also to be given both to mothers and fathers of children."

On the committee dividing, a motion (supported by both Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt) was carried by a majority of sixty-eight, for a "gradual abolition" of the traffic, and after two or three adjournments, it was proposed that it should cease at the expiration of "eight years." To this an amendment was moved that it should terminate in a year, and after more debates a compromise was accepted by both parties that it should come to an end in "four." This was carried by a majority of forty.

The measure, however, met with less favor in the Upper House, several noble lords (including a bishop) urging the expediency of hearing fresh evidence. This was ordered to be heard at the Bar, and thus, the registrar adds (this time showing a personal feeling in the matter), "the advocates for the abuses of the slave trade sheltered themselves under the masked battery of form," hoping "that the popular fervor might abate upon the subject, or some fortunate war, or other circumstance, might opportunely occur to defeat the hopes and frustrate the endeavors of the friends of mankind."

It was not (as we know) till 1807 that a bill for the abolition of the slave trade passed both Houses successfully. In 1824 slave-trading was made a capital offence, mitigated in 1837 to transportation for life. Meanwhile, the "Anti-Slavery Society" grew up, and a motion for the extinction of slavery itself in the British dominions was finally passed, and received the Royal assent on the 28th of August, 1833.

As I take down the century-old volume
NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVIII., No. 4.

of the *New Annual Register* from its shelf and turn over its pages recording the utterances of men who were watching the French Revolution, and still sore at the rejection of British rule by their former American fellow-subjects, this matter of "slave traffic" seems to separate itself from the other great questions of the day, and mark the progress of that human relationship which radically distinguishes the East from the West, and may, indeed, be said to divide the Old World from the New. We may call it the "brotherhood" of man. Its perception, as Mr. Wilberforce said of Liberty, is the child of reason; it grows slowly, and can come to its full fruit only after long and patient use of the best faculties which we possess. Glimpses, angry, distorted, imperfect, have been had of it under circumstances of oppression, leading to fierce revolutions or hasty legislation which upset the balance of progress, but the perception of it creeps onward into light, marking more and more clearly the distinction between the old and new order of social life. There have been some things common to all conditions of society in the history of mankind. Whether nations have been civilized or savage, men have built and fought, they have married, and been given in marriage. But, once upon a time, there was no state of humanity in which some section did not claim the right of possession or supreme command over another, in the shape of slavery, serfdom, or some limited form of essential superiority which excluded the admission of real brotherhood. It is in the East that we may now see the greatest inability to realize it; but once this blindness was spread over the whole earth, and affected the West even after centuries of Christianity.

When, therefore, I turn over the leaves of the century-old volume before me, I do not see among the "Principal Occurrences" of the year the announcement that one more step had been taken in recognizing the brotherhood of man. Even those who were taking it perhaps hardly realized that they were doing more than correcting an individually national injustice, or saw that their movement was a step in the change which was differentiating the Old World from the New, and setting up a then undreamed-of test of the relationship between one man and another. The growth of this change is now, indeed, pro-

ducing those phases of democracy which have taken no final shape, but are bewildering many, and utilize in their development, often unconsciously, the force of political bodies which are assumed to be antagonistic. It is in the debates on the "slave trade" in Parliament, which rank among discussions whose issues have passed away, that I see the germs of that

great movement which is changing the world of men, not in that which professes to be a chronicle of "Principal Occurrences," and records only the murders, shipwrecks, fires, executions, robberies, marriages, battles, and births (natural or monstrous), which are common to the future and the past.—*Temple Bar*.

THE FETISH-MOUNTAIN OF KROBO.

BY HESKETH J. BELL.

THE sun had just disappeared behind the fringe of fan palms on the horizon, and the afterglow was throwing a crimson light over the placid waters of one of the broad lagoons which skirt the seaboard of the West African Gold Coast. I had been travelling for some hours in a long narrow Adangbe canoe, and was very tired of being cooped up in the cranky craft. The village which I had decided to sleep in was still miles away on the opposite side of the broad shallow stretch of water; and yet, though tired, hungry, and cramped, there was a restful sensation of calm enveloping the scene which reconciled me in some degree to this tedious mode of travelling.

The short tropical twilight was fast fading into darkness, and the bright blue sky toning down into the deepest azure, out of whose depths peered the pale light of the glimmering stars. The placid waste of waters was only gently ruffled now and then by the ugly black snout of some sleepy alligator, slowly rising to the surface for a breath of the cool evening breeze.

As I lazily lolled in one end of the canoe, I could not help admiring the fine proportions of the stalwart native who was standing in the stern, slowly propelling the uncouth craft on its sluggish way. His clean-shaped muscular limbs stood out in clear black silhouette against the colors of the sunset, as he leisurely laid his weight on the long straight pole, or drew it gently out of the muddy bottom. He eased his labors by softly singing a low rhythmical chant, which blended delightfully with the calm repose of the scene. Like all African music it was in a decidedly minor key, and the quaint rhythm of

the Adangbe words rose and fell in a gentle cadence, which at that moment seemed to me the perfection of poetry. The song was undeniably long however, and presently I fell to wondering what its subject could be. Was it an epic by some poet of his tribe, telling of mighty deeds in the chase, and of heroic fights with hereditary enemies? No,—that gentle plaintive air would surely better fit some tender love-chant, and the man was probably singing the charms of some far-away dusky beauty, whose soft black eyes had set his heart aflame.

My curiosity was aroused; I would find out the theme of his song from my black boy, who was sprawling on some packages in the bottom of the canoe. "Sam, you savez that man language?" "Yessah!" "Well,—what he singing about?" "He cussin', sah!" "What!" I exclaimed. "Yessah! he da cuss *too* bad. He be one Popo man, sah, and he say that one Kokofoo man make some bad palaver wid him, so he da cuss him." "Do you mean he is calling him names?" "Yessah! He cussin' de man fader, an' de man moder, an' he grandfader an' he grandmoder, an' all he moder an' fader before him, back, back, back, long time. He cuss plenty, Massa!"

Alas, how was my poetic image cast down! So that soft rhythmic chant was nothing but a long string of curses, and what I had taken to be the amorous outpourings of an untutored poetic nature was, on the contrary, a collection of atrocious expressions which would probably cause even a Billingsgate fish-fag to turn pale with envy.

The discovery caused an unpleasant revulsion of feeling. The melody of his in-

terminable song seemed all to have suddenly fled, leaving naught behind but an uncouth unintelligible jargon. The soft twilight was now almost at an end, and a cold damp breeze was creeping over the sluggish waters, hinting at miasma and all sorts of malarial horrors. All the poetry of the scene had vanished. I felt cross and tired and hungry, and roughly ordered my boy to tell the man to stop his ugly noise and to pole as if he intended to put me ashore some time before the sun rose again. The cold unhealthy dews of the African night were now falling like a cloud, and a white mist of vapor gently rising from the almost stagnant waters, making me long to be safe on land and sheltered from these poisonous exhalations, even in the stuffy native hut which I expected to find on landing.

At length I arrived at my destination, a small crowded village of mud huts, and there I found the two other white men who were to go with me on the morrow to pay a visit to the Fetish-Mountain of Krobo.

After a night's struggle with Brobdingnagian mosquitoes and other abominations, we made an early start, and by seven o'clock our procession of hammocks, bearers, and carriers was wending its serpentine way through the narrow bush-track which led to our destination. Hammock-travelling has an undeniably luxurious smack about it; but unfortunately there the luxury begins and ends. To the uninitiated, who have never been forced to use this form of locomotion, it may suggest ideas of silken cushions, of embroidered baldaquins, of waving ostrich-feather fans, and of gorgeous fly-brushes gently waved by graceful, if dusky, slaves. The reality, however, is prosaic enough; and the idea of hammock-travelling suggests to the unhappy official or trader of the Gold Coast, who has been forced to make weary journeys in this manner, visions of hard canvas, unlimited shaking and jolting, dust and flies, besides a dozen other discomforts inseparable from a thermometer standing ninety degrees in the shade. On the West Coast of Africa, however, where horses seldom thrive, hammocks are indispensable, and supply the only means of making journeys of any length.

The Gold Coast, as every one knows, is a British possession on the seaboard of the Gulf of Guinea, and labors under a repu-

tation for extreme unhealthiness, which in many cases is not wholly deserved. Liberal allowance as regards pay and leave of absence induces a good many young men to enter the service of the colony, and they, together with a certain number of traders and missionaries, form the only civilized population of the extensive country over which a protectorate has been declared. To those interested in folk-lore and ethnography the Gold Coast offers a grand field for investigation, the inhabitants having remained for the most part in the same condition of primitive simplicity in which they were found by the first European visitors to the coast four or five centuries ago. Despite a tolerable supply of missionaries of all denominations, Fetishism flourishes almost as vigorously as ever; and if its horrible rites have been rigorously suppressed in those territories which recognize British authority, there are still numbers of curious customs and ceremonies practised which are extremely interesting as illustrating the peculiar ideas of the people.

I was particularly anxious to visit the Krobo mountain, having been told that it was at certain times of the year the scene of many curious customs which might be well worth observing. One of the most interesting of all, the *Otufo*, or "Tail-girl" custom, was about to be celebrated, and I was on my way to the Krobo hill at the opening of this paper. This hill is about sixty miles from the sea coast, and a little to the westward of the Volta river which flows northward right through the Protectorate.

After two or three hours' travelling we left the thick undergrowth of bush, through which we had been going, and emerged on the Krobo plain, a fine undulating stretch of prairie, covered with short fresh green grass and spreading away to the north, where the horizon is bounded by the distant range of the Akwapim Hills. In the middle of the plain rises the Fetish-Mountain, standing out like an island in a sea of freshest green. In shape and size much resembling the rock of Gibraltar, it forms a conspicuous landmark for many miles around.

Although still three or four miles away we could distinguish faint sounds of an almost incessant discharge of musketry, while clouds of smoke curled in the still air around the sides of the mountain.

Passing through a village our party was reinforced by three more white men, consisting of the Commissioner of the district and two other officials who were making a tour of inspection in that part of the Protectorate. We now formed quite an imposing procession, and the string of six hammocks, with their bearers, carriers, and other attendants, stretched over quite a long distance of path. The villages on all sides were almost deserted, as nearly the whole population of the district had congregated on the Fetish-Mountain. Now and again we met small parties of natives, evidently on their way to the scene; all the men carrying long, rusty, flint-lock guns, with their powder in small gourds attached to their waists, while the women marched along behind, carrying on their heads huge black pots full of palm-wine. It was evidently a general holiday, and all were decked in their brightest cloths and beads. A curious and not unpleasant chant, in a very minor key, was lustily kept up by these people as they marched, and the same strange refrain could be heard on all sides echoing in the distance, until the tune rang in our ears with annoying persistence.

On commencing the ascent of the mountain our path for the first mile or so rose in a leisurely zig-zag fashion; but soon hammocks were no longer practicable, and despite the great heat every man had to get out and walk. The side of the mountain which we were ascending was almost bare of vegetation, save where a low undergrowth of scrub hedged in the path, without affording the slightest shelter from the perpendicular rays of the sun. In many places the track was nothing more than a narrow ledge or fissure on the face of precipitous cliffs, and at short intervals huge boulders of ironstone could be seen poised on the very edges of the precipices, ready to be hurled by a very slight effort upon any body of assailants who might be rash enough to attempt to force a passage up the mountain. These immense masses of stone had probably been gradually dislodged from their softer surroundings, and were so undermined that it looked as if a push from the hand of a child could send the mighty masses crashing down the mountain sides like some terrible avalanche.

About two centuries ago the ancestors of the present tribe of Kroboes were

driven, for some reason or other, from their own country farther south. On arriving in the neighborhood of the mountain they overcame the original inhabitants and at once settled themselves on the hill. Finding themselves in possession of a natural fortress of the strongest description, they were enabled to set at defiance the surrounding tribes and from their impregnable place of refuge made such constant raids on the natives of the plain that in a short time they imposed their rule over a large stretch of the surrounding country. At present they are supposed to number some forty thousand, and owing to their savage and warlike character are greatly feared by neighboring tribes of much greater numerical strength. They now form part of the British Protectorate, and owing to the increased security of life and property have settled themselves in large villages on the plains, where they possess enormous groves of the palms which produce the oil of commerce. They have divided themselves into two sections, under two kings, one ruling over Eastern, the other over Western Krobo. He of Western Krobo is subordinate to the other, and the two dominions form a fairly united body. The mountain, however, is still looked upon by them as the heart and centre of their territory, and a place of refuge in times of danger. It is the great cemetery and burial-ground for the whole tribe; and at certain seasons of the year the entire population of the Krobo country resorts to it for the celebration of certain Fetish customs and ceremonies.

The mountain however is far from being usually deserted; on the contrary, it possesses a more peculiar and strange population than is perhaps to be found in any other part of the globe.

It is very generally believed that African tribes possess but a scanty amount of respect for the usual forms of morality. This is a mistake. A comparison between the average moral behavior of a central African tribe with that of the inhabitants of civilized lands would be, I think, to the credit of the savages. Wives are bought, it is true, but probably the very idea of property causes the marriage-tie to be less frequently abused than among more civilized races. In those parts of Africa which are under European rule and law adultery is anything but rare, because

the natives have no other remedy than to bring actions for damages in the Commissioners' Courts, where the amount awarded to the unhappy husband varies from twenty-two shillings to seven pounds, according to the tariff or value of wives belonging to certain tribes. In the interior, however, where European authority is not recognized, adultery is rarely to be purged by a mere fine. The case is tried by the native ruler, and the verdict generally results in the execution of the two culprits in the most brutal manner. Bosman, an old author on the Gold Coast, relates how, when the country was under the rule of Dutch factors, he once witnessed the execution of an adulterer at Axim, a town on the seaboard. The unhappy man was bound and laid on the ground in the market-place, and the task of decapitating him was confided to a child of seven years of age, who with a blunt rusty cutlass took over an hour to sever the head from the body! Such a punishment would naturally act as a powerful deterrent to any would-be Lothario, and the farther inland we go in Africa, the more strictly do we find the marriage-tie kept.

The Kroboes are not only careful of their wives, but are very particular about the virtuous conduct of their daughters. It has been their custom from time immemorial to segregate all their female children as soon as they approach the marriageable age, and for the last thirty or forty years the Fetish-Mountain has been devoted to that purpose.

As soon as a Krobo girl arrives at the age of eleven or twelve, she is taken to the mountain on a day set apart each year for the great *Otufo* custom, and for five or six years, unless married in the meantime, she is rigidly confined there under the care of a few old Fetish priests and priestesses, who are charged to look after the girls and instruct them in certain habits and accomplishments which will fit them to become satisfactory wives. The ceremony of initiation into the body of *Otufo*s or virgins, is one of the most interesting and curious of the Fetish customs of Krobo; and it happened that, as three of the King's daughters were among the candidates, unusual preparations had been made to lend the utmost importance to the particular ceremony which I had an opportunity of witnessing.

Perspiring at every pore we toiled slow-

ly up the rugged path, more than one of us loudly inveighing against the heat, the flies, the noise, and the dust, and vowing that the greatest Fetish custom in all Pagandom was never worth such a terrible climb. The path, too, was full of strings of natives ascending and descending, all shouting and singing, and sometimes firing off their old rusty guns in the most startling proximity. The noise was deafening, and the crack and rattle of the old muskets resounded from all points. "But where are these confounded girls?" one of us would now and again querulously ask. "Oh! dey live for village topside mountain, Massa," was always the monotonous answer of our guides. We felt as if we had already climbed thousands of feet, and yet seemed no nearer to our destination, but in perspiring and sulky silence we still pushed on. Every now and then the sides of the path would be strewn with calabashes and earthenware pots, filled with palm-oil *chop*, a mixture of corn-meal, seeds, and palm-oil, placed there as offerings to the spirits of the dead and to propitiate the great Sasabonsam, the horrible, red, hairy monster who represents the Lucifer of the Kroboes.

At last, however, we reached the outskirts of a village, and a crowd of young men turned out to meet us, dancing wildly, shouting madly, and letting off their guns in a most disconcerting manner. This happened to be one of the principal *Otufo* villages, of which there are twelve on the hill, and we were all unfeignedly glad to hear that the King happened to be there, so that we should not be obliged to go any further in the broiling heat. We had turned the side of the mountain during our ascent, and now found that the southern aspect, though almost as precipitous as the northern, was clothed with the densest vegetation, forming a most welcome and refreshing shade. The village was perched on the crags and precipices in a wonderful manner, and the red mud huts, with their thatched roofs, appeared to be hooked on in some inexplicable fashion wherever the smallest ledge of rock allowed of it.

Presently we arrived at a small open space, a few yards square, which was fairly level, and here we found one of the two dusky monarchs of Krobo. In the centre of a crowd of young men arranged in semicircular order, King Sakitti with his

two principal chiefs sat on low curiously carved native stools. Over their heads, gently swayed up and down, was an immense green silk umbrella of the dimensions of a small tent; heavy bullion fringe hung from its edges, and on the top, in the place of the ferule of an ordinary parasol, was a strange Fetish emblem covered with beaten gold. The enormous umbrella, slowly raised and lowered by a pair of brawny black arms, was a gorgeous and imposing object, as the bright green silk, the bullion fringe, and golden emblem flashed back the rays of the sun. Three or four sword-bearers, squatted on their hunkers, held up huge iron open-worked scimitars with handles formed of two great balls covered with thin plates of virgin gold. The royal interpreters, with chased plates of gold hanging on their chests, stood behind their master perfectly unmoved by the terrible thumping of a score of tom-toms and brass pans, beaten *con furore* immediately at their backs.

King Sakitti, a tall, slender, intelligent-looking negro, rather over the middle age, was very simply clad in a handsome cloth of native make, wound round his body, with one end flung over his shoulder. On his head was a turban of yellow silk, and on his feet a pair of curiously wrought sandals. His only ornaments were a handsome gold collar and sword of which he was evidently very proud, as they had been sent to him, together with a medal, by Queen Victoria, in consideration of services rendered by him during the Ashanti War.

After the usual handshakings with the sovereign and his principal chiefs, some more native stools were produced and we were at last able to sit down. The noise was deafening; the incessant firing of guns on all sides, the vigorous thumping of tom-toms, and the shrill trumpeting of elephant horns, combined with the unceasing chant of the Fetish song, made a medley which, though wild and interesting, was so intolerable that, after giving the King the customary "dash," or present of whiskey and gin which we had brought with us, we all decided to adjourn to some quieter spot where we might take some of the refreshment of which we were by this time thoroughly in need.

It was easy to perceive that our visit to the mountain was by no means a welcome one, for the faces of most of the people

and especially of the Fetish priests, who were distinguishable by their white garments, wore expressions of ill-will and malevolence but thinly disguised. We ran very little danger, however, as most of us were officials, fairly well known by the natives; and, the nature of our "dash" having pleased the King, he promised that we should have a good view of the *Otufo*s and of the ceremonies which were to begin a couple of hours later. Accordingly at the appointed time, when we had been sufficiently restored by an enormous luncheon, the King sent a couple of his people, as guides, to show us what might be of interest.

The villages where the girls live are of considerable size, and though built entirely of *swish* (red clay), the houses are much neater and cleaner than the average huts of the Gold Coast. The entire population of a large stretch of the surrounding country having met to take part in the ceremony, the mountain was marvellously crowded, and every village teemed with a noisy mob. On every spot of level rock, a few yards square, we saw preparations for the ceremony. In the centre of a group of old females, were one or more candidates for the "custom." Stark naked the girls stood on sheep-skins, while they underwent all the elaborate preparations consecrated to the occasion. Most of them seemed to be between the ages of nine and fifteen, and some of them were of exquisite proportions. Their sleek lithe black bodies, after having been carefully washed, were oiled and rubbed until the skin shone like polished ebony. Spots of red and white clay were then dabbed on in patterns, three or four straight white lines encircled the arms and legs, and red spots were arranged like constellations on the forehead and breasts. Very leisurely and with elaborate ceremony was each item of the preparation performed. Every dab of clay was put in its proper place with a chorus of the same strange minor chant which had filled the air since early morning. Tom-toms were beaten incessantly and a ring of the most hideous old black women circled round and round the girls, uttering strange cries and waving their lean withered arms. The young men fired their guns at every corner, and the oldest woman in the crowd tottered about with feeble steps, scattering on the ground oblations of palm-wine and *kanky*

for the propitiation of any evil spirits which might be hovering round. One of these ancient females was the most unearthly specimen of humanity I had ever seen. Her age must have been very great, for her small wizened body was so shrunk and bent that it looked like the remains of a smoke-dried mummy; the bones of her legs and arms were as clearly defined as in any anatomical specimen, and the wrinkled black skin hung in glistly knots round the gnarled joints. Her sole garment consisted of a tattered cloth tied below her breast, and a long string of cowries dangled from her palsied neck. Her head had been cleanly shaved with the exception of a circle at the top of her scalp, where the snow-white woolly hairs were drawn up tight together and tied with a piece of red cotton, forming a ghastly sort of plume. The prominent cheek-bones which seemed to be almost piercing the skin, the dim sunken eyes, and the toothless jaws which tremblingly murmured a weird incantation complete the portrait of this Mother of the Tribe.

When the regulation number of spots and lines of colored clay had been satisfactorily laid on the girls' bodies, and numerous wisps of plaited grass twisted round their arms and legs, a large number of strings of white beads were then fastened round their waists, forming a belt from which hung down almost to the ground in front a long narrow curiously knotted piece of white cotton. Round their necks, breasts, and shoulders were next twined the intestines of sheep and goats, carefully cleaned and washed, but nevertheless presenting a singularly revolting appearance. This barbarous costume was completed by the fatty linings of goats' stomachs being laid on the girls' heads so that the ragged edges hung down over their faces and necks. Some of the candidates had no less than five or six of these strange articles of apparel on their heads, and from a distance these pieces of skin and fat looked very much like woolly bits of white crochet. The number of these head-dresses indicated the wealth of the girls' families, as they represented the number of sheep and goats slaughtered to celebrate the festival.

A considerable time had been spent over this elaborate but rather disgusting toilette, and messengers were now running about on all sides, shouting out that the

ceremony was about to commence and that all candidates for admission to the mountain as an *Otufo* were to assemble immediately at a certain spot. A peculiar leaf was then thrust between the lips of each girl and a long white wand placed in her right hand, and thus accoutred we could see them passing from all parts of the hill to the point of meeting, each attended by a crowd of relations and friends who now fired off their guns without intermission. The air was thick with smoke and almost choked us, but wishing to see the whole performance we followed the King's guides and soon arrived at the scene of the principal ceremony.

The girls were all marshalled by the white-robed priests in a regular procession to a fairly large level spot near the top of the mountain, where they were arranged four or five deep in a circle. There appeared to be a very large number of them, probably between seven and eight hundred, and their naked black bodies with the curious adornments formed a striking picture. Every one, save the priests, was now made to retire to a little distance. An exception however was made in our favor, and we took our seats on some native stools in the interior of the circle, together with the two Kings of Krobo and their principal chiefs. The second King, whom we had not yet seen, was very splendid in a nondescript sort of uniform. An admiral's cocked hat was stuck in a rakish manner on one side of his head; very gorgeous and also very large yellow boots were on his feet; a red mess-jacket was on his back, while round his lower man he wore a brilliantly striped native cloth. This monarch was evidently honoring the ceremony with enthusiasm, and his potations had apparently been many and strong, for his reception of us was by no means impressive. He was a great contrast to King Sakitti, who rather plainly showed his contempt for his brother ruler.

In the very centre of the circle formed by the *Otufo*s was a curiously shaped rock of considerable size. It rose out of the ground like a large regular mound, its sides fairly steep and perfectly smooth. Round and round this rock five or six priests walked and danced with curious jerky steps. Dozens of tomtoms, brass pans, and iron bells made an overpowering din, considerably increased by the

blowing of elephant-horns and the never-ceasing song yelled with the greatest enthusiasm by the thousands of natives. The candidates alone were perfectly silent and motionless; the leaves were still between their lips and each girl hung her head in evident timidity. It seemed as if they were dreading some part of the ceremony which was apparently close at hand, and we looked forward with curiosity to what was coming.

Fast and furious grew the dance of the priests round the rock, and waxing hotter and more excited they leaped and twisted themselves in horrible contortions. Forbidding-looking fellows they were, with long woolly hair strangely twisted and plaited; streaks of white clay, drawn in thin lines on the black skin, gave them a ghastly appearance, while hanging all over their bodies were a number of small bundles of colored rags, bones, animals' claws, feathers, and all sorts of fearful and wonderful charms and fetishes.

When this dance had lasted a certain time, King Sakitti made a signal. The girls were then arranged in single file, and we found that they were each to climb up and down the rock in turn. It was explained to us that this was the test by which it could be decided whether each maiden was a fit candidate to be admitted to a residence on the mountain as an *Otufo*. Each girl was in her turn to ascend the smooth sides of the rock and descend with the sole assistance of her wand. If she performed this task without slipping or falling, she was considered of unimpeachable virtue; but if any unfortunate should slip, tumble, or fall on her knees, such accident was to be taken as an unmistakable token of her unfitness to be received as an *Otufo*. The summit of the rock was not more than eighteen or twenty feet from the ground, and though the sides were steep and slippery, the task was by no means difficult, especially to hardy little black maidens accustomed to run about over hill and crag all day. The moral knowledge or consciousness of being unworthy was probably relied on to point out the truth, and the effect of guilty unsteadiness would be attributed to the unmistakable action of the great Fetish in causing the girl to stumble and fall.

The girls of Krobo were either unimpeachably virtuous or else possessed a remarkable amount of feminine confidence,

for although more than seven hundred of them passed over that slippery rock, the great Fetish gave to each, with one exception, that steadiness of foot which was taken as the certain sign of unimpeachable respectability. The only exception was one unfortunate little girl about twelve or thirteen years old, who, before she had advanced a yard up the side of the rock, managed to entangle her white rod between her feet. Giving a despairing cry, the poor creature threw her hands over her head and fell face downward on the rock. A terrible shout rent the air; the poor child, who seemed almost unconscious and paralyzed with fear, was seized by the howling priests, dragged along the ground, and in a moment the crowd closed over them.

With startling suddenness the song had changed, and in the place of the minor chant, which though rather monotonous was not unpleasant, an unutterably dismal howl rose from all sides. The tom-toms were immediately silenced, and only the long white elephant-horns blew an unearthly wail which re-echoed among the rocks and hollows of the mountain. At the same moment the sun happened to be suddenly obscured by a cloud, and all color seemed to have faded away into depressing gloom. The effect of the sudden transition was most dramatic, and so unearthly, and at the same time savage, was the song now sung, that a cold shudder ran through my whole frame. "What will be done to her?" I excitedly asked the interpreter, thinking of human sacrifices and similar horrors.

"She will be sent off the mountain, never to return," answered the man, looking stolidly in front of him. "She is unworthy."

I was about to insist that the King should answer my question, when I was assured by one of our party, a white trader who had inhabited the country for some time, that no bodily harm would befall the girl, but that, being henceforth an outcast, she was no longer looked upon as forming part of the tribe and could be taken possession of by any one. I was nevertheless not satisfied, and, remembering the frequent instances of human sacrifices brought home to the Kroboes, I determined to bear the incident in mind for future inquiry.

A few minutes later, the priests returned

into the circle, and instantly the drums beat again and the people at once resumed the monotonous chant. The girls continued one by one to pass up and down the rock, and the ceremony proceeded without further incident.

We were told that when all the girls had passed the ordeal, they would be taken in a body to two or three villages set aside for the purpose, and there would be confined for seven days to the houses. During this time they would not be in freedom for a moment, nor would they be allowed to utter a word. They would be cared for and fed by the priestesses, and at the end of the seven days they would be released, in order to take part in the final ceremony of their initiation. I was not told whether the loathsome portions of their apparel were taken with them in their seven days' seclusion, but we must hope not. On the seventh day, however, their bodies would undergo a second purification; the white beads round the hips would be exchanged for a vast number of strings of colored ones, from which would hang, back and front, a handsome silk cloth, velvet, or even brocade. This cloth, rather short in front, would be very long and narrow behind, sometimes seven or eight feet in length, so long, in fact, as to necessitate its being tucked or tied up. This narrow cloth constitutes the "tail" for which the Krobo girls and women are famous on the West Coast of Africa; the young women of this tribe being generally known as "Tail-girls" rather than by the native term *Otufo*. No expense is spared by the Kroboes on the adornment of their girls while on the Fetish-Mountain, and the materials which form the tail are often of a very costly description. A vast quantity of beads, bracelets, and necklaces are also placed on them, and on their heads a very curiously shaped hat. Formed exactly like an inverted flower-pot and of considerable size, this hat is made of very finely plaited straw. It fits well on to the head, and is glued to its place so that it cannot easily be detached. It is to be hoped that these head-dresses are occasionally changed, otherwise—but we will not pursue this part of the subject farther. The costume of the *Otufo*s is completed by a pair of curiously shaped anklets. They are rudely fashioned of iron, and when shaken emit a sound like that of a cracked bell. As they can only be taken

off with great trouble, a skittishly inclined Tail-girl would have some difficulty in concealing the direction of her whereabouts.

When the girls have been finally invested in this brave attire, they are definitely enrolled in the body of *Otufo*s. For the next four or five years they will never leave the mountain, or be out of sight of one of the guardian priestesses. They will do no work, save fetch and carry water and wood and prepare their own food. Their parents and friends can only see them three or four times a year, and it is on these occasions that any Krobo bachelor seeking a wife accompanies the families to that part of the mountain reserved exclusively to the girls, and makes his choice. If the girl be of a marriageable age, the dower is at once paid, and the wedding takes place as soon as convenient; but should the object of the man's choice be too young, she will be "sealed" to him, and he will have the privilege of paying for her maintenance on the mountain until such time as she leaves it to become one of his wives.

This ceremony is only one of the four great "customs" which take place annually on the Fetish-Mountain; the others, known as the *Kotoclo*, *Nadu*, and *Kokonadu*, are reported to be much less harmless in character. Fetish customs and practices are hedged in with so much secrecy and mystery that many criminal and atrocious acts are probably committed which are never brought to the notice of the Government.

The British settlements on the Gold Coast are almost entirely confined to a narrow strip of land running along the seaboard. District Commissioners and other officials are stationed at all the principal points, and in the large towns on the coast line life and property are as secure as they are in England. The natives inhabiting the immediate neighborhood of the official settlements are being slowly but gradually improved by education, and also perhaps in a slight degree by example. Owing to many reasons, however, and principally on account of the extreme unhealthiness of the interior, only a very small number of Europeans have made settlements at any distance from the seaboard, and although the Government has imposed its authority in a remarkable manner on all those tribes inhabiting the regions included in the Protectorate, there

is hardly any direct influence of European civilization on the people of the interior. Their manners and customs are identically the same as they were when the first white men landed on the Gold Coast nearly five centuries ago, and though Ashantis and tribes further inland may be seen wearing Manchester cottons and decorating their mud huts with gaudy pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, the ordinary life of these savages has not been modified or improved in any perceptible degree. It is not indeed to be expected that, among beings so ultra-conservative as the African negro, abominable practices which have been religiously observed for thousands of years could be eradicated by the mere fact of making them criminal.

Note by the Author.—This paper was written a few months ago on the Gold Coast. Since then, King Sakitti having died somewhat suddenly, an inquiry was made by the Government into the nature of the Krobo Fetish customs, more espe-

cially as regarded the *Kotoclo*, the *Nadu*, and the *Kokonadu*. This inquiry resulted in the discovery that the customs were attended by all kinds of atrocities, the *Kotoclo* especially being characterized by human sacrifices on a considerable scale. In last October the Krobo Mountain was taken possession of by the Colonial troops, and the Fetish houses, on being ransacked, were found to contain enormous numbers of human skulls, thigh bones, and other evidences of barbarous rites. Four Kroboes, convicted of participating in a human sacrifice, were hanged by the Colonial authorities in the presence of the whole tribe. The Fetish houses have all been burned, together with their grewsome contents; participation in any of the Krobo customs has been prohibited by law, including even that of the *Otufo*; the girls' villages on the mountain have been destroyed, and a Christian king has been nominated by the Government as a successor to the late Sakitti.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

OLD AND NEW IDYLLISTS.

BY THE EARL OF LYTTON.

I.

In the golden Grecian ages Nature sympathized with Man,
Say the poets who were present when the waters and the woods
And the hills and dales responded, with the universal Pan,
To his moods.

II.

For 'twas Man that set the signal for the laughters and the tears
Of the Naiads, and the Dryads, and the Oreads, and the Fauns,
Who then humanized the forests, and the mountains, and the meres,
And the lawns.

III.

So, when Bion died, for sorrow of his death the flowers he cherish'd
Droop'd and wither'd, and the woods wail'd. Moschus saw and heard it all.
And the waters, when Hyppolitus thro' Phædra's falsehood perish'd,
Moan'd his fall.

IV.

What has happen'd since, that Nature to Man's pleasures and his pains
Now vouchsafes not either smiles or sighs responsive as at first?
Now 'tis she, whose moods he studies; he, whose passions she disdains.
All's reversed!

V.

For to signals set by Nature, now, the sentiments of Man
Are in Song and Art responsive as they never were before ;
But his dominant relation with the universal Pan
Is no more.

VI.

Of his destinies unheedful, wood and stream and hill and dale
Have assumed an independent vast significance, apart
From his loves and hates, diminish'd to a lower lesser scale,
Like his art.

VII.

And the poets spend their songs in praising fields, and flowers, and trees,
With a wistful adoration that holds human life's whole range,
Both of feeling and of action, as subordinate to these.
Whence the change ?

VIII.

Has the Universe grown vaster and Man smaller than they were ?
Ah, whate'er the cause, from both has gone the oneness of the two !
And the Idyllists attest it when the old ones we compare
With the new.

—*National Review.*

 GLENGARRY AND HIS FAMILY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF, WITH A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following account of life in the Highlands of Scotland at the beginning of this century, and the notices of Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell, Chief of Glengarry and Clanronald, are based entirely upon the unpublished autobiography of Miss Macdonell of Glengarry, this chief's daughter, and upon material supplied by her :—

I was born at Glengarry, says Miss Macdonell, on Loch Oich, the highest point on the Caledonian Canal, in 1814. I was the fourth daughter of Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanronald. There were seven daughters of us and seven sons, of whom six boys died under three years of age, one boy and six girls grew to full age, and the youngest sister died at twelve years of age.

Garry Cottage, a charming villa near Perth, is the first place of which I recollect anything. There at three years of age I had the measles very severely, and

my eyesight was nearly lost. I next remember travelling from Glengarry to Inverie, one of my father's houses, where we generally spent a few weeks every summer. The journey in those days was a very curious one. We started from Glengarry in our own carriage ; twenty-seven miles to Loch Hourn head—stopping half-way at Tomdown to feed the horses and get something for ourselves at the little inn, which consisted of three rooms, was built of turf, and was always brimful of peat-smoke : this hurt our eyes so much, that we children kept running out and in. I remember on one occasion our father telling us that we had better lie on our backs on the earthen floor, and we acted on this suggestion for a little. When we reached Loch Hourn we got into a large boat rowed by four men, generally singing Gaelic songs to keep time. My elder sister and I, who had splendid voices, used to sing the whole way, each placed on a

bench beside one of the rowers. After about eight miles' rowing, we arrived at Barrisdale, one of our tacksmen's houses, where we generally spent a night. A precious night it was! The governess and three of us children occupied two box-beds in the parlor proper, the wallpaper of which was covered with roses. Immediately after breakfast we all got into the boat again to row round to Inverie by Loch Nevis. But on the occasion of my early remembrance there was a terrific storm. The maids were groaning and screaming with fear, and the men declared that we children must all sit in the bottom of the boat. When about half-way, it was resolved that we should leave the boat and go across country to Inverie. How the rest of the party accomplished the five miles, I do not know; but I was packed up in a plaid on a Highlander's back, and the sister a year younger than I was carried by the nurse.

Our house at Inverie was a very curious one. A considerable portion of it was built like an ordinary house of stone and lime; but the dining-room, drawing-room, and four bedrooms were built by my father on the old-fashioned wattled system. Magnificent beams of Scotch fir sprang from the clay floor to a roof with similar beams. Between the beams was regular basket-work of hazel-wood. The outside of the walls and the roof were slated. The front door opened into this part of the house, and opposite it was another door entering into the stone-and-lime part.

The scenery of this part of Knoidart is perfectly beautiful. There were slightly sloping grass-hills at the back of our house rising to perhaps two thousand feet high; with North Morar in front, nearly shutting in the loch, and the mountains of Rum in the far distance.

The return from Inverie was often made over Mambarrisdale—a low pass between hills, and about five miles long. How the elder members of the family travelled, I cannot tell; but my next sister and I were each put in a creel—one on each side of a pony, over whose back we could talk and play together nicely. On these journeys there was always plenty of men at hand to carry us if we wished.

My mother was a daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitaligo, and before her marriage, at twenty-two, had always lived

in Edinburgh. On coming to the Highlands she was somewhat bewildered by the sort of life she had to lead. Instead of going to shops for butcher-meat, whole animals were brought into the larder at once; and, that she might really understand how to arrange the pieces for use at table, she got a sheep cut up exactly as if it had been a bullock. The smallness of the sirloins and rounds that this produced may be imagined, but she learned her lesson. Soon after she went north the housekeeper said she was short of needles. To my mother's amazement she heard that none could be got nearer than Inverness, forty-two miles distant! The needles being an absolute necessity, a man with a cart and horse had to be sent for them.

Our education was of the most practical kind. At five years of age we were formally taken into the schoolroom, and handed over to the governess, in whose bedroom we now slept, instead of in the nursery. We at once began to learn the alphabet and to sew, and at six or seven years of age we were not contemptible needlewomen. We made our own pinafores ourselves, and lots of the family underclothing was made in the schoolroom; parts of everything were done by us at that early age. Every Saturday forenoon, from 10 to 12 o'clock, was spent in mending our clothes and darning our stockings. Broken strings had to be unpicked, the worn part cut off by our governess, and the good bit of tape neatly sewed on again. Frocks and pinafores, torn in getting over or through fences, had all to be nicely darned: these we considered very troublesome, and to avoid such work, we often took more care of our clothes. But the two hours of mending were far from dull, as we sang song after song the whole time, at least after Miss P. became our governess. She sang no end of Scotch songs, and paid attention to make us sing correctly, by the ear, no end of Jacobite ones, of which our father was very fond. And she also did, at enormous trouble to herself, teach us to sing Gaelic ones, though she knew nothing of that language. Sometimes our father wished us to learn a good old Gaelic song he had once heard one of our maidservants, or perhaps a shepherd's daughter, sing: the servant or country girl was sent into the schoolroom on various occasions till Miss P. and one or more

of us mastered the air by the ear, and then she wrote down the words, also by the ear, till we had it fit to sing after dinner, when our father corrected any wrong pronunciation; the air was certain to be correct. I know I was working my sampler before M. was sent to school in London, about 1819, when I probably was hardly six years of age. I was always far behind with reading and spelling, in consequence of bad sight. I think we began arithmetic at seven years of age, as well as writing, and never touched the piano till we were nine; French, I think, when we were about eleven; dancing, vocal music, Italian, when we were about sixteen, at which age most of us had final class masters, and were at school in London. This arrangement was not calculated to make us first-rate musicians or linguists. Most of our aunts admired my mother's children for their practical usefulness, which their own, though far more accomplished, failed in. My mother cut out most of the family underclothing, and had one of us down from the schoolroom to fold up the pieces neatly as they were cut; so at nine years of age we had a very good idea of cutting out, which we practised in making our own dolls' clothes, which, when new, were dressed as ladies, with bonnets, tippets, cloaks, etc. When these dolls got old and tashed, we painted their faces to look like men, with whiskers, and dressed them as sailors or Highlanders, and even got the gamekeeper to dress the skin of a mouse (head and all), of which we made a suitable purse for our Highlander.

Sunday, and all through the week, we were called at 7 A.M., and did our Bible lesson from 8 to 9, at which hour we breakfasted, which could never have taken us more than ten minutes; then out to play. Sometimes, I may say in general, we three schoolroom children breakfasted alone on porridge and milk, and nothing after it, no bread and jelly—nothing of the sort. A plate of porridge and a small bowl of milk must be finished by each of us; for if left, and seen by the governess on her return from breakfast, we were sent for and had to finish it cold. Now and again we managed to get part of it given to one of the deer-hounds, but this was not easily done. From 10 to 12, lessons; at 12, lunch—oatcake or broth; 1 to 3, walk round the home parks, the

same walk every fine day; at 3, dinner; at 6, supper, porridge, or oatcake and milk. After 6, dress and go down to the dining-room at fruit-time, when we always got some; and J. and I had to sing any song we were desired, for which purpose J. and I were often kept longer, seated on the dining-room floor with the baby on one of our laps, the other amusing it with a bunch of keys, while both of us were singing it song after song. The piper always played during dinner three times, and three times after the ladies had left the dining-room. He played for us too. As there were only three of us (then) in the schoolroom, and as four were required for a reel, a strathspey, or a reel of Tulloch, we were allowed to go for the housekeeper, mamma's maid, the nursery or the schoolroom maids, to dance with us. We might have the piper any night; but if we were too long between our dances, he was sent away, as papa insisted he was not to be kept idle for us. The pipes must have been the first instrument we ever heard played, as the piper played in front of the house six days in the week. My elder sisters and the governess all played the piano, and one of the men-servants played the flute, which we thought beautiful. The violin we heard our master playing when we had dancing lessons. I also remember dancing to it when played by one of our tenants in his own house. One night my two eldest sisters and our brother settled they would waltz with us, and the piper played the "Highland Laddie." We had great difficulty in getting him to play it so as to suit our dancing to it. In the dining-room, our father wondered what the piper could be about, and was so angry when he came out and saw us waltzing to the pipes that I do not believe any of us ever did such a thing again.

I do not remember if there was a child in the nursery at the time the following event happened, but we three schoolroom children, our governess, and the maid-servants, were alone in Glengarry House. It was during the winter, and the elder members of the family and the men-servants were all south. One Sunday evening our governess was quietly writing in her own bedroom, not the schoolroom, where we were. It was a well-understood rule that none of us should meddle with the fire, but in due time my sister J. said

the fire would soon die out, and put on some peats. Soon after, I proceeded to do the same, and to prevent my doing so, J. held her dress across the fireplace with both her hands : in our struggle about the peats her dress caught fire, causing a shout which soon brought in our governess, who at once crushed out the flames without catching fire herself, though dressed in white muslin, with an Indian shawl, in which one or two small holes were burned. What would people think now of such clothing for the dead of winter ? cotton dresses for old and young when indoors, with woollen ones above them when out walking. We children were constantly out in frost and snow in our house-dresses. There was a pair of white swans on Loch Oich which it was my particular pleasure and charge to feed during the winter ; and when out doing so, I was just dressed as if in the house, no bonnet, standing on the snow or frosted grass, calling the swans across the water till they came and ate my corn or raw potatoes.

Once when at Inverie, as usual we were wading about on the sand, the tide being very far out, when the boat with my brother and his tutor (a divinity student, afterward the parish minister of Kilmonivraig) came near us, and I waded, asking them to take me in, which they refused to do : but J. urged me on, saying they could not let me be drowned ; and so I waded on till they got frightened, and took me in. They continued rowing about for hours, of which I soon got tired, but could not get back, and in the distance I could see the rest all bathing, while I was a prisoner in the boat. All of us could swim more or less, but none could dive, which we wished to do : we had some lessons, but reported to our brother how we got on. Mamma would not hear of swimming with bladders, as they might burst ; so we tied two bunches of sedges so as to be under our arms, which was very successful, and they were left on the beach, ready for use when we went to bathe, but had soon to be given up, as when dragged into the water we were just surrounded by earwigs.

It must have been about 1824, on our way from Inverie, that Barrisdale gave my brother a young kid which he called Solomon. In due time Solomon became a strong goat, and was always in or about the house. One dark winter night, the

elder members of the family and all the men-servants being away, the best bedroom bell began to ring violently. Our governess and we three came to the stairs, where we could see the nursemaid at her door, and in the front lobby the house-keeper and the maid-servants had collected. All wondered what had happened, and at intervals toll, toll went the bell. Some said it must be a ghost, others a madman who was said to be at large. At last the housemaid, a Cirsty Macleod from Skye, said she would face either ghost or madman, and see what the meaning of this was. So with her lamp in hand and her long broom, she opened the passage-door, some of the others timidly following her ; then she opened the bedroom-door, when out came Solomon, greatly to every one's relief. When shutting the windows for the night he had been shut in by accident, and very fortunately had begun to destroy the bell-rope instead of the furniture. He was a torment to the laundry-maid when he visited her green and nibbled the clothes hanging over the ropes. She declared he had a real notion for the flowers on Miss F.'s dresses. At length he constantly lay close by the fire in the men-servants' hall, and was frequently seen walking through the passages with a piece of red-hot peat on his hair, which never seemed to burn him ; but it was considered unsafe, and Solomon was banished the house, and we saw no more of him.

Our allowance in the way of pocket-money was always very much restricted. Each of us got, on Handsel-Monday, from 6d. to 7s. or 8s., according to our ages, and not one farthing more till the following Handsel-Monday. At Glengarry we had no temptation to spend our money, as there were no shops ; but when our elder sisters went from home they executed our commissions, consisting perhaps of a shilling book, or a piece of print for a doll's frock—half a yard costing 1s. in those days. At Glengarry the coming of a packman was a great event. I remember on one occasion, just before New Year, a packman arrived who had among his goods a lovely knife with a blue horn handle, costing 1s. 6d. I was at that time in possession of only 10d. Nothing could be bought without my mother's consent, and when told of this knife, she at once asked if I had the money. I said I had 10d.

and it was close on Handsel-Monday ; but she declared the knife could not be bought unless I had the money in hand, so the packman departed with the knife unsold.

Most of mamma's friends from Edinburgh arrived in their own carriages ; but I heard mamma's youngest sister say that, on her first visit, our factor met her at Dalwhinnie to drive from thence to Glengarry in the gig. The whole thing must have been very strange to her, accustomed to Edinburgh and its neighborhood, as the inn at Dalwhinnie was nearly full of Highland farmers and drovers attending some market ; and before she got home a man had a long talk with the factor about buying the wood which would be required for his coffin.

About this time (1823) a new governess arrived. She had heard all about us from mamma's youngest sister, who told her she would find her three pupils as wild as goats. No doubt she had been driven from Dalwhinnie, and must have been surprised at her welcome, for in walking round to the front door one of the large deerhounds seized her fur muff and carried it off, when her eldest pupil appeared on the scene and presented it to her again, having taken it from the dog, and no doubt scolded him in Gaelic. I remember the amazement of the governess at the manner in which her pupils vanished out of the schoolroom when the arrival of a packman was declared, or a dog-fight heard, in which case, she was told, we were always allowed to go to help in case any stranger's dog might be worried, whose position would be very critical among the many deer-hounds that were sure to be about.

My father was a very keen deer-stalker, and must have been so from his youth. At a friend's house the whole evening would be spent in relating anecdotes of their early feats ; in one of which my father gave a long account of following his deer over hills, through glens, for more than one whole day, in the course of which time he sent to inform his parents where he was ; and it surprised me to hear that both of them came to meet him there. He never cared for grouse-shooting nor salmon-fishing, in which his only brother, Sir James, delighted. We from our infancy were accustomed to pic-

turesque sights : one in which we delighted was seeing from our bedroom windows an early start for the hill. About three in the morning we were awakened by the pipers playing "Hey ! Johnnie Cope," in front of our window, and at once we were seated on the window-sill to see all that could be seen, just in our night-dresses as we got out of bed : we never expected to catch cold, and certainly we very seldom did. And what a sight ! probably a September morning. There was our father and two gentlemen or so, visitors at the time ; deer-foresters moving about with lanterns ; two or three Highland ponies ; some six deer-hounds in couples, all much excited ; sportsmen loading their guns, some of which were frequently fired off before starting. The Highland dress predominated ; those who intended riding only wearing shooting-clothes. At the end of the day, say about five or six o'clock, the sportsmen returned. Their game was brought off pony-back and laid on the lawn for ladies and children to come and admire. In those days there was no wholesale massacre of game ; one deer was frequently the whole day's exercise, sometimes two : on one memorable occasion I think there were two red-deer and a roe. No shot was allowed, only bullets might be used, and a wounded deer must be secured and brought home. Once hit, I believe the dogs did the rest ; but the wounded animal had to be kept in sight for fear of being lost and left to die on the hill. At this distance of time I cannot be sure of numbers, but I know my father preferred small herds of deer to large ones. His herds numbered about ten, while some in Perthshire numbered thirty, and consequently the animals were inferior in size and condition. A few years before my father's death, he shot a very old stag : it had a slit in its ear, well known as the mark given by a former sportsman to all young stags he laid hold of, upward of thirty years previously, so this stag must have been far above that age ; and notwithstanding, its flesh was very tender and good. It was my father who presented Sir Walter Scott with "Maida," his favorite stag-hound, named after the battle in which my uncle, Sir James, fought. This dog was Sir Walter's chief favorite, and was often painted along with him. It died at Ab-

botsford in 1824, and was buried underneath the "leaping-on-stone," with this couplet inscribed :—

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door."

My father's birthday, the 15th September, was always celebrated with Highland games. They generally took place in a field about two miles from the house. We children always walked there and back with our governess ; the elder members of the family drove in the carriage, which sometimes seemed a very perilous undertaking, as they had to cross a wooden bridge over the river Garry, which used to shake violently. The horses particularly disliked the sound it made, and my mother was quite afraid ; but my father was always determined that horses and servants should do their proper work, and her only relief was to patter her feet on the floor of the carriage, as he said screaming both frightened the horses and made the servants useless.

It was a grand day for us children. Tents were always pitched for shelter. The feats were splendid, and very different from what they are nowadays. I don't remember the weight of the stones and hammers thrown, nor the length or weight of the caber-tree, but the leaping was admirable—over a pony's back, probably thirteen or fourteen hands high : this, I think, was allowed to be done with a run. The leaping over a double breadth of plaid, held by men at each side, was done without a run. Our piper used to tell us that he had performed the feat of leaping in and out of six herring barrels placed close together in succession. Another feat of the games was to dislocate the forefoot of a dead bullock. I was about ten years old when I saw this done, and I must have escaped from the governess, as such a sight was not meant for me. Two bullocks were driven into a circle surrounded by men, and knocked down dead by means of a hammer on the forehead : they were not bled in any way, but rolled on their backs. Three men attempted the feat, one upon one animal and two upon the other, and one of the legs was entirely dislocated, and shook like a leaf inside the hide, which was left untorn. For long I quite gave up talking

of this feat, as people would not believe me, considering it impossible ; but about the year 1870, when I was in Iona, the parish minister, the Rev. Mr. C., told me he saw it done when a boy of about thirteen, at school in Inverness, where at that time three volunteer regiments—my father's, Lord Lovat's, and Davidson of Tulloch's—came up every year to be reviewed, when Highland games were always gone through, and this was a feat in which the Glengarry Fencibles particularly excelled.

At Glengarry, after the games, there was always dancing to the pipes in the evening ; and the foresters and deerstalkers did dance most beautifully. The lobby where they danced was very small, and my father would not allow more than one reel at a time. We children, and perhaps my mother and elder sisters, all sat on the stairs ; and if any of the men wished to dance with us, two of them came and bowed us down. No one could appear at these games, or dance, but in Highland dress, kilts and plaids looking beautiful. When any kind of entertainment took place on Saturday, my mother was most careful to put the clocks twenty minutes forward, so that the house should be cleared before twelve o'clock : a *doch-an-doras*—that is a parting glass of whiskey—was given to each man in passing out. We used to have a variety of people who could dance Gillie-callum, which was danced first forward and then backward—a feat rarely attempted now, even at Highland games. The reel of Tulloch was also danced. Papa was very particular, and the reel of Tulloch was never a romp : all of us, old and young, took hands, not arms or elbows, in going through the figures, and none of the ladies danced it except with such as dined at table.

About 1824 the Caledonian Canal was opened, and soon after the first boat-load of coals arrived at Glengarry : formerly nothing was burned but peat and the outside bark of staves for herring-barrels. About that time my father had a very pretty barge built, by a piper named Archy Mouro, who belonged to Oban ; and we children were all taken in this barge through the locks. About a year after this the barge was sent to Inverie for the amusement of my brother, then a lad of sixteen, who was intensely fond of

boating. On one occasion he and the five eldest girls of us were at Inverie for sea-bathing without our parents, and one day he invited us all for a sail in the barge, he and the piper to work it. We were to visit some beautiful caves at Doon, a place on our own property; and to make the barge look smart, he decked her with every flag he could find in the house. Great was our surprise on arriving at our destination that none of the men came down to welcome us. Here and there a woman or a child could be seen peeping over the rocks at us in a furtive fashion. The sails were lowered, and the piper shouted in vain for some one to come and take the rope. At last, in a perfect rage, he sprang on the rocks, and soon returned with plenty of men to help us. It turned out we had run up a Government pennant among the flags, and had been mistaken for a revenue cruiser. We went through the caves, one of which was large and roomy, with a floor as well swept as could be. In this they malted their barley. At the far end it had a very narrow passage into the open air: no doubt it was a very convenient escape for men who were likely to be pounced upon by her Majesty's revenue officers.

On our way home we had a variety of adventures. First of all, our mizen-mast broke clean over, and gave us all a great fright with the noise it made; and after that, the main sheet gave way. My sister C. being persuaded that we were all at death's door, began to repeat with great fervor "The hour of my departure's come." We put in at one of the farms, as the whole of us were quite wet, and I, for one, was so sick with terror that I wished to walk home, which I could easily have done, as far as the distance was concerned; but after getting some spirits, of which we were in great need, my two elder sisters insisted that we should all go home in the boat. That very afternoon my father arrived unexpectedly: he had met some one on the hill, when crossing over, who told him he should go home and say his prayers, as his six eldest children might all have been in the sea. He said my brother should have taken Rorie Ruaich, Red Rorie, as well as the piper, in the barge;—the last thing my brother would have wished to do, as Rorie, though a capital seaman, was a coarse-looking fellow, red-headed, and always barefooted—

the last man my brother would have liked to see in his beautiful barge.

It must have been about the year 1823 that we started from Invergarry for Perth, to spend the winter. We children always rejoiced when told we were going to Perth; we could see coal fires, and we could eat loaf-bread: not that we disliked our bright fires of peat, nor did we dislike oatcakes, the only sort of bread we children ever got to eat; flour-scones and water-biscuits were used by the elder members of the family. We were dressed as plainly as possible; our travelling frocks were dark cotton prints, made up to the throat, with a frill of the same round the neck, and long sleeves, and buttoned down the back with large white thread buttons. A few years later mamma brought the first hooks and eyes to Invergarry. Our shoes were made of kip leather, precisely the same as our father always wore with his Highland dress, and for deer-stalking; they were neither bound nor lined; the latches were tied with leather thongs. The shoe was ornamented with notches round the sole, also a row of small punched holes, and holes round the mouth of the shoe. These "brogues" were nearly indestructible, and were often used to carry water, or to sail down a burn as a boat. In winter we wore Waterloo bonnets, such as those worn by soldiers; and they were charming bonnets, used for all purposes—carrying water or sand for a short distance to our garden, etc.

That winter, on starting for Perth, I remember our brother's trousers were made of Glengarry tartan, fringed at the ankles. That sort of hand tartan is not now made. It was made only of the longest hairs out of the wool, and probably spun by the hand on the small wheel. But now for our journey. Four post-horses and two postilions arrived from Perth or Dunkeld the night before, and reported that there were a few inches of snow on Corrieyairack, which they said would give us no trouble unless it drifted through the night. But by mamma's wish orders were given for some twenty men with shovels to start early and clear the road for the carriage if necessary. Next forenoon we started. First the carriage and four post-horses, with front and back dickie; then the small carriage with only two horses, and our coachman driving it; after that the gig. My brother,

one of our elder sisters, the governess, and I, were in the small carriage. As we began to get over the hill, it was easily seen that the men had been much needed. Snow was falling, and a message was sent back from papa in the first carriage that we were all to get out and walk. In those days, when travelling carriages were very heavy, having a variety of boxes fitting under the seats and on the top, our all walking was a great relief to the horses. Our coachman was an old English dragoon, who always talked to his horses when airing them: it was said he told them of his battle-fields. On this occasion he was constantly saying, "Keep up, little horses; keep up, little horses." My youngest sister was carried and kept dry; the rest of us were sometimes deep in snow. One of the maids fell into a wreath, and papa made a joke of her requiring two handsome fellows to pull her out. My second youngest sister was very cold, and ready to cry—and no wonder, the frost was so keen that our wet clothes were frozen, and the fringes of my brother's trousers were like icicles; but she kept from crying, as she was told it would be worse still if the tears froze on her cheeks. Mamma was very poorly, partly with fright; but we all got to a shepherd's hut with a fire, where some of us could get a little dry. Papa, my brother, his tutor, two postilions, three or four men-servants, and the men sent to clear the road, were all busy about the horses and carriages. At last we were sent for, and proceeded on our journey. We slept at Dalwhinnie that night, at Dunkeld next night, and the following day arrived at Garry Cottage, on the Tay, about a mile from Perth.

At Garry Cottage we were more civilized and better dressed than at home; but our hair was cut quite close all over except a little on the top of our heads, which was tossed up like a boy's, as papa thought much hair only caused headaches. It was during this visit that we saw some of our Edinburgh cousins for the first time. I think they were on a visit to Lord and Lady Gray. Our uncle John (Lord Medwyn), being sheriff of Perth, was with the judges, and we saw the procession come along the South Inch quite well from our windows, and were told which carriage our uncle would be in. On our mamma's return, she brought a delicate cousin, K. G., about my age, to try and strength-

en her in our Highland air, having had leave to cut her hair much shorter. Many were the things that seemed wonderful to me. The stage-coach, the Saxe-Coburg, passed the house every day on its way to Dundee; and then there were the boats from Newburgh on the opposite side of the Tay, drawn by horses, and painted in bright green. Kinnoul Hill was our loveliest Saturday walk, with its stone table at the top, and its views. I remember we used to visit some wonderful gardens at Belwood, where we first saw the sensitive plant. About April or May we all started for the north again.

Reminiscences of Glengarry, "the last of the Chieftains,"* are still common in the Highlands, and indeed throughout Scotland. A correspondent of Miss Macdonell contributes the following stories, which show the genial, kindly temper of the chief:—

"I remember," he says, "your father coming upon me fishing in the Garry. I felt afraid lest he should be angry, but he soon put me at ease. He asked a while of my rod till he would try his luck. He caught a large trout, and with a kindly smile bade me take it home to my supper, and added, 'Tell your mother Glengarry sent it.'"

To Miss MACDONNELL of Glengarry.

KNIGHT'S LAND, CHURCH STREET,
BROUGHTY FERRY, May 6th, '92.

"When your father was returning homeward from deer-hunting, I remember very well in passing my father's door he would pull up his horse, and stop his hunters, and call my mother and all her children to the door, and mother and family were made to partake of and drink healths round, your father good-humoredly telling us that 'Our teeth were longer than our beards.' The children were served with bread and cheese, and nothing delighted them so much as to see Glengarry coming home and his followers from deer-stalking. My father's house was at the back of the gardens near the old castle. We used to see you all passing every morning with Miss Drysdale, your governess. I think that I can still see in my mind's eye Glengarry passing in full Highland costume. He had a grand stately step, and a fine manly bearing, and always had a kindly joke with any of my brothers and myself when he happened to meet us.

"When George IV. visited Edinburgh Glengarry presented the following gentlemen to the king—Macdonald, jun., of Dalness, Macdonell of Barrisdale, Macdonell, Shian, and

* "The last of the chiefs was Glengarry, and the last of the lairds was M'Nab."—*Gaelic Proverb.*

other gentlemen of the name of Macdonell, officers in the army. At banquet given by the Lord Provost and Magistrates in honor to the King, Glengarry made a warm speech extolling the virtues and patriotism of one who had been the patron of his early life, then gave, 'To the memory of Henry, Lord Melville.' I find that Miss Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry was presented to the King by her mother, and Miss Alpina Macdonell of Glengarry also. I will send other documents soon. Many thanks for portrait I esteem highly.—I have the honor, madam, to be your humble servant,

"WILLIAM ROBERTSON."

Glengarry was present at the coronation of George IV., and the adventure which there befell him has been amusingly related by that diverting and now not sufficiently known novelist, Galt:—

"The first part of the banquet being ended, the sound of an encouraging trumpet was heard, and in came the champion on horseback, in warlike apparel of polished armor, having on his right hand the Duke of Wellington, and on his left the deputy of the Earl Marischal. But it does not accord with the humility of my private pen to expatiate on such high concerns of chivalry; and I was besides just tormented the whole time by Mrs. Pringle speering the meaning of everything, and demonstrating her surprise that the Duke of Wellington could submit to act such a play actor's part. Really, it is a great vexation to have to do with either men or women of such unicorn minds as Mrs. Pringle's, where there is anything of a complexity of sense as there is in that type and image of the old contentious times of the monarchy, shown forth in the resurrection of a champion in a coat of mail, challenging to single combat.

"In this juncture of the ploy we were put to a dreadful amazement by a lady of an Irish stock, as I heard, taking it into her head to be most awfully terrified at the sight of a Highland gentleman in his kilt, and holding his pistol in his hand. The gentleman was Glengarry, than whom, as is well known, there is not nowadays a chieftain of a more truly Highland spirit. Indeed it may almost be said of him, as I have read in a book it was said of one Brutus, the ancient Roman, that he is one of the last of the Chieftains, none caring more for the hardy mountain race, or encouraging by his example the love of hill and heather. Well, what does the terrified madam do but set up a plastic to disarm Glengarry, thinking that he was going to shoot the King, and put to death all the blood-royal of the Guelph family, making a clean job o' it for the bringing in of the Stuarts again. Then she called to her a knight of the bath, and a young man of slender nature, one of the servitors, and bade them arrest Glengarry. It was well for them that the Macdonell knew something of Courts and the dues of pedigree, and bridled himself at this hoble-

show; but it was just a picture, and a contrast to be held in remembrance, to see the proud and bold son of the mountain, the noble that a king cannot make, for it is past the monarch's power to bestow the honor of a chieftainship even on the Duke of Wellington, as all true Highlanders well know,—I say, it was a show to see him, the lion of the rock, submitting himself calmly as a lamb to those 'silken sons of little men,' and the whole tot of the treason proving but a lady's hysteric."

In further explanation of this episode, we may reproduce the letter written by Glengarry himself in answer to a paragraph in the "Times" headed "A Mysterious Circumstance," only adding that when the news reached Edinburgh every one knew it could only refer to Glengarry; but a Highlander, on hearing that the offending pistol had been found unprimed, exclaimed, "By Got! it couldna be Glengarry, for she's aye loaded!" This is Glengarry's letter:—

"SIR,—The alarm expressed by a lady on seeing me in Westminster Hall on the day of his Majesty's coronation, and the publicity which her ladyship judged it becoming to give to that expression of alarm by means of your paper, I should have treated with the indifference due to such mock heroics in one of the fair sex, but that it has been copied into other papers with comments and additions which seemed to me to reflect both upon my conduct and upon the Highland character. I trust, therefore, to your sense of justice for giving to the public the real history of the 'mysterious circumstance,' as it is termed. I had the honor of a Royal Duke's ticket for my daughter and myself to see his Majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland Chief, including, of course, a brace of pistols. I had travelled about six hundred miles for that purpose; and in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honor to kiss my Sovereign's hand at the Levee of Wednesday last, the 25th. Finding one of our seats in the hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments), I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows further back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horsemen

entered ; whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his Majesty and the Royal Dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast pistol in that hand pointing down to the seat floor on which I stood, when the champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in anything but 'seemingly as if going to present it'—in fact, I had taken it into my hand in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then from four o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady within a short distance exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol !' To which I answered, 'The pistol will do you no harm, madame.' But a second time she cried out, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol !' This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness ; and I was accordingly preparing to do so when accosted by a young knight-errant and closely followed by two others, likewise in plain clothes, one of whom—the first who began to mob me (for it merits no other term)—laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped under a loose glove in my right hand ; and observing the numbers to increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland Chief, I refused his demand with contempt ? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suit, but was equally unsuccessful. A Knight of the Grand Cross was then introduced with all due honors, by the name of Sir Charles, into this pretty contention ; and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman, which I flatly refused, but added that, understanding him, by his dress, etc., to be a Knight of the Grand Cross, he might have it, if he chose, with all its responsibility, for, as I had already said, 'it was not loaded, and pistols were a part of my national garb in full dress.' Again Sir Charles desired me to 'give it that gentleman.' But my answer was, 'No, Sir Charles : you, as a soldier, may have it, as the honor of an officer and a man of family will be safe in your hands ; but positively no other shall—so take it

or leave it, as you please.' Sir Charles, after the conversation referred to, took possession of that pistol—the other being always worn by me in its place ; and the Knight Grand Cross, having first declined my turning up the pan to show there was no powder in it, I told him that I had a daughter under my protection in the hall, and consequently proceeded in that direction on his signifying a wish that I should retire, adding, 'I have worn this dress at several Continental Courts, and it never was insulted before.' I begged the favor of his card (which he had not upon him), at the same time giving him my name and the hotel where I lodged, expressing an expectation to see him. Sir Charles at this time begged that I would move forward, and I begged of him to proceed in that direction and that I would follow. This he did a short way, and then halting, requested that I would walk first. I said I had no objections, if he followed. However, he and the squire remained a little behind, probably to examine the pistol I had lent Sir Charles, which the latter shortly came up with and restored. Meantime, Sir Charles must recollect that I spoke again to him, and that I mentioned the name of a near connection of mine well known in command of the Coldstream Guards. As neither of these gentlemen have called on me since, I presume that they are satisfied that the blunder was not upon my side, and that my conduct would bear itself through. The conclusion of the day went off very pleasantly ; and when satiated therewith, my daughter and I drove off amid many marks of civility and condescension even from strangers, as well as from our own countrymen and acquaintances in the highest rank.

"This, sir, is the whole story of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highland courtier's dress as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German ; and those used by me on such occasions are as unstained with powder as any courtier's sword with blood.

"With respect to the wild fantasy that haunted Lady A.'s brain of danger to his Majesty, I may be permitted to say that George IV. has not in his dominions more faithful subjects than the Highlanders ; and that not an individual witnessed his Majesty's coronation who would more

cheerfully and ardently shed his heart's blood for him than your humble servant,

"ARD-FLATH SIOL CHUINN
MAC MHIIC-ALASTAIR."

Which may be Anglified, "Colonel Randallson Macdonell of Glegarry and Clanronald."

Glegarry bore no grudge for the insult offered to his national garb, and when George IV. visited Edinburgh, the Chief took a prominent part in the festivities of welcome. An eyewitness writes to Miss Macdonell :—

"There were with your father on the occasion of George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh about twelve gentlemen who acted as officers, and these were headed by his own brother, of Waterloo fame. The Highlanders were remarkable as tall, stalwart, handsome men, fit for any emergency, and the whole retinue was much admired. When the King landed and was seated in his carriage, Glegarry burst through all opposition, and placed himself alongside, and bade the King 'Welcome to Scotland;' the King rose and courteously thanked him. At a banquet given in honor of the King, your father made an animated speech, and told the King that he had no soldiers more loyal and brave than the Highlanders, who at all times might be trusted to give a good account of their enemies. The King was so delighted with the display of sturdy clansmen, that he appeared among them in full Highland costume."

The "Courant" of August 24, 1823, has the following notice of Glegarry and his men :—

"Glegarry has a small but select following of twelve of his house, among whom we noticed the gallant Colonel Macdonell, brother of the chief, and famous for his achievements at the defence of Hongomont, where, assisted by only a sergeant of the Guards, he slew or drove back six French grenadiers who had forced their way into the court-yard; also we saw Barrisdale, Scotthouse, Major Macdonell, and others of this ancient line. Each had a gillie in attendance—tall, rawbone, swarthy fellows, who, besides the sword and target, carried guns of portentous length. We believe they were chiefly foresters of the chieftain, and indeed they looked as if they had done nothing all their lives but lived by hunting and slept in the woods. To legalize the meeting of so many of the clans, they were all sworn in to act as guards to the Lord High Constable and Knight Marshal; and nothing could be more orderly than the conduct of these military strangers. Sir Walter Scott, by universal consent, acted as adjutant-general to these gallant mountaineers. 1. About 50 Breadalbane men. 2. Celtic Society under the Duke of Argyll. 3. Strathfillan Society under Stewart of Ardvorlich and Graham of Airth. 4. Clan Gregor. 5. Glegarry's men,

6. 60 men from Dunrobin. 7. About 30 Drummonds sent by Lady Gwydyr."

The "Caledonian Mercury" describes the reception of the King :—

"The procession halted in St. Bernard's Street, Leith, to await the arrival of the King. Here it was joined about eleven o'clock by the Royal carriage, which was guarded by the Glegarry Highlanders, consisting of twelve gentlemen, with their Tearnachs, under the command of Colonel Ronaldson Macdonald of Glegarry and Clanronald. These kept close to the Royal carriage, which was drawn up at the end of the lower drawbridge, until his Majesty had entered it, after which they occupied the place appointed them in the procession, next to the Royal Company of Archers."

Resuming Miss Macdonell's reminiscences, we find the following account of the death and funeral of Glegarry :—

It was in 1828 my mother's youngest sister arrived to spend the winter. All were to be at home, except my brother, attending the Edinburgh University, and my two elder sisters, who were to spend the winter in Edinburgh. Papa started with them on the 16th January, intending to return from Edinburgh himself in about three weeks. They joined the steamer at Laggan, about three miles off, and spent the night at Corpach. There was a frightful storm at Glegarry on the 17th. Mamma was ill and anxious; various of the servants and ourselves had dreamed bad dreams. But an old woman bade one of us tell mamma not to be frightened, as the steamer would never leave Corpach in such a gale. Unfortunately, the steamer had left before the gale came on, and was wrecked at Covan farm. All the people got out on the rocks; in leaping from the steamer papa knocked his head on the rock, but it was bound up with various cotton neckties, then used by gentlemen, and nothing serious was expected. They were received by Mr. and Mrs. M. at Inverseadell. One of my sisters wrote to tell mamma that they were all safe. After they were in bed my sisters were roused. My father had taken brain fever, and expired that night.

On the 18th the first letter reached Invergarry, only a few hours before the second, with the last sad news. The house was now filled with consternation. Mamma saw from her windows many people passing who would not naturally be about the house. On hearing that both the car-

riage and the barge were to be sent for our party, she sent to ask the factor why the barge was to go. We could not find the factor; he had hidden himself. No time had to be lost now. Mamma was told in such an abrupt manner that it was months before she recovered it: our governess told us as abruptly. Next day the carriage arrived with our two elder sisters, and the same evening the barge with our father's body. A day or two later my brother arrived from Edinburgh.

There were no telegraphs in those days, and people from so many parts of the Highlands had to be invited that the funeral could not be till the 1st February. It was wonderful what mamma did, in spite of her weakness: all had to be arranged—where the men from the various districts were to walk, so as to prevent any quarrels or fighting. I remember the large quantity of cheese which was procured from two farms at a considerable distance, as food, cheese, oatcakes, and whiskey had to be provided for about one thousand common men. A cook came from Inverness to prepare food for more than fifty gentlemen in some part of the offices in the square.

And truly the funeral was a considerable one. Hosts of men gathered on the lawn, to whom cheese cut in squares and oatcakes were handed round in hampers, followed by a man with bottles of whiskey and a glass, during which time some rain fell, but not much fortunately, as no shelter could have been found for such a number. At last the funeral started; no hearse or carriages of any sort were at it. The coffin was carried on men's shoulders—the piper playing in front; our only brother, in full Highland dress, his arm covered with crape, at the head; papa's only brother, Sir James, in plain clothes, at the foot; mamma's two brothers, Lord

Medwyn and Uncle George, Charles Stuart Hay, and others, at the sides. Mamma had given strict orders that no whiskey was to be offered till after the body was under ground.

About the 21st May we all set out for Edinburgh. As on all former occasions, the carriages were quite full. At the top of Corriedonna we all got out and had some sort of lunch beside a well which formerly had no name. Mamma was prevailed upon to break a bottle of whiskey into it and to name it "The Lady's Well;" and ever since it has been called Tobar-na-Bendeen. Merchiston Castle was now to be our home, certainly a well-chosen home for such wild creatures as we were. The old Castle consisted of two or three rooms on each of five floors, with a turret-stair from top to bottom. It belonged to Lord Napier. The lookout room at the top was locked and sealed; but there were battlements, so that we could play and run about on them as much as we liked. On these battlements we might sing our Gaelic and Jacobite songs as much and as loud as we liked. Our schoolroom was the old hall on the second floor of the Castle. Many things surprised us. I am not sure that we had ever seen an ordinary pump in our lives: anyhow, we delighted in pumping—it was exercise—and were amazed when the laundry-maid told us we should not waste the water. "Waste water!" We had never heard of such a thing, accustomed to Loch Oich in front, and the river Garry at the back of the house. We soon thought the confinement of Edinburgh quite dreadful, and began to wonder how long it would take us to walk or run some three hundred miles back to Glengarry again. So we measured how often round the battlements would make one mile, and each of us ran so many miles a day.

For Glengarry Sir Walter Scott wrote the following Lament. It has been in possession of the family ever since: *—

GLENGARRY'S DEATH-SONG.

Land of the Gael, thy glory has flown!
For the star of the North from its orbit is thrown;

* Miss Macdonell writes:—

"MAVIS BANK, ROTHESAY, 17th April, 1893.

"My father died in January, 1828, and my mother came to Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh, where she lived from May, 1828, to May, 1830. It was there I first saw the 'Death-Song,' and was told by mother that Sir Walter Scott had written it and sent it to her. I believe she got it soon after we all came south in May, 1828, and it has always been in whatever houses we lived ever since."

Dark, dark is thy sorrow, and hopeless thy pain,
For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again,
Glengarry—Glengarry is gone evermore,
Glengarry—Glengarry we'll ever deplore.

O tell of the warrior who never did yield,
O tell of the chief who was falchion and shield,
O think of the patriot, most ardent and kind ;
Then sigh for Glengarry in whom all were joined.

The chieftains may gather—the combatants call,
One champion is absent—that champion was all ;
The bright eye of genius and valor may flame,
But who now shall light it to honor and fame.

See the light bark how toss'd ! she's wrecked on the wave !
See dauntless Glengarry on the verge of the grave !
See his leap—see that gash, and that eye now so dim !
And thy heart must be steel'd, if it bleed not for him.

Arise thou young branch of so noble a stem,
Obscurity marks not the worth of a gem ;
O hear the last wish of thy father for thee :
“ Be all to thy country, Glengarry should be.”

Why sounds the loud pibroch, why tolls the death bell,
Why crowd our bold clansmen to Garry's green vale ?
'Tis to mourn for their chief—for Glengarry the brave,
'Tis to tell that a hero is laid in his grave.

O ! heard ye that anthem, slow, pealing on high !
The shades of the valiant are come from the sky,
And the Genii of Gaeldoch are first in the throng,
O list to the theme of their aerial song.

It's “ welcome Glengarry, thy clansmen's fast friend.”
It's “ welcome to joys that shall ne'er have an end,
The halls of great Odin are open to thee,
O welcome Glengarry, the gallant and free.”

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AMERICAN LIFE THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES.

BY A. S. NORTHCOTE.

My object in writing this sketch of some of the salient features wherein life in America differs from that in England has been, not to criticise the real, but to correct the false, impressions which I have often seen in English prints. Most Englishmen travelling through this country can obtain but a very faint idea of the inner life of its inhabitants. Their sketches, therefore, being drawn from individuals, frequently do not do justice to the whole. Generally, too, the Ameri-

cans who pioneer the distinguished British tourists through their country are not representatives of American society in its truest and best form.

Besides this, I have felt that, as so many young Englishmen are now wisely choosing this country for their home, it would be not unacceptable to their relatives in England to see American social life from an Englishman's point of view.

I have not attempted to go into social problems, nor have I alluded to that much-

petted, much-written-about class, the uncrowned kings of America, the workingmen. Neither in speaking of American life have I thought it proper to more than mention those natives of the United States who copy English manners with such ludicrous exaggeration that they are styled by their countrymen "Anglo-maniacs."

In the land where all men are said to be born free and equal, and the titular distinctions of the Old World are supposed to be held in contempt, there is this large class, whose knowledge of *The Court Guide* far exceeds that of Mrs. Ponto, and to whom the sayings and doings of the least known British peer are of more importance than those of their own President.

But the love of outward and visible form is not confined to any one class in America. Throughout the country there is a profound respect for marks of distinction, which, oppressed by democratic laws, finds vent in such titles as Chief Clerk of the Works Smith, or Assistant Elevator Starter Brown. While it is comical enough to hear men designated by their profession, the adoption of the idea by women is still more amusing. Mrs. Colonel Jones, or Mrs. Chief Engineer Roberts—is the vanity that compels the use of such titles more absurd or pitiable? The craze descends into the lower orders of life too. The servants who advertise themselves as such are regarded as slaves by the cook ladies and waiting gentlemen whose cards appear in every newspaper. The Southern story, so old, and told of so many people, that it is a wonder the folklorists do not claim it as a sun myth, of the colored lady who wanted to see "de white woman ob de house 'bout de wash-in'," gives one an idea of the feeling among this class. Only among the upper classes in the Northern States is there an adherence to plain Esquire and Madam.

The composition of American society may be briefly noticed before going further. Roughly speaking, the upper classes in America are English by descent, with some foreign blood mixed in. In the Western cities there are a number of Germans, but these do not come into contact, to any appreciable extent, with the English-speaking people, except in matters of business.

New England, which is the largest contributor to the upper-class population of

the Western towns, is inhabited chiefly by persons of pure English descent, many of them being the descendants of the Puritans who fled from England during the religious troubles of the seventeenth century. The people of New York and Pennsylvania are largely of English extraction, with an admixture of Dutch blood. The South, excepting New Orleans, was also colonized by Englishmen, but the upper classes in the South belonged, as a rule, to that class which in England is supposed to be of gentle blood; although now all such distinctions have long since passed away. New Orleans possesses a society of its own, a society of Frenchmen, while the interior States contain a population drawn mainly from the seaboard States. I allude in this distribution only to what may be called the aristocracy of the States, and take no account of the nationalities of the working classes.

There is one important difference between an Englishman and an American. The latter regards the city as his home and the country as his sojourning place, while the former clings to his old family estate and his country home, and parts from them with reluctance. The citizen of the United States, except possibly in some of the Southern States, and even there the sentiment is dying away, has no such feelings, and on the death of the heads of the family, its members split up, and the country homestead passes into the hands of strangers and out of the minds of those who no longer dwell there. Although there is some, there is far less, sentiment for the old home among Americans than among Englishmen. The comparative newness of the country and the lack of family traditions to a large extent account for this.

Great landed estates such as exist all over England are very rare in America, few men having a desire to exile themselves from the society of their equals in the towns and bury themselves in the country districts. Neither would a lonely country place removed four or five miles from a town be an attractive residence in the States. Except in the large cities, where the comforts of life can be had in profusion, there is a great lack of luxury throughout the whole Republic. Of the necessities of life there is usually abundance; but woe to the unhappy gentle-

man who might acquire land and mansion a few miles distant from any of the hundreds of the small thriving towns scattered throughout the country. His life would be one of isolation. Removed by four or five miles from the nearest town and railway station, and the distance rendered trebly great by the abominable country roads (there are no decent high roads anywhere in the United States except in parts of New England and in Kentucky), he would find himself compelled to send, not to the nearest town, but to the nearest great city, for all the comforts of life.

Trains on most of the American railways are few and far between, and supplies are therefore hard to obtain. I do not speak of the suburban service of any of the big cities, but of through trains. Postal delivery in the country districts there is none. The sporting instinct does not exist in the heart of the American farmer, while the practically unprotected game throughout most of the States of the Union is getting scarce. He would have no neighbors either resident or transient, and would be thrown absolutely upon his own resources for amusement and occupation. The whole theory of American life is opposed to this state of existence; and the few who are bold enough to disregard public opinion and live as they choose are regarded almost as madmen. I remember one summer, while driving, seeing a beautiful and well-kept home about five miles from the seaside resort whence we had come. I asked the owner's name, which was given me, and then followed exclamations from every member of the party. Some regarded the man as mad to live away from everybody, others believed him a recluse. Some pitied his family and others himself; but not one upheld him in choosing a most beautiful, though somewhat lonely, piece of coast for his summer home.

The result of this absence of individual country houses has led to the growth of a system without parallel, I believe, in the world. I allude to the country resorts. Of these resorts, or spots chosen for the gathering together of several families, there are many kinds. They may be divided, so far as we are at present concerned, into three varieties: the suburban, the health, and the pleasure resort. A brief description of them may be interesting. First, let us take a sample of the

suburban resorts which may be found surrounding all the great American cities, and which correspond largely to the suburbs of English towns. A suburban resort usually originates as follows. Some wealthy man, or a syndicate, usually of friends, decides that it will be very pleasant to live in the country within easy reach of their places of business. Accordingly they sally forth and purchase at some point near the city, possessing generally some natural attractions, a considerable piece of land. A fine name, chosen for its sound, not for its sense, is then given to the new acquisition; the management of the nearest railway is persuaded to stop certain morning and evening trains at a new station, and the syndicate commences to lay out good roads, which form an oasis in the mud-covered country trails, to plant trees, to form little parks, and to improve their new property in every way. At the same time they select certain spots for their own homes, and then begin to recoup themselves for their outlay of money by selling sites for houses to their friends. Usually care is exercised at first, and only people acceptable to the founders of the colony can gain admittance to it. That is the palmy and attractive season of the resort. In the mean while, a few tradesmen, dealers in the more bulky necessities of life, settle on the outskirts of the charmed circle. The United States Government locates a post-office, a rapacious livery stable locates itself, and "Mountain Glen" is in the full swing of success. More dwellers in the adjacent city pour in to seek for homes, the price for lots goes up, and their size inversely diminishes. The original syndicate sells out at a large profit, and seeks a new field elsewhere. More people flow in. Electric lights and tramcars appear. A municipality is formed, which at once goes into debt for so-called public improvements, and a full-fledged city is the final result. Or the process of deterioration goes the other way. Instead of the original syndicate selling out, and small householders being introduced, the early settlers of the colony hold on to their possessions, and, wealthy in land, assume social pretensions. The colony becomes fashionable. To be the possessor of a cottage at "Mountain Glen" proves the owner a man of good social standing. And at last, though the fresh air of the

country cannot be vitiated, yet in every other respect the settlement takes on the customs and hours of the more fashionable city. One or the other of these endings is the eventual fate of most suburban settlements; but, though to English ideas such a settlement during the earlier and later part of its existence is not attractive, yet during the middle of its career there is much that is pleasant in life in it. Let me try and paint a very common type of these little colonies. Imagine, then, a considerable piece of land, usually lying in some situation more or less favored by nature. Cut up this tract into little parks well wooded with young trees, and divided from each other by well-kept roads penetrating in every direction. On each little islet of green, bounded by roadway and sidewalk, place a trim, well-kept house, often of wood, gayly painted, and built in every conceivable style of architecture. Let each house be surrounded by pleasant lawns, flower gardens, etc., and have in its rear its stables and perhaps kitchen garden. Place every house standing open to the public highway, with no vestige of fence or wall to denote which is private and which public ground, and at some convenient distance put a little railway station, neatly kept, and for the greater part of the day entirely deserted, while clustering around it let there be a few small shops and a livery stable or two. Several churches, of which the best kept and most imposing belongs to the ruling denomination in the colony, complete the picture. Viewed from a balloon the whole must resemble the toy villages of my infancy, where the brightly-painted houses, trees, shops, men, and animals could be moved about at will. During the greater part of the day the little village bears an aspect of solitude. All the male members of the population have left for their places of business on the early morning train, and the ladies have followed on one an hour or so later, bent on shopping or other city pleasures. There is something humorous in the sacred light in which this early train is regarded by the American business man. He will leave his breakfast untasted rather than miss it. Poorly is he regarded who comes into town with the ladies. Only a few weeks ago I was seriously informed that young So-and-so would never be a success. "He doesn't take the 8.15," said my informant, "but

comes in on the 9.30." About five o'clock in the evening the stillness that has existed during the day throughout the village begins to be broken. Vehicles of all descriptions congregate at the railway station, the evening train from the city rolls in, and the various male suburbanites are whisked away to their homes to enjoy the pleasure of sleeping in the country after living in the town.

Sunday in a suburban resort is the great day. After the morning church and the midday meal (all American servants insist on a midday dinner on Sunday, and a scrambling supper in the evening, and never yield without a fierce contest), the majority of the inhabitants settle down into a state of somnolence. Most of the ladies array themselves in their best, and some of the men, fighting against sleep, straggle from cottage to cottage paying calls. The idea of a long walk is usually discussed, and almost invariably set aside on some specious pretence, and the whole community dozes and gossips until the hour for supper and for bed.

There is much that is pretty about the little well-kept "cottages," as they are styled, with their trim lawns and flower-beds, and though more privacy would seem desirable to an English mind than can be afforded by the utter absence of all substantial boundaries to each grounds, yet when most of the community consists of friends, this publicity is not unpleasant to experience, while considerable pleasure can be had by watching who is calling on who, and what So-and-so "has on." In the summer-time the cool and pleasant loggias and verandas surrounding each house are the common sitting-room, and the interior is used for little save for eating and sleeping in. But the inside, too, of the house is pleasant, even in the summer, the time when most of the suburban resorts are in their chief glory. It is all open, and the usual arrangement is to have both sitting and dining rooms opening by large portiered doorways out of the central hall, which itself communicates with the front door. By this means, though privacy is confined to the sleeping rooms, a perfect circulation of air—a thing much needed during an American summer—is secured, and pretty effects can be obtained by people of taste in the way of interior decorations. Most of these houses are comparatively small, inasmuch as

house-entertaining is but little practised, one or two men or a married couple being usually as many as are invited at one time to sleep the night. Another reason for their general smallness of size is the difficulty of obtaining servants. The American servant, or "help," as she prefers to be called, is the real domestic ruler, and, there being a general paucity of amusements, or beaux, at most of the suburban places, but few of these household queens can be induced to accept places therein, and then only on easy terms. The arrogance of the servants and the sufferings of the employers are the topics of many a whispered gossip, where the ladies, clustered together in the library, pause at intervals to note whether their enemy is listening behind the dining-room portière.

As are the suburban resorts, so are those devoted to health and pleasure, only, perhaps, the common characteristics are more strongly marked in the latter. Along the coast of the Atlantic from Maine to Florida, among the mountains, and clustered around the Great Lakes, swarm innumerable little settlements, which for a brief fashionable season are teeming with a more or less brilliant society life. The appearance of one of these places when the season is over and it is deserted by all save a few caretakers, reminds one of a city of the dead. The tightly closed cottages, the vast empty hotels, the deserted promenades look dreary beyond belief, and one can hardly fancy, on visiting a summer resort in the winter, that it is any but a city desolated by some frightful plague.

In the season, however, all this is changed; the natives, who, like the mosquitoes, have vanished during the winter, reappear to devour the indignant stranger, while the patient American (no race on earth are so enduring under wrongs inflicted as the American), who pays treble the price for thrice indifferent accommodation, smiles, and remarks that it is only during two months of the year that the native can make that which is necessary to support him through twelve. Many of these pleasure resorts have of late years become the places where, in all America, the greatest sums are spent in social display. To have a cottage at Newport or Bar Harbor is in itself a stamp of social distinction, and eagerly do the American millionaires pursue the coveted

"lot." I remember last year hearing of a lady who owns a cottage and several acres of land in Newport. Some family not desirable as neighbors in the eyes of the lady millionaire sought to possess but one of her acres; and for this, a sterile piece of rock, fashion prompted them to offer a sum which I will understate at £20,000. The owner quietly replied that "she needed the land to pasture her cow on." But, excepting in a few such resorts, where the round of fashion goes on just as in the cities, the major part of these health-restoring settlements are the reverse of fashionable. Life moves on in an undress fashion, and men and women, worn out by city life, are given a chance to rest. As I have before pointed out, individual country-house life, if I may so call it, does not yet exist in the States. In the neighborhood of New York, on Long Island, a few country places now exist, but the estates are small, rarely exceeding 200 acres in extent, and they only exist for the purpose of isolating the owner's house from his neighbor's dwellings, and not for any use of their own. But, excepting for the fact that one must pursue one's occupations under the eyes of the whole colony, there is nothing in most of these summer or winter retreats to prevent one's doing as one chooses. All sorts of amusements can be found in them. On the sea and lake coasts there is rowing, sailing, boating, bathing; at the inland points there is shooting or fishing. Everywhere there is walking or driving, if one cares to tempt Providence on an American country road. At the more old-fashioned places the most desperate efforts are made to keep out the entrance of the so-called "smart set." At a seaside resort which I visited lately I was implored not to wear a dress suit in the evening. "We want to keep out of the fashion" was the cry of all those who, in their own native cities, were the acknowledged leaders of the fashionable world. This taste for simplicity is growing, I hope and believe, throughout America. In every city the foes to display are gaining in numbers, and the vulgar ostentation which some years back so many foreign writers attributed to almost every American is fast dying away. In such of the resorts as escape the fate of being selected by the votaries of fashion for the scene of their performances,

there is a perfectly friendly, kindly spirit which resists the temptation to assume the style of city life, and strives to keep the resort what it was at first intended to be—a place of rest and relaxation. There is something very queer to the English mind in a first experience of one of these watering-places. The centre or centres of the community are the gigantic hotels, usually of wood, which rise at frequent intervals. Grouped all around them, and often with little plank walks binding them together, and to the common centre like cords, stand rows of tiny wooden cottages containing sleeping and dining accommodation for the family, but minus kitchen or servants' room. Meals are brought to their residents from the hotel, and from that centre are sent servants to attend to the wants of the cottagers. Thus the American housewife escapes for a few months from the tyranny of the servant-girl, and can idly spend her day reclining in a rocking-chair on the hotel piazza, and discussing with her fellows the woe from which she has escaped and the wrath to which she must return. Besides these grand hotels and their cottage appendages, there are usually plenty of boarding-houses and private cottages, the latter inhabited by the more well-to-do, and where the household *ménage* continues as in town. The occupations, as I have said before, are numerous, and the complete rest, so needed by most of the nervous, overwrought American housekeepers, counterbalances the monotony and the publicity of the hotel life. I do not know for what reason, whether from this publicity of life, or whether from other causes, but American daily life and intercourse is more formal than English. I know this statement will be fiercely contradicted by Americans, but I make it deliberately. I am aware that I shall have the English laws of precedence and the existence of titles of nobility cast up against me, but I still assert that, while the letter of life in England is more formal, the spirit of it is less so than in America. It is true that precedence and titles of nobility are not known in the States, and that the American hostess has the blessed joy of knowing that she can send the two most congenial people in to dinner together without violating the laws of etiquette, but it is also true that in the daily life of the family more for-

mality is observed than would be thought consonant with family affection in England.

While saying that American inter-family intercourse is more formal than at home, I do not wish to say that the same is true of society. On the contrary, an American dinner-party, for instance, is by far less formal than one in England. Usually these parties are much smaller than at home, twelve or fourteen being considered a large party, and the dinner itself is shorter and more simple. Conversation, too, is more general, and of a less solemn nature than is too often the case in England. A few years ago, in many of the more old-fashioned houses, wine was not served at table, and the only liquid refreshment was water, which was served, as a friend of mine once remarked, on returning from one of these banquets, in four ways, "Hot, cold, iced, and Apollinaris, and never a drop of 'hard stuff' to wash it down."

Fortunately, with the growth of the more liberal spirit, this custom—a relic, I suppose, of Puritan days—is rapidly vanishing. Many men, however, abstain in the middle of the day, and it is the exception to see, at clubs or restaurants, any wine or beer on the table at the mid-day meal. As a compensation, quite a number of men stop at the various clubs and first-class bars on their way home for a "cocktail"—a pleasant and sociable custom, though one to be indulged in with moderation.

Another existing, though fast disappearing, American social custom is that of paying visits in the evening. A few years ago, formal calls always were paid at this time, the accepted hours being from 8 P.M. to about 9.45 P.M. During these hours, the family, if desiring to receive, was always liable to be dropped in upon by young men, whose business engagements prevented their paying their devoirs at an earlier hour. I remember that one used to pay one's more formal calls in the earlier part of the evening, and at about 9.30 would seek the house of some intimate friend, where one could prolong one's visit beyond the usual hour. There was a pleasant informality about these late evening visits, which has been destroyed by the introduction of the afternoon call. Every one was more or less at ease and contented, with the toil of the day behind them. Frequently cigars

were brought out—American ladies regard smoking in the house with a far more lenient eye than their English cousins—and sometimes an impromptu supper would wind up the evening. All this is passing away in the large cities, although, in places of lesser magnitude, the custom is still kept up. Although the old system had its pleasures, yet it is a sign of the advance of America that it is being abandoned. It has existed till now only because men are too busy to call earlier in the day, and it is this over-pressure of business that is the greatest drawback to life in the United States. In America, even now, the average business man sees more of his business colleagues than of his wife and family. An early hurried breakfast over, he starts down-town to his office, where he remains, with a brief interval for lunch, until five or six o'clock, at which time he returns home, and by 10.30 usually has retired, thus spending more than two-thirds of his waking hours away from home. Many men visit their offices on Sunday also. This too close attention to business produces the almost inevitable result of man after man breaking down in the prime of life. It is a cheering omen for the future to see that a steady diminution of office hours is commencing, and that in many cities the Saturday half-holiday is beginning to be regularly observed.

This business life of American gentlemen is one of the hardest problems for an Englishman to understand correctly. Till comparatively lately in England commercial business, except banking, has not been thought highly of for gentlemen. Politics, the Church, the army and navy, the Bar, etc., have been the outlets for English younger sons. In America it is quite different. Among the many reasons for this, I will mention but the one important one, that the pursuits above mentioned afford but few openings, comparatively speaking. The Church is a poorly paid profession for the sons of the wealthy merchants, the army and navy are so small in number that they do not afford a field for more than a few. The Bar is of course open, and is crowded in America as in England. Politics, for some inscrutable reason, do not seem to attract many of the higher grades of youth. Consequently the young American seeks the commercial field, and in every American

city, especially in the West, one finds at the head of cultivation and progress men whose rise has been due to successful commercial enterprise. It is well for the individual that success should be so rewarded, and it is well for the community also that the man of business, who has gained his success on legitimate lines, should be its leader. In a new and partly unsettled country like America, so fortunately situated as to need practically no foreign policy, and to fear no foreign enemies, the creator or the distributor of wealth is a far more valuable man than the politician or the soldier.

The sanguineness of the American is another feature especially striking to an outsider. The whole temper of the people is one of hope. No young man enters life in any line without the fullest belief that he is going to succeed, and going to make a great deal of money, and do it all very quickly. This may be true of young men everywhere, but it is especially so in the States. And men are justified in their youthful hopes. Practically any young man of reasonable brains and industry is sure to succeed. Openings are numerous, and the sharp-witted American is quick to take advantage of them. It is a curious fact, but one that I have often heard employers of unskilled labor comment on, that none of their workmen were American born, unless possibly some of the foremen. As an Englishman, I am glad to add that rarely are Englishmen either found as unskilled laborers in American workshops.

Among the results of this general hopefulness, one may note the reckless chances taken in the battle of life. Young men will marry and older men will speculate with a cheerful confidence that, even if the sky is darkened for a time, all will come right in the end. Frequently, nay generally, they may be right; but alas! too often they are wrong, as one may see from the human wrecks in every street of the great cities.

Of one thing, however, the American as a whole (I except the New Englander) is incapable. He cannot save. The creed of thrift of the German farmer or the French peasant is without a follower among city-inhabiting Americans. "Light come, light go; one will never get rich by saving a dollar," is his motto, and, though throughout New England

thrift is general, and though many commercial kings have gotten rich by wise investments of their first savings, yet as a whole the clerk's increased salary or the small manufacturer's growing profits do not go into the savings bank, but into increasing the comforts of his household life.

One of the misfortunes arising from the early and eager application to business by Americans is that among the young men education is too frequently deficient. At the age when English youths are entering college, the young American is just beginning to study his father's business. In the mean time, his sisters are pursuing their studies at home and abroad, and unless the young man has the love of knowledge in him, it usually happens that they surpass him in accomplishments. No women in the world are more accomplished or more charming than the American women, or know better how to display their charms. I have often heard foreigners remark with surprise that at an American dinner the men sit silent, and are talked to and entertained by their fair neighbors. I have also been amused occasionally by American ladies telling me that they did like "that young Englishman, Mr. So-and-so," or "your Scotch friend, Mr. —," because they are so bright and agreeable to talk to." They did not think for one moment that the real reason lay in that the foreigner conceived it to be his social duty to bear at least half the conversational burden, while the American deposited the whole on the ladies' shoulders. I do not mean by what I have just said that the art of conversation does not exist among American men. Far from it; but I do say that American men do not believe it incumbent upon them to amuse their dinner companion, but on the contrary allow her to take the initiative and lead the conversation.

There is one curious difference between English women and their American consins, which is particularly marked in the States south of the Ohio river. In England, marriage by no means cuts off the woman from her old friends' social enjoyments. In the Southern States, however, once a girl is married, gay though she may have been, she at once lapses into social insignificance. I believe that, until recently, the thought of a young married

woman's waltzing would have sent a thrill of horror through every Southern heart. Marriage was to a lively young girl almost like taking the veil; it separated her from her former companions by a great gulf. This idea, which I presume originated in the notion that a married woman should stay at home and look after her house, is now passing away, and the sooner its final death occurs the better for Southern society.

Another feature, peculiar not only to the South, but also to the less important Northern cities, is the absence of that European social necessity, the chaperon. In towns as large as Louisville, for instance, with a population of 200,000, it is customary for a young man to invite any girl he may like, to attend a ball, or a reception, or to accompany him to the theatre, absolutely unattended. It is his duty to provide a carriage for his companion, and he is supposed to present her with flowers to wear during the evening. At the ball he is expected to find her partners, and occasionally, at any rate, to dance with her himself. I have heard ludicrous stories from Southern women of the agony of their escort, who, himself engaged to dance with some other girl, sees his own convoy disengaged, and of the struggle between the necessity of providing for her comfort before attending to his own pleasures. I believe it is a not uncommon custom among young Southern men to arrange beforehand among themselves so that the partners of any of them may not be neglected. One of the most objectionable features of this whole system is the expense it entails on the luckless young men, who often have to spend from £2 to £3 an evening apiece in complying with the dictates of this foolish custom. In time, doubtless, the chaperon will be universally introduced, but the fight against her, in the South especially, will be stubbornly maintained, as neither the rest-loving mothers nor the pleasure-seeking daughters are particularly eager for her appearance. One of the results of this lack of chaperonage is the absence, almost entirely, of older people from social entertainments in the South; it tends to the dividing into two sets, the older and the younger, of all members of society. But this separation into sets is not confined to the South. Throughout America, there is still a strong tendency

toward this division by ages, and parties for young people, and for old separately, are very common. So long as the separation is confined to the larger entertainments, it may not be an unwise thing, but the system of dinner parties where none save the host and hostess are married, or if married are only just so, is to many tedious in the extreme, and to none usually more so than to the unlucky entertainers. How often have I seen the unhappy host yawning dismally, though privately, as he strives to converse with the youthful daughter of his college friend, while his wife at the other end of the table is racking her brains to find some subject of interest to her young escort.

One last point would I mention before I close this rambling dissertation on American ways. It is not so much a social custom as a national trait. I allude to the extreme courtesy and kindness of the American people as a whole. Nowhere is there a greater desire to make the stranger at his ease than in America, and no foreigner who has made even the shortest sojourn in this country but will affirm what I say. Instances of this courtesy are needless; it is universal. The struggle between this natural courtesy and the fear of being thought servile leads, among the lower grades of Americans, to most amusing episodes. The tramcar conductor, the cabman, the railway guard, assert their American independence by treating their male passengers with perfect equality, amounting often to rudeness; but place a lady, travelling alone, under their charge, and politeness is never lacking. In fact, I have heard ladies declare

that, except for sociability, they would infinitely prefer, for comfort's sake, to travel alone. This general courtesy has one outcome, which it is well for Englishmen who propose to present letters of introduction in the United States to understand. An introductory letter in America means nothing; it is given by the most casual acquaintance to the most casual acquaintance, and is only intended to make the presenter and presentee known to each other. It carries no claim to the hospitality or friendship of the person to whom it is presented, nor does it vouch for the good qualities of him who presents it, unless in both cases it distinctly is so written. I remember how disappointed I was on my first arrival in this country at the result of a letter left by me on a wealthy and influential man, to whom I had been highly recommended by my English friend. An invitation to an evening reception, three weeks later, was the only notice ever taken of it.

And now I find that I am overstepping the limit of my space, and must briefly conclude this hasty sketch of American life. I have written it in the friendliest spirit to my adopted country. If I have laughed, I have also loved; the United States is my abiding-place; among my warmest friends are Americans.

On one trait of American life I have not dwelt at all; nor is it, indeed, easy for me to do so. No foreigner who has not himself experienced it can be made to understand the kindness and hospitality with which Americans of all classes treat the stranger within their gates.—*Nineteenth Century*.

WESSEX PHILOSOPHY.

BY EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN.

To add a new province to literature is no mean achievement, and this Mr. Hardy has done. The easy course for the plain man who commences novelist is to make his tale a tale of one or two cities already known to geography. For greater freedom, he may lay his scene "at the town of —, in Blankshire;" but the streets of that town of happy endings are deep-worn with the feet of earlier generations of novelists. It is a fortunate inspiration

which creates "a local habitation and a name" out of the void. The architect of Thrums may well be proud of his achievement. The deviser of Barseshire, with its pleasant parsonages and its cathedral city, the scene not of one but of several stories, stands—mainly by virtue of that county—almost in step with the greatest novelists of the Victorian age. But to create Wessex was a yet grater task. For Mr. Hardy has not merely given the

world a new province : he has peopled it with a race new to literature.

The agricultural laborer has played but the smallest part in fiction. But in Wessex all the population lives by the land. They have the right savor of the soil. It is a land of villages. Of most of these might be said what Mr. Hardy says of Little Hintock ; they are " of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world, where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more listlessness than meditation ; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative." The villagers " belong to that class of society which casts its thoughts into the form of feeling, and its feelings into the form of commotion." Yet it is possible to glean some fragments of philosophy from the felicitous perversions and appropriate absurdities of their conversation.

The two centres of village life are the church and the inn ; and round these crystallizes the villagers' philosophy. The combined effect of the two institutions is seen in the immortal Mr. Poorgrass.

" ' Well, I hope Providence won't be in a way with me for my doings,' said Joseph, again sitting down. ' I've been troubled with weak moments lately, 'tis true. I've been drinky once this month already, and I did not go to Church a' Sunday, and I dropped a curse or two yesterday ; so I don't want to go too far for my safety. Your next world is your next world, and not to be squandered off-hand.' "

" ' I believe ye to be a chapel-member, Joseph. That I do.' "

" ' Oh, no, no ! I don't go so far as that.' "

" ' For my part,' said Coggan, ' I'm stanch Church of England.' "

" ' Ay, and faith, so be I,' said Mark Clark.

" ' I won't say much for myself ; I don't wish to,' Coggan continued, with that tendency to talk on principles which is a characteristic of the barley-corn. ' But I've never changed a single doctrine ; I've stuck like a plaster to the old faith I was born in. Yes ; there's this to be said for the Church, a man can belong to the Church and bide in his cheerful old inn, and never trouble or worry his mind about doctrines at all. But to be a meet-inger, you must go to chapel in all weathers, and make yerself as frantic as a skit.

Not but that chapel members be clever chaps enough in their way. They can lift up beautiful prayers out of their own heads, all about their families, and shipwrecks in the newspaper.' "

" ' They can—they can,' said Mark Clark, with corroborative feeling ; ' but we Churchmen, you see, must have it all printed aforehand, or, dang it all, we should no more know what to say to a great person like the Lord than babes unborn.' "

" ' Chapel-folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we,' said Joseph thoughtfully.

" ' Yes,' said Coggan. ' We know well that if anybody goes to heaven, they will. They've worked hard for it, and they deserve to have it, such as 'tis. I'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the Church have the same chance as they, because we know we have not. But I hate a feller who'll change his old ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven.' "

But the attachment of the peasants to their church does not blind them to the imperfections of their pastors. Mrs. Dewey complains that the new vicar calls at unseasonable hours. Her husband, more tolerant, discusses his sermons :

" ' His sermon was well enough, a very excellent sermon enough, only he couldn't put it into words and speak it. That's all was the matter wi' the sermon. He hadn't been able to get it past his pen.' "

" ' Well, ay, the sermon might be good enough, for, ye see, the sermon of Old Ecclesiastes himself lay in Old Ecclesiastes' inkbottle afore he got it out.' "

Mellstock village, the home of this acute critic, was, in the matter of church attendance, a shining example among the villages of Wessex ; a virtue which it owed chiefly to the attractions of the old-fashioned string choir, which, until Parson Maybold displaced it, exclusively occupied the gallery—a position which commanded a bird's-eye view of human frailty.

" The gallery looked down upon and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity, and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it ; while the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, as gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding minims and chest notes. Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of cry-

ing Amen ; that he had a dusthole in his pew ; that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything so mild as the marriage service for some years, and now regularly studied the one which chronologically follows it ; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars, Pyramus and Thisbe ; that Mrs. Ledlow, the farmer's wife, counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson—all news to those below—were stale subjects here."

From the church to the public-house is a natural transition in the villages. The inn, indeed, has entered into the whole life of the people. In Tess's time even the off-license had become so accustomed as to lead to a recognized modification of social habits ; and it was in the bedroom at Rolliver's that the villagers, who found it too laborious a task to reach the fully-licensed house, "The Pure Drop," assembled—"being a few private friends asked in to-night to keep up club-walking at my own expense." But Tess lived a generation later than the other heroines of Wessex. In earlier times it was only at the inn that the peasants "sought beatitude," and, like John Darbeyfield, endeavored "to get up their strength." The attempt was excusable before the days of the seven men of Preston, on account of the peculiar potency of the Wessex beverage. In the West cider held sway ; but elsewhere the favorite liquor was Casterbridge ale, of which it was said that "anybody brought up for being drunk and disorderly in the streets of its natal borough had only to prove that he was a stranger to the place and its liquor to be honorably dismissed by the magistrates, as one overtaken in a fault that no man could guard against who entered the town unawares." It was doubtless this liquor which was the standard in the county, and inspired the indignation Mr. Spinks felt at watered cider, which unhappily was found to be too common. "'Such poor liquor,' said Mr. Spinks, 'makes a man's throat feel very melancholy, and is a disgrace to the name of stimulant.'" It must have been this Casterbridge ale which overcame Mr. Poorgrass upon a memorable occasion. So much was he affected that Gabriel Oak

accused him of being as drunk as he could stand :

"'No, Shepherd Oak, no ! Listen to reason, shepherd. All that's the matter with me is the affliction called a multiplying eye, and that's how it is I look double to you—I mean you look double to me.'

"'A multiplying eye is a very bad thing,' said Mark Clark.

"'It always comes on when I have been in a public-house a little time,' said Joseph Poorgrass meekly. 'Yes ; I see two of every sort, as if I were some holy man living in the times of King Noah and entering into the ark. . . . Y-y-y-yes,' he added, becoming much affected by the picture of himself as a person thrown away, and shedding tears ; 'I feel too good for England ; I ought to have lived in Genesis by rights, like the other men of sacrifice, and then I shouldn't have b-b-been called a d-d-drunkard in such a way !'

"'I wish you'd show yourself a man of spirit, and not sit whining there !'

"'Show myself a man of spirit ? . . . Ah, well ! let me take the name of drunkard humbly—let me be a man of contrite knees—let it be ! I know that I always do say "Please God" afore I do anything, from my getting up to my going down of the same, and I am willing to take as much disgrace as there is in that holy act. Hah, yes ! . . . But not a man of spirit ? Have I ever allowed the toe of pride to be lifted against my person without groaning manfully that I question the right to do so ? I inquire that query boldly !'

"'We can't say that you have, Joseph Poorgrass,' said Jan emphatically.

"'Never have I allowed such treatment to pass unquestioned ! Yet the shepherd says in the face of that rich testimony that I am not a man of spirit ! Well, let it pass by, and death is a kind friend !'"

The native of Wessex boasted a "very talented constitution," and even Casterbridge ale did not permanently affect him. Very different, indeed, from the morning headache of the town toper was the recollection of that ale, now extinct, lost in the multitude of modern hop-substitutes. "'So I used to eat a lot of salt fish afore going,' said Mr. Coggan once, in recollection of his courtship, 'and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a limekiln—so thorough dry that that ale would slip down

—ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house," Coggan was a connoisseur of intoxication. "For a drunk of a really noble class," he continued, "that brought you no nearer the dark man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in Farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there at such times is a great relief to a merry soul!"

"True," said the maltster. "Nature requires her swearing at regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life."

This, doubtless, is the root of the matter; the basis of the whole philosophy of expletives. Yet, even in Wessex, modern squeamishness was invading; so that the policeman in the witness-box reduced the "good old word of sin" to a bare poor initial. Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge, found the abbreviation detestable. He exhorted the witness to "out with the word like a man," or leave it out altogether; yet it is to be feared that so must have vanished the point of old conversation as of a modern play. It was a small matter; for the virtue of abstinence from speech—not mere flashes of silence, like Macaulay's—but silence profound and unbroken on all subjects—was deeply appreciated Under the Greenwood Tree.

"Yes; Geoffrey Day is a clever man if ever there was one. Never says anything, not he!"

"Never."

"You might live wi' that man, my sonnies, a hundred years and never know there was anything in him."

"Ay; one o' those up-country London inkbottle fellers would call Geoffrey a fool."

"Ye never find out what's in that man; never. Silent? Ah, he is silent! He can keep silence well. That man's silence is wonderful to listen to!"

"There's so much sense in it. Every moment of it brimming over with sound understanding."

"A can keep a very clever silence—very clever truly," echoed Leaf. "A looks at me as if a' could see my thoughts ranning round like the works of a clock."

"Well, all will agree that the man can pause well in conversation, be it a long time or be it a short time."

For more enlivening diversions than this Carlylean gospel of nothingness, the Wessex folk turned to dancing, music, and those pageants of still life, those universal occasions for the display of emotions which in less acute firms are ever private—weddings, christenings, and funerals. "Dancing," said Mr. Spinks, "is a most strengthening, enlivening, and courting movement, especially with a little music added." And dance they did; not your formal square dance or your gliding waltz, nor your stage minuets, but the good, honest, and perfectly interminable country-dance, with many violent bumps and jumps in it, till the "very fiddlers as well as the dancers get red in the face." But in this bemused and bemortalized Arcady dancing is found to be tiring, as well as "enlivening," when the limbs are less young than once they were, and the dancer has experienced that "loss of animal heat" which Mr. Stevenson finds a sufficient explanation of all the cooling emotions of middle age. "You be bound," says Fairway, "to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o' year; you must dance at weddings because 'tis the time o' life. At christenings folks will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no farther than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing. . . . For my part, I like a good, hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better. And it don't wear the legs to stumps in talking over a poor fellow's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes."

But it must not be supposed that death begets no more serious thoughts in the laborer. Indeed, the inevitableness of death is far more impressed on his mind than on theirs who in the towns lead a more crowded and ample life. Its tragedy is felt, though unspoken; for the peasant is not apt, as Gabriel Oak said, in making a map of his mind upon his tongue. The pitifulness of some minor incidents of death rings in Mother Cuxsom's lament over the dead Mrs. Henchard. "Well, poor soul, she's helpless to hinder that or anything now. And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened; and things a' didn't wish seen

anybody may see ; and her little wishes and ways will all be as nothing ! ” ”

Occasions such as weddings or funerals, however, were rare in Wessex. The one constant and universal pleasure was music—principally in the form of choir performances ; the choir, that is, of stringed instruments, general ere the organ had attained its present equality with the prayer-book as an essential of church worship. But even in the time of Mr. Hardy's Wessex, choirs were in their decline. Their position had been injured by such mishaps as at Christmastide befell those choir members who, over-tired by exertions at a dance on the Saturday night, fell in the seclusion of their gallery into deep slumber during the sermon, and, when suddenly roused and called to action, plunged into the rattling tune of “The Devil among the Tailors.” A similar mischance befell Father Mathew, who had hired a barrel-organ which, instead of the desired *Adeste fideles*, produced the strains of “Moll in the Wad.” But even barrel-organs assisted to displace the Wessex choirs ; and, most of all, the errors of the choristers themselves in introducing clarionets. “Time was long and merry ago now ! when not one of the varmits was to be heard of ; but it served some of the choirs right. They should have stuck to strings . . . and keep out clar'nets, and done away with serpents. If you'd thrive in human religion, stick to strings, says I.”

“‘Strings are well enough, as far as that goes,’ said Mr. Spinks.

“‘There's worse things than serpents,’ said Mr. Penny. ‘Old things pass away, 'tis true ; but a serpent was a good old note : a deep rich note was the serpent.’

“‘Clar'nets, however, be bad at all times.’”

The choir practices and carol singing gave to Wessex villages an unwontedly idyllic air. Yet the fever and the fret of all this unintelligible world vexed even these serene moments. Number seventy-eight, “a good tune,” was “always a teaser ;” but there was always “Old Wiltshire,” “the psalm tune,” said Henchard, “that would make my blood ebb and flow like the sea when I was a steady chap.” And beside these joint achievements there were individual triumphs that dwelt sweetly in the memory of the musicians. Such was the perform-

ance of “neighbor Yeobright,” remembered long after his death :

“‘No sooner was Andry asleep and the first whiff of neighbor Yeobright's wind had got inside Andry's clarinet, than every one in the church feelled in a moment there was a great soul among 'em. All heads would turn and they'd say, ‘Ah, I thought 'twas he !’” One Sunday I can well mind—a bass viol day that time, and Yeobright had brought his own. 'Twas the Hundred and thirty-third to “Lydia,” and when they'd come to “Ran down his beard and o'er his robes its costly moisture shed,” neighbor Yeobright, who had just warmed to his work, drove his bow into them strings that glorious grand that he e'en a'most sawed the bass viol into two pieces. Every winder in the church rattled as if 'twere a thunderstorm. Old Passon Gibbons lifted his hands in his great holy surplice, as if he'd been in human clothes, and seemed to say to himself, “Oh for such a man in our parish !” ” ”

Providence, which denied all sense of music to Dean Stanley, and allowed so little to Macaulay that he is only once recorded to have distinguished any one tune from any other, granted to these peasants a fine sensitiveness of ear and voice—and even of jaw. For “‘Once,’” said Michael Mail, ‘I was sitting in the little kitchen of the Three Choughs at Casterbridge having a bit of dinner, and a brass band struck up in the street. Sich a beautiful band as that were ! I was sitting eating fried liver and lights, I well can mind—ah, I was !—and to save my life I couldn't help chawing to the tune. Band played six-eight time ; six-eight chaws I, willynilly. Band plays common ; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights, true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere ! Ah, I shall never forget that there band !’ ” ”

So they passed their lives, biding in their cheerful old inn, free from the cares and questionings of the new spirit. The “horse sense,” which is the chief lesson of the school of life, sustained them, and the calm conceit which grows in the quiet places of the world. Some of them, like Granfer Cantle (late of the Bang-up Locals), boasted an extreme excellence of understanding. Only two in all the gallery of Arcadian portraits are of professed idiots ; but these are of a Shakespearean

quality. Of Leaf it might be said, as Hazlitt said of Slender, that he is "a very potent piece of imbecility;" of Joseph Poorgrass, as of Joseph Rugby, that "his worst fault is that he is given to prayer, but nobody but has his fault." The faults of the others are less easy to find. Their hard work is stoically done. Hezzy declared that he had "defied the figure of starvation nine-and-twenty years on nine shillings a week." "I've tended horses fifty years," said the hostler in The Hand of Ethelberta, "that other folk might straddle 'em." Yet of discontent there is nothing; the picture left upon the mind is of a people cheerful, kindly and amusing.

But, for their author, there runs through the pleasant land of his invention a stream of sadness. "The view of life as a thing to be put up with, replacing the zest for existence which was so intense in early civilizations," which, Mr. Hardy

thinks, "must ultimately enter thoroughly into the constitution of the advanced races," has already entered his own soul. The villagers are content to realize "the well-judged plan of things;" Mr. Hardy laments its "ill-judged execution." He finds the face of Egdon Heath "perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly, neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame, but, like man, slighted and enduring." Yet it was on Egdon Heath Granfer Cattle chirruped out his eighty years, while for Eustacia love and ambition warred to the death. Wessex love is of its life a thing apart. "Heroines," says Mr. Barrie, "are strange, especially in Wessex." Their fate does not affect the serenity of its people. Mr. Hardy, in spite of his heroines and his own philosophy, has added to the gayety of nations.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

A MEMORABLE spring and summer. February closed the winter tempestuous and bleak as it should do, for "all the moneths of the yere Hate a fair Februe-reir;" and then came March, windy, but warm and dry, and the first week of spring saw all the flowers in bloom. "A peck of March dust" was once, if proverbs may be believed, "worth a king's ransom," but this year it went a-begging down the lanes in clouds, and nobody made their fortunes by it. Thereafter, four rainless months of tempered sunshine, ideal weather for health and pleasure. The farmer too began the year with rosiest hopes. Never had crops started more bravely, nor had hay weather more to its liking. But under the unbroken sunshine that followed these promises melted away. June came to a close with hardly grass enough in the meadows to hide a lark. The ox-eye daisies were all dwarfed, and the cornflower, that had to be two feet high last year to show its blue stars above the swathes, lorded it at a few inches over the creeping trefoil and stunted kingcups. The thrushes and blackbirds and starlings, out foraging in the pasture for their young, could look across the whole field by stand-

ing on tiptoe; and as for the partridges, they showed above the grass and clover as bison or eland might above the yard-high pasturage of the prairie or the veldt. The weasel found it uncanny going and a profitless quest to cross the meadow, for the field-mice had proved the ground too hard to tunnel in and were off to the ditches and the shady spinney-banks, where the moss grows thick. Besides, there was a hawk hanging in the cloudless sky, and what weasel so bold as to launch himself upon the bare field with the sparrowhawk's eye searching the surface? so he kept to the herbage under the hedge. Even this was scanty, for the champions, pink and white, that should have been beautifying the banks, were sun-smitten, and the stars of Bethlehem, for want of water, were ghosts of their proper selves. The hedgerows, indeed, were curiously barren of flowers, but the shrubs and trees, in their foliage, bloom, and promise of fruit, were wonderful. Not for many years had the blackthorn, may, and guelder-rose flowered so profusely or set such quantities of berries, while the horse-chestnuts, sycamores, and other trees had crowded every sprig with

bloom. So, too, in orchard and garden. The fruit-trees were loaded with blossom, and their promise had held good, and St. Swithin had blessed them, and Frankum's Night passed without malign interference of witches. So the harvests of the orchard will be prodigious. The hazels and filberts are laden with ripening nuts, and if all the walnuts upon the trees grow full, there are boughs that must break with their burdens. The sunny months of March and April brought nothing but good to the trees, for their roots, deep-searching among hidden waters, were independent of rainfall and thrived magnificently; and though in the country it is a proverb that fruit will not set unless the blossom has been rained on, there were bumper crops of cherries and bush fruit—raspberry, gooseberry, currant and strawberry. There are but few plums, and among the wall-fruit the morellas dropped nearly all their fruit. But the peaches, apricots, nectarines, and green-gages were laden handsomely, and trees that have not borne for several years are this year in full fruit. Had April ended and May begun with heavy rains, it would have been an *annus mirabilis* for the farmer also; but as it is, the spring and summer that we have had should make "the Year of the Wedding" a memory for all their lives for the rising generation of unbroken sunshine and gracious English weather.

And so July came and passed. Before its time the purple scabious, easily overtopping the dwarfed barley, was in flower; the yellow bedstraw (one of the most beautiful and long-lasting of wild flowers when put in a vase) was in full bloom, and the hedges had been hung for a fortnight before their time with the white convolvulus, and festooned with the tufted vetch. The horehound, which should not have been in blossom for another month, was already going to seed, and the yellow flowers of the avens had dropped, and its points were all tipped with spiky seed-balls. A few familiar plants had not flowered at all, the early orchis, for example, or only very poorly, as the ragged robin, the stitchwort, forget-me-nots, and the bladdered campions. But the rest had done well, in spite of no rain, and notable among them were the meadow-sweet, the knapweed, and the teasels. The foliage of the trees is every-

where unusually full, but the signs of early autumn coloring are already showing in lime and chestnut. The trees have been affected curiously, but not alike. Some, as the ash, poplar, plane, and lime, have seeded or set their seed very well. But the oaks have no acorns, the beech-trees no mast, the horse-chestnuts few chestnuts. The supply of wild birds' food threatens to be very scanty. The mountain-ash and elder are heavily laden, but these are eaten up long before the pinch of winter comes, and are not important "crops." The hollies have no berries; the hips and haws are dropping off the hawthorns and the roses with the drought, and there is no fruit on the yews. The privet is thickly set, but the blackberry harvest will probably be very poor.

This year St. Swithin was not at all certain of his own intentions, and used his watering-pot in a purposeless and undecided fashion. But St. Swithin has of late degenerated into something of an impostor. In his general moral aspect he still, no doubt, remains the "rich treasure of all virtues" which monkish biographers assert he used to be in the flesh and as good a "saint" as ever—though never having been canonized by a Pope he is really only a home-made saint—but as a barometer the venerable gentleman has of recent years been only so-so. Indeed, in the matter of rain-augury he has now fallen, in some parts of the country, far behind the woodpecker, and cannot, in Welsh estimation at any rate, compare for a moment with the Prophet Jones, who, after an exemplary life as a minister, has left behind him in the Principality a reputation as an exemplary rain-predicter also. As a fact it will be found that the greatest number of rainy days have followed when St. Swithin was dry, and this, too, in spite of the saint having selected for his purpose a season of the year when such prognostications had all the meteorological odds in their favor. I would not on that account impute to the respected monk any wilful intention of trifling with the public, but at the same time would point out that should any modern Zadkiel prophesy cold weather for January, if it were cold on Christmas Day, there would not be sufficient audacity in the prediction to make its fulfilment a matter for any great enthusiasm. Yet St. Swithin's prophecy was almost as safe a one to ven-

ture on, for it appears from published observations that when spring is dry summer is as a rule wet, and that when the spring is wet the summer is generally wetter still; so that any day will do for reckoning the forty days from as well as the 16th of July, or better, and it does not much matter either whether we reckon backward or forward. This saint, when on earth, which was scarcely a thousand years ago, was an ecclesiastic of recognized ability, Privy Councillor to two kings, and tutor, it is said, to Alfred the Great. But he seems to have had a most unwholesome liking for the wet, for when he died he was buried, at his own request, out of doors, so that the sweet rain might fall upon him, while some chroniclers say that he was buried "beneath the eaves" so that he might constantly be dripped upon. Under the rain spout he lay accordingly for nearly a hundred years, when St. Dunstan, who seems to have had an unconscionable habit of meddling in other people's affairs, covered his burial-place with a shrine, at which St. Swithin was so incensed that he caused a violent thunderstorm to burst over the heads of the company and to continue for forty days. And it was for this that he was made the Pluvial Saint of England, and July, his month, the month of augury. Yet if one date is to have the same weight as another, there is not a single month in the year that is not as rain-making as July, and besides St. Swithin there are eight other saints who claim the watering-pot. Each month in turn, as well as July, has been supposed to influence the weather of its successor, and these at any rate, Saints Matthew, Paul, Simon, Jude, Medard, Gervais, Martin and Goddieve, can claim equal powers. Moreover, observations of the rainfall have exposed St. Swithin's incompetence so completely, that if we must have an Aquarius in our calendar, why not try one in a later month, say, St. Simon and St. Jude, who are two sloppy saints that fall together in October? If it does rain after that, it can hardly make November worse than it is, while if it does not, it will mend the month. This year St. Swithin christened the apples; not heartily, but still sufficiently; and as all the other rustic rites which the proper culture of pippins demands have been complied with, the owners of orchards await the harvest of the trees

with assured complacency. St. Barnaby sent the groves fair weather when the trees were in bud, and St. Dunstan let May pass without a blight. For it should be known that the pious blacksmith in his unregenerate days speculated in a brewery and made a corner in malt, intending to hold the market, and that Beelzebub came to him and offered, if the "saint" would sell himself to the Prince of Darkness, to blight all the apple-trees in the parishes round, so that there should be no cider in the country-side, and beer be more than ever in demand. Dunstan, it is said, agreed to this scandalous arrangement, and his purchaser straightway set forth and blighted all the orchards, for which reason St. Dunstan's Day is held to be a critical one for the trees which are then in full bloom. But this year passed without harm, and so did Frankum's Night, when the three witches in vindictive recollection of the abominable proceedings of one Frankum—who dabbled in witchcraft himself, and tried to steal a march on his neighbors by his incantations and spells—are said to go round with a malevolent "pepper-box" and sprinkle mildew, smut, rot, canker, and every other noxious thing they can, upon the trees with the young fruit just reddening. Then came St. Swithin, the patron saint of umbrellas and goloshes; he too with judicious showers did his best for the orchards. So that blessed by all the saints of the calendar who concern themselves with apples, the fruit-trees in the mellowing sunshine of September ought to fulfil the promise of their boughs.

Ripe fruit all doctors allow forms a healthy food for young and old, and it is pleasant to know that the apple does not suffer from their special commendation. Do you remember how, when the Pilgrims were at the Inn, the party had apples set before them, "and they were very good tasted fruit"? Then said Matthew the boy, "May we eat apples, since they were by such that the serpent beguiled our first mother?" To which Gaius replied, in one of those appropriate couplets of which the sententious old innkeeper showed always so curious a command:

"Apples forbad, if ate, corrupt the blood:
To eat such when commanded does us good."

Upon which Matthew the boy changed his ground and went on to explain that the

reason he "made the scruple" was that "a while since he had been very sick when eating fruit." It is not often, fortunately, that we meet, outside of Sandford and Merton, a boy who argues about the propriety of eating apples that were given him. But with August passing, the season of green fruit is—let the Guardians of the Groves be thanked—nearly over.

August is the month of the lapwing and the hedgehog, as September is of the partridge and squirrel. All Arctic folk call August "the lapwing month," and here in England too the bird is much in evidence, "scattering o'er the heath and singing its wild notes to the listening waste" ere the guns get to work and while the destinies of grouse still admit of peace in solitude. It has a weary voice, "piping o'er the lea," or "crying along the purple moor," and it flings itself across the sky at sunset as if it had no aims left in life, a homeless, hopeless bird.

The Scotch have never forgiven it for the part it innocently played in the betrayal of Covenanters to their enemies. The persecuted worshippers used to meet for prayer in the most secret valleys, on the most unfrequented hill-sides, just where the plovers had their haunts and nests, and as long as the intruders stayed, the birds kept complaining, flying to and fro above them. The soldiers sent out to harry the conventicles soon got to understand the meaning of the birds—just as in South America the hunters know where the pumas are feeding by the wheeling of vultures above them, and in India the tiger may be tracked by the clamor of jackals around it as it moves. Scotch poets have nothing but reproach for the beautiful bird "of ill omen," which

"Hovering o'er the panting fugitive,
Through dreary moss and moor has screaming led

The keen pursuer's eye; oft has it hung
Like a death-flag above the assembled throng
Whose lips hymned praise."

It is odd how little is known about the "urchin," the "prick-backed" hedgehog, "that deth foreshew ensuing storms." Yet the hedgehog, I take it, is a very pleasant little beast. Poets do not like it because it is prickly. They call them "ugly" urchins and "thornbacks dull." Why ugly and why dull, I

cannot say. They have very pretty, intelligent faces, the little ones especially, and the only dullness that I have noticed in those I have caught and kept as pets was their sleepiness during the daytime, though if kept without food all night they were often as brisk as possible in the morning. They dislike the sunlight, but on cloudy days, or toward evening, they were always abroad, and if their box is thoroughly shaded they seem to make very little difference between day and night.

Their docility is astonishing, and a very little handling is sufficient to teach them to like being scratched between the forelegs or stroked between the eyes. Nor when among friends do they curl themselves up. I used to carry them about on my hand open, or they would lie across my knee open when I stroked their backs, and I am half inclined to think the curling up is a procedure that is uncomfortable, and only resorted to from caution. Young ones cannot do it, and old ones, when ill, lose the strength necessary for contracting the skin. When disturbed asleep they are found curled up, though I have often seen them lying quite quiet at full length as if asleep, and when hibernating they are also found in a ball. But has any one ever seen a hedgehog when it was peacefully at its ease roll itself up? I have never caught one in the act of curling up, except when it had just been alarmed. May not this be the explanation of their being found in this posture in their nets at night or during frost? Might not the little animals have been lying at full length when they were disturbed, and suddenly rolled up at the first menace of danger? If not, how do you account for it that when you take a hedgehog out of its nest it often has a leaf or two cuddled up inside it? Surely no animal deliberately settling itself to sleep in a ball would do so with such uncomfortable things as dead leaves in the middle of its body. Who would think of tucking their boots into bed with them when they wanted to be snug? They never remain rolled up more than a quarter of an hour, and, as a rule, if they are left alone they uncurl in three or four minutes. When rolled up their respiration is regular and in deep, long-drawn breathe, but you can tell when their alarm is over by the breathing becoming rapid and flutter-

ing. As soon as the eyes come up above the fur they are opened; then comes the nose, twitching nervously. The little creature gives a start, and then gets on its legs by a series of short cautious jerks, and when fairly on its feet takes often a very careful survey of its surroundings before making off to cover.

They recognize no danger from the presence of man, and when escaping will crawl over your foot or squeeze through between your heels. If when it is on your foot you stir it, the small thing's puzzlement is very comic. But the disturbance does not alarm it. It accepts it doubtless as of the nature of an earthquake, and humbly concluding that little hedgehogs have nothing to fear from seismic convulsions, goes on its plodding way without any symptoms of panic. Still more odd is the fact that you may walk close behind a hedgehog as long as you please, and it will not take fright. If you are standing still in its path, the hedgehog will keep straight on and go over your boots. But if you cross its path, or come unexpectedly upon it at very close quarters, it will make a short, sudden rush of about a yard or more in a very stupid way, often on to an open pathway or the turf, and there curl itself up. From all which I conclude that, though its eyes, ears, and nostrils are so well developed, it has really no quickness of sight, hearing, or smell. It relies entirely upon its power of contraction and the knowledge that when it is in a ball it is safe.

I never saw them fight, but when in company they were in a continual state of explosiveness, puffing and snorting in a most delightful way. At the distance of fifty yards it sounded as if some small steam-engine were at work. When they meet and touch noses each snorts and starts back, again advances, snorts and retires, until eventually, giving one another a wide berth, they pass without touching. Sometimes one would make a rush under the others, upsetting them, and the puffing then would be prodigious. They must puff or burst. But they did not fight. This manœuvre, I take it, is a hostile one, and certainly not without its merits, for if the one that charges under the other erects its bristles as it goes it must make it very uncomfortable indeed for the one above. But I never saw any

retaliation nor any use made of the teeth. When at peace with each other they do not seem to be incommoded by each other's spines, but crawl over one another as unconcernedly as if their backs were velvet. In their movements, when wild, they are very noisy, treading heavily, eating their food with a great deal of munching, and going through their toilet with loud lickings. They have no real taste for fruit either ripe or unripe, but will nibble it, and as for plantain roots ("the hedgehog underneath the plantain bores," says Tennyson, in "Aylmer's Field"), said by Gilbert White to be a special favorite of theirs, I never found them to eat it in captivity. That they eat eggs is beyond doubt, but how they do it I could never discover. I have seen them roll them about till the eggs got accidentally into a corner or against some obstacle and then attack them, but without any results, with their teeth. Next morning, however, the shell was there smashed up into tiny fragments, but no vestige of the contents.

Now hedgepigs are of the nature of things that cause places to be bewitched. They are very occult. Some time ago ("leave out the date entirely, Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby) my friend Anthony Partiger confided to me, smoking very slowly as his wont is when about any matter of moment, "that he thought his garden was bewitched." Why? Because, said he, the tulips bought for double all turn out single, and the hyacinths guaranteed "mixed" are all a livid white. "The candytuft comes up chickweed and the lobelia groundsel, and instead of the 'warranted finest lawn-grass,' I have sow-thistles and fool's-parsley." "But these," said I, "are mere details." "Not a bit of it," he replied, "they are circumstantial evidence."

I was delighted at the turn affairs were taking, as I had long had a whim in hand which I knew not how to gratify, so knowing Tony to get more confirmed the more he was contradicted, I pooh-poohed the idea of witchcraft. But he overwhelmed me with his "reasons," and ended up by asking me, which was not to be disputed with any honesty, if I had not seen that the shrubberies were haunted by whining hedgepigs and the spinney by death-boding owls; and went on to tell me how only last week a brindled cat (much

given to mewing at midnight) had spirited away the tabby of the house and taken its place. By this time he had become so positive that the place was bewitched that I did not hesitate to agree with him, and said, "We can soon put the matter right." "How?" he asked. "By planting," I replied, "a small garden of such things as witches cannot bear, and setting out in another part another garden of such things as they take most delight in. The one will serve to conciliate the more malignant, and the other to terrify the weaker-minded." "We will do it," said Tony, "and let us plan it out at once."

And so, while it was raining, we did. Of course the fruit garden, that which was to scare the witches, had to be a pentangle; and as there happened to be a poplar tree upon which there was mistletoe growing—witches dare not come near the mystic plant—just where there was a space of ground suitable for our purpose, we made it one point of the pentangle; and at each of the others set an elder and an ash tree, a hazel and a mountain-ash, the four most potent trees against evil spirits that there are. At the foot of one was to be set bracken, of another St. John's wort, of the third vervain, of the fourth foxgloves, and against the poplar was to be trained black-briony. In the centre of the garden were to be white lilies and sweet-briar (which Satan hates), and the rest was to be overgrown with ground-ivy, roots of anemone and pimpernel being thickly set in among it. And against the poplar tree was to be nailed with cross-headed nails a board with the old prayer upon it:

"From witches and wizards and long-tailed
buzzards,
And creeping things that run in hedge bot-
toms,
Good Lady, deliver us!"

"That should greatly conduce," said Tony thoughtfully, "to the prostration of witches."

And then we designed the other, though the rain had stopped, and the young speckled robins were out on the path, and the red-admiral sat sunning its wings on the hollyhock opposite. In a corner of Tony's garden was a little pool in which lived newts and frogs (to which witches were ever partial), and over it hung black alders, the favorite tree of such as ride on broomsticks. What more suitable and

convenient for the hags' pleasure ground than this corner? And when we came to examine it we found the pipy hemlock growing there and a noble plant of hellebore, all hung with green bells. Surely just the place,

"By the witches' tower,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower,
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted
hour."

"They have been planting here already," said Tony, "and this is no doubt their rendezvous." "We shall please them then all the more if we beautify the place with some more noxious plants." "We will make it abominably charming." "First of all, nightshade. You cannot have too much of that. Witches make their tea of it, and use the foaming juice of aconite for cream. There is plenty of that, too, in the garden, the beautiful blue monkshood." "Too good for witches," said Tony. "Hush! nothing can be too good for those whom you are compelled to propitiate. Then there must be henbane and betony, and we will give them a juniper bush, for without this they cannot send brides mad. Yews are here already, and the red-branched berries of the arum—'lords and ladies,' the children call them, but in Worcestershire we know them as 'bloody men's fingers'—and we must add the mallow that softens men's bones and makes them cripples, and the clammy plantain that causes the black sweat in man. For the rest, Tony, do not trim the witches' garden except round under the yew where they sit, but place against the alder ready for their use wands of bay with a tuft of leaves at the end, and hemlock stalks, and if you have them to spare, an old broomstick or two."

"Some nags were of the Brume-cane framit,
And some of the griene Bay tree;
But mine was made of ane Humloke schaw,
And a stout stallion was he."

You will then have done your best, and if at any time you find a dead shrew or bat about, throw it into their garden. Witches have their whims, you know. And, Tony," I added, "when you have done all this, I think, if I were you, I should also change my seedsman."

"I was thinking," said Tony, "whether I should not do that first."

Raining again, in a soft warm shower. Listen to the garden talking while it rains,

a patter of voices, quick, eager, multitudinous, full of hopes and projects of what they will do "now that it rains." How they will grow and shoot forth and bud and blossom. The roses only are weeping their pretty flowers away, drop, drop, drop, one petal at a time, and then, on a sudden, a whole sob-full. Pan has asked for them: they give them to Pan. And the sweetbriar is worshipful with fragrance, and like incense to Indra, "Lord of the Rain," goes up the scent of lavender and southernwood and thyme. The lilies, of great goodlihead, divinely tall, sway with a stately languid grace; the Canterbury bells are all ringing.

The birds are under shelter, but scarcely out of sight, for the rain drives out a multitude of flying creeping things. The thrush and blackbird make short excursions to see how the worms are coming out; the fly-catcher, as if on a pendulum, swings across an open space, intercepting the fluttering rain-impaired moths; the wagtail paddles along the edge of the path busily feeding; the sagacious robin, comfortably under a bush, watches for the caterpillars that drop by long threads off the wet leaves and dangle in the air. The cat, too, sits dry under the clematis that grows against the house, but now and again one big drop falls upon her, soaking slowly to the skin, and shoots sudden tremors along her furry sides, little zigzag lightnings of cold shiver. And the drenched spider slings herself hand over hand up the line, and, cuddled up under the leaf, sits cat-elbowed watching the rain-drops strike her slanting web and catch in it—useless captives these. The rain makes flat finicking patterns on the path, all specks and dots, like Benares brass-work, but becomes bravely confluent where, under an overhanging fern, it sweeps in mimicry of a torrent round the corner of the rockwork to the grating, where its tiny Niagara disappears. And, lo! the toad with its dandified swaggering crawl, its elbows out like a beau's, and resting every now and again to look about at nothing. Why not pick it up and cross its back with silver? It brings good fortune. "He who is not fortunate must provide himself with a toad, and feed it in his house on bread and wine, inasmuch as they are either 'lords' or 'women from without,' or 'uncomprehended genii,' who have fallen under some mal-

ediction. Hence they are not to be molested, lest when offended they should come at night to spit upon the offender's eyes, which never heal, not even if he recommend himself to the regard of Santa Lucia." The "slow soft toad," as Shelley calls it, is a special favorite of mine. I like it because it carries a precious jewel in its head that nobody has yet found, and because it knows how to hatch cockatrices,* and because it eats gnats. He is a charming person altogether, "the full-blown toad," and never, perhaps, more so than in Spenser's immortal couplet:

"The grisly toadstool grown there might I see
And loathed paddocks lording on the same."

The worm, too, is now abroad, telescoping its way along the soft ground, and sucking down into its burrow all the leaves it can reach. When the thrush is asleep it will be busiest, this terrible little creature that is responsible for the disappearance of cities and for the undoing and unmaking of all that man sets up. But will it, when daylight comes, remember about "the early bird"?

And here see "the compendious snail" upon his travels. He pays no rent and fears no brokers. For except when he is inside it his house is unfurnished. There is nothing to levy upon:

"Wherein he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure."

It is Davenant who calls it the "nimble" snail, "hast'ning with all his tenements on his back." And why not? How fast would a squirrel go if it had to carry its nest on its back? Or the house-sparrow? And it is truly delightful looking at the creature, so apparently harmless, so much to be pitied, to remember, as De Gubernatis says, that "the snail of popular superstition is demoniacal." And there is no doubt that in the folk-lore of every country the snail is treated as an accomplice of the Devil in all his wicked works.

And then the rain stops, and except here and there for a little puddle fast sinking into the ground and the glittering of the drops hanging at the tips of the leaves, there is no sign of the summer

* If it finds a cock's egg it sits upon it and hatches it. The result is a cockatrice, which by-and-by grows a crown on its head and becomes a basilisk, which kills by merely looking. A considerable beast.—P. R.

weather having broken. The sky is clear blue, and the sun is bright. The swifts are wheeling and screaming round the house-tops, and from fir tree and elm the birds are singing. And look at them on the lawn, in the field, everywhere. Listen to the humming of the wasps in the trees. People stop and say, "Listen to the bees;" but if they will look they will see there are no flowers overhead for the honey-seekers. It is the wasps who are at work, crowding on the sprays of silver fir and spruce, and scraping together the resin which they need for making the paper of their nests. For the wasp is no more an idler than the bee, and though it often finds a short cut to honey by plundering the laden workers of the hive, it is always busy, and terribly in earnest. It has been a busy year this for everything, for nearly all the birds have second broods, and the flowers are trying to blossom twice. The heat of May and June tempted them to flower, but they were only half-hearted, and now that July has given them rain they are making fresh growths. The bright blue stars of the chicory are reappearing, they had almost dwindled away for want of rain, and the wild campanulas have picked up heart of grace. The willow-herb, which in Canada follows the track of the forest fires filling up all the black spaces along the railway lines—they call it the "fire-weed"—has its roots in moist places and is lusty and tall; and the foxgloves that have had shade are in

the prime of their beauty. But the mulleins, the beautiful plants with soft downy leaves and noble spires of yellow bloom, the pride of the copse, are dwarfed, and so is the toad-flax that makes the hedgerows lovely, and the pretty rest-harrow spread out along the ground brightening the waste corners of the fields is deeper in color and much smaller than in other years. This deepening of color has been very noticeable. Whole fields of bird's-foot trefoil have this July been fiery orange, while in other years children found it a morning's work to gather a handful of the darker flowers. The cam-pions too were not pink, but rich rosy red. The hawks are out of their reckoning, and beating the hedges they found none of the tiny chicks they expected. The birds were well grown in July and quite able to take care of themselves, and now, with August in its second week, they are as strong of wing as ever they were on the fatal First. What a charming bird it is, this bold little yeoman of our country-side, and in all the home-life of birds can there be anything more engaging than the partridge's care of her eggs and young ones? Live happily with your family while you may, little bird, for the day of your trouble is close upon you, when the covey you have loved so well will be scattered, and even if you live yourself to call them to you, you will find your voice unheeded, perhaps by both mate and chick.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF JAPAN.

BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

I.

FEUDAL TIMES.

JAPAN seldom fails to weave her spell around the traveller. The clear, invigorating air, the pure blue skies, the transparent coloring of the verdure clad hill-sides endow her with an irresistible charm, and the passer-by at once feels at home in a land where the houses, destitute of real walls, seem everywhere to invite him to enter and make one of some family of friendly little men and women and gayly-dressed doll-like babies.

The ancient capital, Kyoto, in the

cherry-blossom season is a revived Arcadia in oriental costume. In what other part of this workaday world would a vast population hail the advent of a particular flower, not as a political emblem nor as a religious symbol, not even as a promise of harvest, for the tree which bears the blossom yields no fruit, but simply for its beauty and freshness?

Here people cast aside their work and go forth in gayly dressed bands to country tea-houses, where they hold their harmless feasts, reclining on broad mat-covered benches or kneeling in circles round the open rooms; or else embarking in flat-

bottomed boats they are punted up the river singing, playing, and laughing in merry chorus. Wherever the cherry blooms most profusely, whether in avenues adorned solely with its rosy blossoms, or mingled on the river banks with the fresh young maple and the darker fir, there flower-loving Japan sallies out in the day-time to welcome in the spring; and when evening falls crowds gather in the public gardens and squares, where torches, Chinese lanterns, and even electric lights are kindled to throw the beauty of their favorite flower into fresh relief, while in the theatre hard by troops of chosen dancing-girls perform the "Cherry Dance" before eager and appreciative spectators.

Japanese scenery looks as if it ought to be etched. Large broad masses of light and shade would fail to convey the full effect. The very mountains seem to have had more trouble taken with their outlines than those of other lands, nowhere are more curves and subtle indentations, fewer dark gorges and frowning precipices; while the slopes of queenly Fusiyama, purple and green below, pure above as the wings of a swan in the sunlight, rise from the plain on all sides in an unerring sweep, as if Nature were determined that nothing harsh or jagged should mar the vision on which the pilgrim rests to gaze.

Between trees varied in coloring and delicate in tracery peep the thatched cottage roofs, or the neat gray rounded tiles of little wooden houses standing in gardens gay with peach blossom and wistaria; while the valleys are mapped out into minute patches of green young corn or flooded paddy-fields, interspersed here and there with trellises over which are trained the spreading white branches of the pear. Everywhere are broad river-courses and rushing mountain streams, and now and again some stately avenue of the sacred cryptomeria leads to a temple, monastery, or tomb. Nothing more magnificent than these avenues can be conceived. The tall madder-pink stems rear their tufted crests in some cases seventy or eighty feet into the air, and the ground below is carpeted with red pyrus japonica, violets, ferns, and, near the romantic monastery of Doryo San, with a kind of lily or iris whose white petals are marked with lilac and yellow. The avenue leading to Nikko extends in an almost unbroken line for over fifteen miles, the trees being known

as the offering of a daimio too poor to present the usual stone or bronze lantern at the tomb of the great Shogun Ieyasu.

Merely to remark on the kindness of the inhabitants would be to take a very superficial glance at a country whose cities and ancient buildings teach a different and more impressive lesson.

The gigantic stones of the citadel of Osaka speak to us of wars and sieges; the populous city lying below the hill, whose river, canals, and bridges recall Amsterdam, displays the busy commerce of to-day; Tokyo, the former Yedo, with its million inhabitants, its inner moat four miles in circumference and its outer one extending for twelve miles, proclaims itself not only the political centre of the renovated empire, but the military capital of its past history. In Kyoto, the Moscow of Japan, the palaces of bygone princes, in Nikko Shiba and Uyemo, their resting-places when no more, show forth in startling contrast the wealth and luxury of the Shoguns, or generalissimos of feudal times, and the far simpler abodes with which, in life and death, the genuine emperors were fain to be content.

The castle of Nijo, where the Shogun lived when he came from his own capital of Tokyo to visit Kyoto, is a revelation of artistic splendor. From the elaborately sculptured and painted gateway the visitor passes into the main building, where each chamber vies with the last in gratifying the eye with the perfection of finish, and dazzling it with the blaze of color. The sliding panels which form the walls of a Japanese house are here painted with bold designs of birds, animals, and trees on heavy gold backgrounds, and the joints of their rich frameworks, where Japanese cabinet-work forbids a nail ever to appear, are covered with the finest gilded metal-work, while the coffered and richly painted ceilings complete a gorgeous whole. Though the Mikado's palace in Kyoto is large, replete with interest, and now in perfect order, it is simplicity itself when compared with that of his haughty vassal. The author of that delightful specimen of "English as she is Japped," *the Life of Saigo Takamori*,* draws a probably exaggerated picture of its melancholy past:—

When the Tokugawa [i.e. the Shogun's] family was on the point of the brilliant prosper-

* Published April, 1892.

ity, at other hand, the conditions of the Mikado in Kyoto was too miserable to describe it. The Mikado was a nominal figure of Emperor, and was enjoying only on poetry or music. The various weeds were growing freely on the courtyard in palace. The walls were broken, the roofs were declined, to let in the whistling wind and dropping rain. But the revenues were too scarce to repair them.

Here emperor after emperor dwelt in strict seclusion, never issuing from the guarded precincts save at long intervals to visit in his closed bullock-cart some ancestral shrine, and paying his daily worship to his forefathers on earth strewn on a cemented floor in the corner of one of the rooms, thus arranged to avoid the necessity of his leaving the palace for his devotions.

Women in quaint short costumes of blue, with tight white leggings, may still be met with near Kyoto who enjoy immunity from the payment of tolls because they belong to the families whose special privilege it was to bear the dead emperors to their tombs. These tombs were little better than earthen mounds, while the treasures and art of Japan and her tributary states were expended on the mausolea in the suburbs of Yedo, Shiba, and Uyemo, and still more lavishly at Nikko, where the greatest of the Shoguns, Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa line, and his grandson, Iyemitsu, repose.

First of all virtues in the mind of the true Japanese ranks reverence for the ancestor, and worst of all crimes is neglect of the parent, whether here or in the spirit world. Therefore the mortuary chapel, at once a temple and a tomb, is the most worthy object of adoration and votive offering; and when that chapel was erected to the grandfather of the ruler, to the prince who by force of arms had given peace to the land, every effort seems to have been exhausted to display by outward splendor the filial and loyal piety of the nation.

The most impressive of all the mausolea, those at Nikko, have found a site which in itself heightens their solemn fascination. They stand, amid groves of cryptomeria, on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which rushes a rapid river spanned by two bridges—one for the ordinary wayfarer, the other, the Sacred Bridge, opened only on special occasions. The position of this bridge was supernaturally chosen. Eleven hundred years ago the holy saint

Shodo Shonin, after long fasting and prayer, was impelled by divine impulse to seek the snowy summits of the mountains above Nikko, but on reaching the banks of the Daiyagawa his further course was barred by the torrent dashing over huge rocks which he knew not how to cross. The saint had once more recourse to prayer, and on the opposite bank appeared a colossal form dressed in blue and black with a string of skulls round its neck. This amiable apparition called out that he would help the pilgrim, and flung across the stream two green and blue snakes, who immediately formed themselves into a bridge brilliant as a rainbow. The saint crossed, when both the vision and the snake bridge promptly disappeared.

Of the two mausolea at Nikko the grander is, naturally, that of the great Ieyasu. A broad stone staircase leads to the granite gateway or torii and to the graceful pagoda, each the gift of a prince; then, on passing through another gateway, enriched with quaint carvings of lions, tigers, and strange unknown beasts who only visit the world in the days of righteous rulers, an outer court-yard is attained. Here are buildings containing relics of the hero, the stable of the sacred white pony, the holy-water cistern, and a library, conducted on a principle which would commend itself to students in many lands. In a large revolving cupboard or closed octagonal bookcase is a complete collection of the Buddhist scriptures, and whoever can succeed in pushing this cupboard right round receives into his brain all the learning contained in the works. With the help of our guide, the curator of the place, and one or two passers-by, we succeeded in the attempt, and hope that the results of our new acquisitions may be more patent to others than to ourselves. Flight after flight of steps, gateway after gateway fretted with carving and glowing with color, court rising above court, are traversed; cloisters sculptured with trees, birds, and flowers, candelabra, bell-towers, lanterns in bronze or stone, the gifts of tributary states and nobles, are passed; till at length the main building, containing chapel and oratory, is entered. In the centre is a hall for the throng of worshippers, on either side private rooms for the Shogun and his friends, beyond a corridor leading into the chapel itself, where, behind a closed gateway, is the hidden image

of the hero, life-size, and seated in rarely-broken seclusion. There is no need to dwell on the carvings and paintings of phoenixes and eagles, on the three-leaved mallow, which is the constantly repeated Tokugawa crest, on the richness of the gold backgrounds and the deep-hued recesses of the ceilings—none of these, after all, adorn the veritable tomb. To reach this yet higher flights of stone steps must be scaled, this time within narrow walls winding up the hill-side, and over-arched by mighty cryptomerias, the silent sentries of the departed chief, whose tomb itself, a simple miniature bronze pagoda, having before it a bronze stork, incense-burner, and vase of lotus flowers, overlooks all the tributes accumulated below to the glory of the ashes which it contains.

What manner of men were these, whose noblest monument is the shrine reared to honor won on the field of battle, and secured by political acumen? Far away in the hot southern land, the proudest triumph of India's art is also a tomb, white and pure and lovely, as befits the memory it preserves; that is consecrated to love and beauty, this to wisdom and bravery.

No crusader of the west, no viking of the north, cherished a higher ideal of loyalty and chivalry than the clansmen of old Japan. No Corsican more ruthlessly handed down a feud from generation to generation, or exacted from son and brother the execution of a sterner vendetta. The Satsuma men of to-day triumph in the fact that their own swords have avenged in this generation the defeat inflicted on their forefathers in the year 1600 by the Tokugawa clan. Legend and drama recount every day to eager ears the stories of sons who died to avenge their fathers, clansmen that they might slay the foemen who had caused the death of their lord. The favorite heroes, who hold in popular estimation the place assigned by us to Robin Hood and his men, are the forty-seven rōnins, a name given to men who have lost their clanship. Their lord was obliged to commit hara-kiri, or judicial suicide, for having within royal precincts drawn his sword on a noble who had insulted him, and these staunch vassals devoted themselves to the destruction of the insulter, knowing assuredly that having slain him they would be equally condemned to take their own lives. Still may be seen fresh incense-sticks burning before the graves

of their leader and his young son, and visiting-cards stuck into the little tablets above them as tokens of the respect in which they are held by those who know their story and deplore their doom. Mr. Black* records that at a review of British troops in 1864 at Yokohama a great daimio was watching with interest the manœuvres of the regiments and batteries of artillery stationed there. At the conclusion he was asked to allow the escort of his retainers who had accompanied him to go through their drill and tactics, to which he readily consented. Turning to Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was inspecting the troops, he proudly said: "My retinue is small, and their tactics are not worthy of notice after what we have seen, but there is not one man among them who, if I say 'Die,' will not unhesitatingly sacrifice his life at my command."

Well may Japan hope that this spirit of feudal loyalty, instead of dying out, may be transformed into that of patriotic loyalty. In Count Ito's commentaries on Article XX. of the constitution promulgated in 1889 these words occur: "The spirit of loyalty, like the sentiment of honor, has come down to us from our ancestors. The Emperor Shomu (724-748) once said: "As Otomo-Saiki-no-Sukume was wont to say, your ancestors having been entirely devoted to the service of their emperors, they used to sing this song:—

"Does my way lead me over the sea,
Let the waves entomb my corpse;
Does my destiny lead me over the mountains,
Let the grass cover my remains;
Where'er I go I shall by my lord's side expire,
'Tis not in peace and ease that I shall die."

A quotation like this may sound rather strange inserted among regulations for modern assemblies and government officials, but it touches a chord which should not appeal in vain to men who, when commanded to discontinue wearing the swords which had heretofore marked their military rank, responded with ready obedience, saying that they wished "that all the swords of the samurai (two-sworded men) could be welded into one sword, the sword of Great Japan."

The annals of Japan draw no definite

* *Young Japan*, 1880.

line between myth and history. The emperor traces his descent from Ten-sho-daijin, the sun-goddess, and still possesses the divine sword, the ball or jewel, and mirror wherewith she endowed her progeny. The mirror, the symbol of Shintō, the imperial faith of Japan, derives its sanctity from the incident that it was successfully used to attract the sun goddess from a cave whither she had retired in high dudgeon after a quarrel with another deity. By the crowing of a cock and the flashing of the mirror she was induced to think that morning had dawned, and once more to irradiate the universe with her beams. The first earthly emperor descended from this lady is said to have ascended the throne *a.c.* 660. Between eight and nine hundred years later we come upon a female sovereign, whose name is at all events not unfamiliar to English ears. The Empress Jingo, signifying "divine prowess," is renowned as having effected the conquest of Corea, whither she led her forces dressed as a man. So well did she act up to the name prophetically bestowed upon her, that her son and successor took his place in the Japanese pantheon as the god of war. One of the earliest authentic facts in the history of the empire is the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century after Christ. This is followed by many accounts of the struggles of the great families for power, culminating in the success of the famous Yoritomo, who in the twelfth century obtained from the Mikado the title of *Sei-i-tai-Shogun*, or "Barbarian-subduing-Generalissimo," and was the first who ruled the empire as military chieftain, relegating the heaven-descended Mikado to a life of retirement at Kyoto, where he enjoyed much respect but little power. Shoguns, or retainers who ruled in their name, continued to hold the reins of government for some four centuries, when the possessor of the title was overthrown by a celebrated soldier of fortune called Nobunaga. Though he and the equally renowned Hideyoshi, who succeeded him, never assumed the name of *Sei-i-tai-Shogun*, they exercised all the authority connected with the office. In the time of Nobunaga Christianity was introduced into Japan and made rapid strides, but the political intrigues of the priests, the quarrels between the Portuguese Jesuits and the Spanish Dominicans and Franciscans, not to speak of the animosity of the Dutch

toward the representatives of both nations, aroused the wrath of Hideyoshi and caused him to issue edicts against them.

The quarrels and fights between the great nobles were all this time becoming more frequent and bitter, when Ieyasu, head of the Tokugawa clan, seized the power on the death of Hideyoshi. He conquered the clans leagued against him at *Sékigabara* in 1600, and then, seating himself on his camp-stool on the field of battle, proceeded to tie on his helmet, which he had declined to wear during the fray, as a sign that his real work, the pacification of the country, was now about to begin.

This he effected by giving large tracts of land to his own adherents and relations, and by carefully distributing their fiefs in such a way as to hedge in or isolate those of his opponents. He expelled all foreigners except the Dutch, who were soon after relegated to *Deshima*, and by a fierce persecution crushed out Christianity. He was invested by the Mikado with the title of *Sei-i-tai-Shogun*, which has been borne by fifteen of his family, though after *Iyemitsu*, Teyasu's grandson, the Tokugawa Shoguns seem to have been little more energetic than the Mikados themselves.

The peace, however, thus established endured for over 250 years. A council chosen from among the greatest daimios reigned supreme, and somewhat corresponded to the Venetian Council of Ten; but all authority was vested in the dependents of the Shogun, who dwelt at *Yedo*, the city founded by Ieyasu, none in the *Kuge*, or court nobles who surrounded the Mikado at Kyoto.

Japan then remained shut out from the rest of the world till in 1853 she was rudely roused from her dream. Commodore Perry arrived with four ships of war off *Uraga* and demanded on behalf of the United States friendship and intercourse with Japan. The governor of the province despatched a messenger post haste to *Yedo*, where the twelfth Shogun of Ieyasu's line and all his councillors were much upset by this unprecedented request. A native chronicler confesses that "the military class had during a long peace neglected military arts; they had given themselves up to pleasure and luxury, and there were very few who had put on armor for many years." In fact, the popular

saying was that they now gave a dollar for their geta, or wooden shoes, and only half-a-dollar for their swords.

Rightly or wrongly they believed that the Americans meant to fight them if a treaty were not concluded. After much discussion they promised an answer later on, and Perry consented to go away and come again next year. The anxiety was too much for the reigning Shogun; he died and was succeeded by his son, Iyesada. Perry duly returned as arranged, and finally extorted a treaty which opened two ports at which American vessels might be supplied with coal and water, and gave them some trading facilities. During the next four years fresh treaties were concluded with the United States and also with Great Britain and France, followed later by conventions with other countries. These treaties proved fatal to yet another Shogun, Iyesada following his father to the grave in 1858, not without suspicion of foul play. Nor were the treaties in anywise acceptable either to the Mikado and his councillors at Kyoto or to the bulk of the people in Japan. "Our country," said the princes of the blood and court nobles, "has from ancient times refused all intercourse with foreign nations—shall we let these people pollute one inch of our territory? The Shogun's officials by a wilful error have given permission for friendly relations and commerce: worse than this, they have promised to open ports, acts which must excite the profoundest indignation."

The emperor concurred in this view of the matter and refused to ratify the conventions. The new Shogun, a boy of twelve, was in the hands of an able Regent, Ii Kamon no Kami, who saw that the continued exclusion of foreigners was an impossibility, and made vigorous efforts to continue peaceful diplomatic relations with the five powers now represented at Yedo, while blinding them to the fact that they were not accredited to the *de jure* sovereign of Japan. The envoys and consuls-general continued to write and speak of the Tycoon, or "Great Ruler" (the name commonly given to the Shogun by foreigners), as "His Majesty," and to regard him as temporal Emperor of Japan, in contradistinction to the Mikado, whom they believed to be merely Spiritual Emperor. The Bakufu, or Shogun's government, fostered this delusion, some mem-

bers hoping to gain time and to induce the imperial recluse at Kyoto to withdraw his opposition before the foreign powers discovered that he was a factor in the game, others probably desirous that the people at large should be impressed by the respect paid to Yedo by foreign nations, and others nurturing a secret hope that after all treaties signed by a delegated authority could not be held as binding should it suit their convenience at any time to disavow them. But while they retarded for some years the unveiling of the Mikado, they could not conceal from the foreigners the enmity of the people. On the contrary, they attempted to use it to frighten the various envoys and ministers from taking up their abode on Japanese soil, and though they did not succeed in this, attacks upon legations and murder after murder of foreigners and natives in their employ drove the lesson home. The Regent himself fell a victim to the wrath of the anti-foreign party and was assassinated in his palanquin. Meantime the leaders of other great clans who had long been jealous of the sway of Tokugawa saw their opportunity. They descended on Kyoto and endeavored to obtain possession of the emperor's person, accusing the Shogun and his followers of betraying their trust, which was to keep the country clear of "barbarians." The Shogun, in view of this appeal to Caesar, was obliged to give up the independent attitude of his predecessors, to relax the stringent rules hitherto in force concerning the residence of the nobles at Yedo, and by visits and presents to the monarch to try and pose as a loyal vassal whose opponents were the veritable rebels. The men of Choshu, privately instigated, as was believed, by orders from Kyoto, set the match to the powder. They fired on foreign ships, and in return their forts at Shimonoseki were destroyed and a heavy indemnity demanded.

The Shogun and his ministers were placed between two fires. On the one hand, the foreign representatives having obtained a footing in the country, insisted on the execution of the treaties, that the ports declared open should be so in fact, and that the life and property of their countrymen should be secure within treaty limits. On the other hand, the court party refused concurrence with the treaties and continuously urged the expulsion of

the hated intruders. The latter, finding that the Tycoon played fast and loose with them, making one day concessions which he withdrew on the next, at last began to perceive that the real source of authority must be sought for behind the nine gates of the imperial palace at Kyoto. In 1864 Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British envoy accredited to the Tycoon, addressed a letter to him personally, in which, though still giving him the title of Majesty, he speaks of the Mikado as "his legitimate sovereign," and says: "A solution of the difficulty has become indispensable; and the only one that promises either peace or security is the ratification of the treaties by the Mikado." Similar letters were sent in by the other envoys. Sir Rutherford returned to England immediately afterward, and was succeeded by Sir Harry Parkes, who pressed on these demands with renewed vigor, and the Shogun, by almost pitiful appeals, obtained the imperial ratification in 1865; though, as was afterward discovered, on the secret promise that Niogo (Kobe) should never be opened to foreigners. Be that as it may, the ratification of the treaties had the same fatal effect as the original signature. Next year the Shogun Iyemochi was seized with violent vomiting, and died a lingering and painful death. A year later, the emperor who had so vainly tried to resist the entry of the barbarian followed him to the tomb, and was succeeded by his present Majesty, the Emperor Mutsuhito, who, after having spent the first fifteen years of his life in oriental seclusion, was destined to inaugurate a new era.

The new Shogun, and the last who was ever to hold the office, was a distant cousin of his predecessor. Hitotsubasi, or to call him by the simpler name which he assumed on attaining adolescence, Keiki, was now thirty years old and had already won a name for himself and the confidence of many who regarded him as an intelligent and honorable man. Yet his task was not an easy one. No longer considered as absolute emperor by the foreigners; suspected by the court party, who regarded the Shogunate as representing the pro alien policy; disliked by the many daimios, who sympathized with the men of Choshu, whom he had lately defeated; thwarted by the clans, who, already hostile to the kith and kin of Tokugawa, re-

sented the profits accruing to them through foreign trade, his influence would not accomplish either abroad or at home what he knew to be for his country's good. On the advice of the Prince of Tosa, Keiki soon resigned into the hands of the Mikado the post of Sei i-tai-Shogun, hoping, as head of the rich and powerful Tokugawa clan, to retain his authority as chief among the daimios. The hope proved vain. Satsuma and the other allied clans assumed the guardianship of Kyoto and the emperor's palace, Choshu was restored to imperial favor, and the connections of Tokugawa dismissed. Keiki then regretted the step he had taken; he tried to resume the position which he had abandoned, and established himself in the castle of Osaka. Marching with troops upon Kyoto he was attacked and defeated by the allied forces of Satsuma and Choshu, and forced to take refuge in Yedo. Here one of his faithful followers solicited him to commit hara-kiri and thus save his own honor and that of his family, and on the refusal of Keiki this man solemnly slew himself, unable to survive the disgrace and fallen fortunes of the house. Keiki himself was ultimately pardoned by the emperor. He resigned a large part of his fortune for the benefit of his followers, whose further efforts against the imperial forces had met with signal defeat and ruin, and retired into private life, where he is said to console himself with a bicycle. On his reappearance at the funeral of one of his family last April the last of the Shoguns seemed not to create the slightest interest among the populace and passed almost unnoticed.

1868, the year following that in which Keiki surrendered to the emperor the office of Shogun, is regarded as the inauguration of the new era in Japan. The emperor invited the plenipotentiaries of the foreign powers to visit him, and though the great daimios and adherents of the old emperor still hoped for the expulsion of the hated foreigner, which had been the original policy of the allied clans, it was soon evident that wiser counsels would prevail. Younger men of better education and wider views came to the front, a constitution was promised, the emperor, upon whose face no common man might gaze on pain of death, emerged from his seclusion and appeared in public, and he and his statesmen set themselves to solve the many problems of the hour, chiefly

the abolition of that feudal system on which the whole of Japanese society had been constructed.

Before the Yo-issin, or Imperial Restoration (as the Japanese call the return of the Mikado to power), the revenues of the country were derived largely from land, the trade being much restricted, and, as far as the outside world was concerned, principally carried on through the Dutch settlement of Deshima at Nagasaki. The country was divided into provinces and the land held as fiefs by the great nobles, or daimios, as military vassals of the empire. The tenure was to a certain extent a double one, for, though the prince or chief was supreme, every member of the clan had a right to livelihood, either in payment for direct service to his lord, or as cultivating the soil and retaining a portion of the produce. The *iōnin*, or outlaw, lost his rights to support and protection. The daimios received their rents from the agriculturists in bales of rice called *kokus*,* and the incomes thus estimated varied from ten thousand to over a million of *kokus*. A landlord receiving less than ten thousand could not rank as noble. At the time of the fall of the Shogunate the revenue of the Tokugawa clan from land was estimated at eight million *kokus*, and this clan, having held Yedo and encouraged foreign trade, also received about a million of Mexican dollars annually from customs dues. From these revenues, however, not only the daimio but his samurai, or gentlemen-at-arms, had to be kept in idleness. In some cases the daimio endowed the samurai with portions of land, which they sublet to farmers, or, in rare instances, cultivated themselves; more frequently the two-sworded men were actually supported by allowances of rice, and were only required in return to fight for their lord in time of war and to swell his retinue in time of peace. Each daimio had his little court, in which chosen samurai acted as courtiers and ministers, while their wives and daughters were ladies-in-waiting to the noblewomen of the daimio's family. Even the samurai women maintained the warlike traditions of their caste. Those who

formed part of the lord's household were drilled, taught fencing, and provided with halberds and a special uniform to wear in case of fire or of an attack upon the castle during the absence of the men.

If one of the samurai had particularly distinguished himself or gained the special favor of his chief, he often received a personal or hereditary pension of a certain number of *kokus*, and these pensions were as fully recognized by the community as tithes or similar charges in western countries. The two-sworded men differed considerably in wealth and position, corresponding in fact to knights and squires in the train of a Norman or Teutonic noble, but whether rich or poor they would never voluntarily engage in trade. The merchant in old Japan ranked below the farmer, and though the samurai might occasionally till the land, sale and barter appeared to him absolute disgrace. The chief difference between the feudal system as it existed for nearly three centuries in Japan and its counterpart in Europe during the middle ages seems to have been the absolute control exercised by the Shogun and his council over the military nobility as contrasted with the shadowy over-lordship of the Plantagenets or the Valois Kings of France. The nearest approach to the authority of Ieyasu and his successors may perhaps be found in the personal influence of Louis the Fourteenth; but in his days the tenure of land on condition of military service, the true essence of feudalism, was already a thing of the past.

In one respect Louis the Fourteenth and the Shoguns pursued diametrically opposite systems, yet the result was very much the same. While the Bourbon monarch banished to his country estate any one who had the misfortune to displease him, Iyemitsu, the third Shogun of the Tokugawa line, who was almost his contemporary, decreed that the daimios should henceforth spend half the year at Yedo; and even when they were allowed to return to their own estates they were obliged to leave their wives and families in the capital as hostages for their good behavior. The mountain passes were strictly guarded, and all persons traversing them rigidly searched, crucifixion being the punishment meted out to such as left the Shogun's territory without a permit. The shores of the beautiful lake

* The value of the *koku* varied considerably, according to the price of rice, and from other causes. It may be taken at from 15s. to 30s. during the past twenty years. Present value about 22s.

Hakone, at the foot of the main pass, are still studded with the deserted villas in which the daimios used to rest on their journeys to and from the city, and it is said that the neighboring town of Odawara was in olden times largely populated by hairdressers, whose business it was to rearrange the coiffure of the ladies who were not allowed to pass the Hakone bar with dressed hair, but had to let it down. As the dressing of a Japanese lady's hair takes at least two hours this peculiar custom-house regulation must have been most annoying.

These progresses were attended with much pomp and ceremony. Herald went before to proclaim that the great lord was at hand, all the dwellers in the towns and villages were expected to remain in their houses as the procession swept through, and if any one casually met it he was required to prostrate himself to the earth, dismounting from his chair for the purpose if he were being carried at the time.

Just as the French nobles learned to regard their châteaux less as homes than as places of exile, so the daimios brought up from childhood in the city, and only allowed to visit their country houses under conditions the reverse of agreeable, seem to have lost the feeling which leads many an Englishman to cling to his home in the country as his dearest possession and the centre of his keenest interests.

Like the successors of Louis the Fourteenth, the successors of Ieyasu and Iyemitsu lacked the vigor of their forefathers. The later Shoguns were mainly in the hands of their councils, who contrived to keep them in a seclusion so absolute that in the event of the death of the prince it was possible and customary to conceal the fact until the heir was secured in his succession. A system of espionage was also brought to perfection by which the action of every individual in the government and in its employ was watched and checked by somebody else. Mr. Oliphant recounts an amusing instance which occurred at the time of Lord Elgin's mission. The Japanese were very anxious to ascertain who was told off to spy upon the ambassador; failing to discover any such person, they observed that the chief signed his name "Elgin and Kincardine," and politely gave the members of the mission to understand that though they had only been introduced to Elgin, they were fully

aware that Kincardine was somewhere in the background keeping an eye on the proceedings of his colleague.

Nevertheless the Shogun represented in himself the whole ideal of military rule, and when he disappeared and the actual as well as nominal power reverted to the Mikado, the keystone of the feudal arch was withdrawn and the fabric fell to pieces. The princes and chiefs, suddenly released from a rule which at once fettered and supported them, found themselves disunited fragments, confronted with powerful nations from the west, differing as to whether they should admit these would-be traders within their borders, and without a central authority strong enough to exact favorable terms in return for such admission if conceded.

Two objects of reverence had ever been set before them—the military rule of the Shogun, and the sacred but invisible power of the heaven-descended Mikado; the former had been suddenly overthrown, the latter had taken substance and was acknowledged both by native and alien. How were they to endue this power with strength to succeed where the Shogun had failed, to enable it to weld together the contending elements, to make it in truth the protector of its people, the king who should go before them into battle, as demanded by the Israelites of old? Patriotism pointed to the sacrifice of feudal rights, and the better-educated and more ambitious men among the samurai prompted, and perhaps in some instances almost compelled, their lords to restore to the emperor the fiefs and privileges conferred on their families in the name of his ancestors.

We must render a full meed of admiration to men capable of such prompt decision and unselfish action; but it is not unjust to point out, as has been done, that the territorial tie had been weakened by enforced absenteeism, and it may be added that many of the younger nobles were only too glad to shake off the burden of personal restraint and cumbersome ceremonial wherewith their existence had been shackled in feudal times.

In 1869 the emperor accepted the offer of his great vassals, and resumed possession of the whole of the feudal dominions with their rights, and, moreover, with their burdens, which were neither few nor easily dealt with. He assimilated the

territorial princes to the court nobles, who had hitherto been their superiors in rank, though far from their equals in wealth and power. At first the former lords were kept in office as governors of their respective territories, and a tenth of their revenues was assigned to them as income, the residue being changed from rent to land tax, and paid direct into the treasury for imperial purposes. As the daimios had no longer to support the samurai, they probably gained considerably by the change; but the case of the two-sworded men had to be considered by the government, and a more definite arrangement made both as to their pensions and with regard to the incomes and position of the nobles.

An attempt was made to commute for a lump sum of money or in government bonds the permanent and life pensions previously paid in rice, and thus to enable the warrior class to start afresh in life as agriculturists or merchants. At first such commutation was optional, but this was a failure; either the pensioners did not commute, or, if they did, they squandered the capital received instead of investing it in business. In 1875 compulsory was substituted for voluntary commutation. The value of the tithe still paid to the ex-daimios and of the hereditary pensions of the samurai was capitalized at from five to ten years' purchase, the price of rice during the previous three years being taken as a basis. The life pensions were paid off on a lower scale. The government bonds representing the capital bear interest on a fixed scale at from 5 to 7 per cent until redeemed.

To the great nobles these arrangements seem, on the whole, to have been fairly

satisfactory. Some of them possessed reserve funds of gold and other portable property accumulated in case of war, and had skilled men of business, who invested their capital for them to good advantage. Several behaved with great generosity, resigning the compensation allotted to them, for the purpose of building schools or paying off the debts of their poorer clansmen.

Among the samurai men are to be found who, having taken an active part in politics during or since the revolution, have risen into prominence and even entered the ranks of the new nobility, and the educational and other professions have been largely recruited from this class. None, however, can deny that considerable distress was the result of the sudden change in the lives of the smaller nobles and two-sworded men. Many did not know how to turn money or bonds to good account, and many who had been accustomed to receive rations from their chiefs were unable to prove a right to a pension liable to commutation. The *hata-motos*, or "banner-men," in particular, who were the direct dependents of the dethroned Shoguns, were unlikely to receive special consideration from the triumphant loyalists. It is well known that some of them were reduced to drawing the *jinrickishas*, which were invented in Japan twenty-two years ago. The police has been another resource of the samurai, and with good results to all concerned, for the lower orders of Japanese continue to regard the two-sworded men with great respect, and it is easy for them to maintain order among the populace.—*Nineteenth Century*.

CHARACTER NOTE.

INTELLECTA.

Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il ne le croit.

It is not the intellect itself that is objectionable. In fact, intellect is an excellent thing. It is a better thing than genius for practical domestic purposes. For genius is apt to be a nuisance. It always gets up late, and it is not particular about its bath. It is not at all practical, and the tradesmen fail to understand it. No,

the fault seems to lie in the use that Intellecta makes of her mind—not in the mind itself.

There is a story about a Scotchman who introduced his native thistle into some colony where the soil was rich and the rainfall—it is to be presumed—bounteous. Nothing but thistle grows in that country now, and the Scotchman has left.

Some imprudent woman has been busy

introducing intellect and other things into the female mind, and, like the thistle, it is beginning to spread.

Intellecta made her first appearance to our delighted vision at a certain town on the Cam, where certain young women have most distinctly and unblushingly followed certain young men. Intellecta attended lectures which were not intended for Intellecta's delicate ears, and we were forced to blush—merely because she would not do so.

She dragged her hair back from a brow which would have looked better beneath a feminine fringe, and while the lecturer lectured she leaned this brow upon a large firm hand. She was preternaturally grave, and there was a certain harassed go-ahead look in her eyes, before which some of us quailed. We were young then. The lecturer was an elderly gentleman of the unabashed type. "And now, gentlemen," he said from time to time, which was rude, because it ignored Intellecta. But she did not appear to notice. She leaned that rounded, pensive brow on her hand, and simply lapped up knowledge. One could see it bulging out of the pensive brow unbecomingly all round. The dragged-back hair gave her head a distended, uncomfortable look, as if it was suffering from mental indigestion.

Intellecta's father was a well-known dissenting minister in a large manufacturing town. He knew the value of learning, on the principle that the pauper knows best the value of money, and he sent Intellecta to a high school. She graduated, or whatever they do at high schools, and obtained a scholarship. There was no small rejoicing in a chaste, dissenting way; and very few people knew that only three girls had entered for the scholarship. One retired and had measles, and another, Intellecta's sole rival, lost her nerve and wept when she saw the algebra paper. And Intellecta simply cantered in.

What Intellecta did not know in the way of knowledge was not worth knowing after she took that scholarship. What she knows now is less worth knowing because she seems to have turned none of it to practical account yet. But some one once said that Knowledge may come while Wisdom lingers.

From the very first Intellecta's only joy was an examination paper. She studied these in the privacy of her own apartment.

She walked down Petty Cury with bundles of them under her arm. All her learning was acquired from an examination point of view. She did not want to be learned, she wanted to pass examinations. Her knowledge nearly approached to cunning. Moreover, she passed her examinations. She exceeded her father's fondest desires. She dashed our highest hopes to the ground.

She continued to attend lectures, surrounded now by a guardian atmosphere of learning. We felt that she despised us more than ever. We felt that she saw through us and knew that we were only grinding in order to please our fathers or with an ultimate view of gaining a living. Whereas she was working for something higher and nobler—to wit, the emancipation of women—the march of intellect. All the while her hair receded farther and farther back from her brows as if the march of intellect entailed pushing through tight places.

"We are progressing," we heard her say in a deep masculine voice to a lady with short gray hair in King's Cross Station. Short gray hair is, by the way, sometimes conducive to cold shivers down the Philistine back. "We are progressing. We are getting our feet upon the ladder."

And good serviceable understandings they were, with square toes. That was the last of her so far as Cambridge was concerned.

From that time her walk was upon the broader stage of life.

We met her again at an intellectual gathering in a picture gallery, where she came suddenly round a corner upon two young persons of a different sex discussing ices and other pleasant things, away from the busy hum of debate.

Intellecta sniffed. We rather liked her for it—because it was a remnant as it were of a vanishing femininity. The question that evening was one of political economy: How were we, in fact, assembled in a picture gallery in Piccadilly, to reduce the population of China? Intellecta was great. She proved mathematically that things were really coming to a pretty pass. If China was allowed to go on in this reckless way, its teeming population would simply overwhelm the world. At this point an old gentleman woke up and said "Hear, hear!" And immediately

afterward "Don't, Maria!" which induced one to believe that he had been led to see the error of his ways.

Intellecta spoke for twenty-five minutes in a deep emotional voice, and when she had finished there was a singular feeling in the atmosphere of being no further on. She had spoken for twenty-five minutes, but she had not said much.

Other people spoke with a similar result. They were apparently friends of Intellecta's, who clubbed together to hear each other speak, and on certain evenings they invited the benighted to come and listen. We soon reduced the population of China, by carrying a few motions in that picture gallery in Piccadilly. And there are people who hold that it is useless to educate women, even in face of such grand results as this.

"Of course," Intellecta was overheard to say at a dinner table the other evening, "of course, Dr. Kudos may be a great man. I do not say that he is not. I went into dinner with him the other evening; I tried him on several subjects, and I cannot say that he had much that was new to tell me upon any one of them."

That is the sort of person she is. She is fearless and open. She would question the learning of Gibbon on matters Roman, if that reverend historian was not beyond her reach. The grasp of her mind is simply enormous. She will take up, say, political economy, study it for a couple of months, and quite master it. She is then ready, nay anxious, to lay down the law upon matters politico-economical in a mixed assembly. If she is in the room, her deep emotional voice may indeed generally be heard, laying down the law upon some point or another.

Languages she masters *en passant*. She learned French thoroughly in five weeks, in order to read a good translation of one of Tolstoi's novels. She had not time for Russian, she said—she had not time—that was all. Having acquired the tongue of the lightsome Gaul, she proceeded one evening to discourse in it to a gentleman who had no English, and the Frenchman was apparently struck dumb by awe—possibly at her learning.

Intellecta is now getting on toward middle age, as, alas! are some who sat with her in a lecture-room near the Cam. She still has the go-ahead look: there are one or two gray hairs among those dragged

back from her forehead; and a keen observer—one who has known her all along—may detect in her spectacled eyes a subtle dissatisfaction. Can it be that Intellecta has been born before her time? It would almost seem that the world is not quite ripe for her yet. She is full of learning—she has much to say upon all subjects—she is a great teacher. But why that mystic smile behind the spectacles of Dr. Kudos?

"She only repeats," he will say gently to men only (such as her father's Wednesday evening Bible-classes). "She only teaches what she has been taught. She is only a talking book."

The old gentleman may be right. There may be something in him, although Intellecta could not find it. For he has seen many men and many things in books and elsewhere. It may be that Intellecta can only teach what she has been taught. And what she has learned at Cambridge, Whitechapel does not want to hear. What she has seen at Whitechapel is odoriferous in the nostrils of Cambridge.

That dissatisfied look haunts us sometimes, when we think of the men who laughed at Intellecta when she attended her first lecture. Some of those men are celebrated now—some are leading lights at the bar—others are pillars of the Church; the rest of us are merely prosperous and happy. We have quite forgotten to be learned. But Intellecta is where she was. She is still a learned woman. She is still looking for an outlet for all that knowledge which is within her brain, which has never germinated—which she has not been able to turn to account.

Intellecta despises women who have husbands and babies and no aspirations. She despises still more perhaps those who dream vaguely of the encumbrances mentioned; but even some whose dreams never can be realized have not the look that Intellecta has in her eyes.

She is very busy. She addresses meetings of factory girls in the Mile End Road, and she will tell you in her deep tones that she is due in Bradford to-morrow evening, where a great work is being carried on. She is always improving her mind during the intervals snatched from the work of telling others to go and do likewise. She still finds time to drop in on a science and master it. The old familiar curse of the

lecture-room is still upon her; and she still laps up, eagerly, knowledge which the limited male intellect is inclined to think she would be better without. But it is not for the sake of the knowledge that she seeks it. It is the old story of the examination paper over again.

Her chief aim in life is to forward the cause of education. She is one of the prime movers in the great schemes for bringing knowledge to the masses—instead of letting the masses come and take it. She may be seen at cheap lectures in the suburbs in an ill-fitting cloth dress, leaning that heavy brow on the large firm hand, drinking in the lecturer's periods.

She does not go to church very much. She complains that the clergy are deficient in intellectual power. There is a vague mystery overhanging her religious tenets. She has learned too much. It is often so with women. One finds that as soon as they know more than the local curate they begin to look down upon St. Paul, and Paley, and good Bishop Butler, and a few others who may not have been intellectual as the word is understood today, but who, nevertheless, wrote some solid stuff.

Intellecta is not a tragedy. Not by any means. She would be indignant at the thought. She is naturally of a grave temperament—all great thinkers are. She is quite devoid of any sense of the ridiculous, which is a great blessing—for Intellecta. She is profoundly convinced that she

is an interesting woman. She feels at the cheap lectures that local young women of mind nudge each other and ask who she is. She trusts they will profit by her example, and in time they may perhaps acquire her power of concentration—they may in time learn to bring their whole mind as she brings hers (a much larger affair) to bear upon the question in hand. She does not know that they are commenting on her clothing and longing for the lecture to be over that they may walk home with a person who is waiting for them outside.

There is no one waiting for Intellecta outside—not even a cabman.

Being devoid of humor, she is naturally without knowledge of the pathetic, and therefore she does not see herself as others see her. She is probably unaware of that dissatisfied look in her eyes. It is a physical matter, like a wrinkle or a droop of the lids. It is the little remnant of the woman quailing before the mind.

"Knowledge is power," she always says when driven into a corner by some argumentative and mistaken man.

"Yes, but it is not happiness," Dr. Kudos replies—not to her, but to a friend of his own sex; "and we are put here to try and be happy."

"We are making progress," says Intellecta still. "We are getting our feet upon the ladder."

Yes, Intellecta; but whither does that ladder lead?—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION AWARD.

BY A. W. STAVELEY HILL.

WHEN questions have been answered by a Jury upon the various issues in a case submitted to them, the decision of the Judge is asked for which of the parties to the suit judgment is to be entered. A somewhat analogous question arises with reference to this Award in the Behring Sea Arbitration; for, while on the one hand the Victorian sealers look upon it as putting an end to their occupation, and the American Sealing Company on the other profess themselves fairly well satisfied as to the result, the Minister of Marine for Canada is reported to have said to

an interviewer that he "considers that the British case has come out most triumphantly, while we have not attained all we desired in the way of Regulations," and the Dominion Prime Minister says that "the result of the Award ought to be fairly satisfactory to Canada;" and, again, in the extracts we have from Canadian newspapers, they raise a wail over the result of the Arbitration as giving the shell to the Victorian sealers but awarding the kernel to the Alaska Commercial Company. In this difference of opinion it may be well to compare the results ob-

tained with the complaints and requirements upon which the inquiry was founded, and, in this view, it is not quite fair to rely upon the pleadings as giving an unexaggerated view of the case, for most parties before a legal tribunal ask for more than they will be well contented to obtain. I may, at any rate, refer to the claim which, on behalf of the sealers and after a careful inquiry among them, I put forward in my letter to *The Times* of November 28th, 1889, which brought this matter first prominently before the British public, and, comparing those claims with the Award, we may arrive at a fair inference as to the benefits or losses conferred by the Award.

The Award, made under the Treaty signed at Washington February 29th, 1892, gave distinct decisions upon each of the five points submitted to the Arbitrators under Article 6 of the Treaty, and established, in nine Articles, "Regulations for the Proper Protection and Preservation of the Fur Seal in or habitually resorting to the Behring Sea."

It will be noticed that the satisfaction expressed by the British and Canadians is with the findings on the five points submitted, while it is with the Regulations that dissatisfaction is expressed. I will deal first with the five questions submitted to the Arbitrators. The first and the second questions referred to the assertion and exercise by Russia of exclusive rights in the Behring Sea and the recognition of those rights by Great Britain in 1825. This was a matter of history rather than of law; and the Arbitrators, with the exception of the United States Senator Morgan, duly found that, although under the Ukase of 1821 Russia had claimed such jurisdiction, she had on remonstrance entirely given it up, and that, in accordance with the facts, no such recognition or concession was ever made by England. On the third point upon which the United States tried to raise the contention that the Behring Sea was not included in the Treaties with Russia of 1824 and 1825, as not included in the geographical phrase the "Pacific Ocean," the Arbitrators unanimously decided that it was so included, and, with the exception of Senator Morgan, they held that no exclusive rights in the Behring Sea were exercised by Russia after the Treaty of 1825. On the fourth point the Arbitrators unani-

mously decided that on the purchase of Alaska all rights of Russia passed unimpaired to the United States.

Now, upon those four points there never was among educated men in America any difference of opinion. The following extract from *The New York Herald* of May 29th, 1889, represents completely the views so held. In discussing Secretary Blaine's views, *The Herald* says:—"The State Department now bases its claim on the rights acquired from Russia when we purchased Alaska; there can be no question that the United States succeeded to all the rights held by Russia. But what were Russia's rights? It is true that Russia claimed Behring's Sea long before we bought Alaska; but that country never had any exclusive right to it, for the simple reason that it never acquired, and never could acquire, except by the consent of nations, any such right. Russia's claim was never conceded by any other Power. On the contrary, it was emphatically denied by the two Foreign Powers most interested: it was denied by the United States, and it was denied by Great Britain."

It is plain, therefore, that so far, although the frivolous contentions raised by the United States Secretary Blaine were negated by the Arbitrators, it cannot be said that there was any victory in this result of the Arbitration.

The fifth point raised the question whether there was a continuing property of a country in an animal like the seal when such seals were found outside the territorial waters, arising from the fact of its having been bred within the territory of the United States and of its regular return to such territory for the purpose of breeding. On behalf of the United States it was conceded that this was a new view; and it was always answered in Canada that if such view could be upheld, every white swan, goose, and duck found in Florida, in the Southern States, was the property of Her Majesty, as they were all hatched and reared north of the 49th parallel. The Arbitrators decided against this untenable proposition; though it must be noted that the Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Harlan, and his colleague, Senator Morgan, abstained from voting with the majority, who held that the United States had no such right of property in animals *feræ naturæ*. In illus-

tration of the general opinion held before the Arbitration commenced, as to the contention of the United States upon these five points, I may be allowed to cite from my letter above quoted, of November, 1889:—"The question is simply as to territorial rights. If the claim be rested upon the purchase from Russia, it is manifest that Russia could not sell what she did not own, and, further still, that the United States could not buy from Russia that which the purchaser had for half a century vigorously refused to acknowledge as the vendor's property. The Behring Sea can by no construction be considered as a gulf or bay, or in any way land-blocked by the territory of the United States."

So much, then, with regard to the real subject-matter of the Arbitration. We now come to the Regulations enacted under Article 6 of the Treaty for the future conduct of sealing. In the outset, I may be allowed to substitute for the awkward phrase "Pelagic Seal Fishing" the more simple phrase "Ocean Sealing." The former phrase was used by the United States, as they did not like to concede that sealing in the Behring Sea was ocean sealing, and the phrase "Sea Sealing" was awkwardly alliterative. Under these Regulations, which apply solely to ocean sealing, and leave untouched the really destructive killing by merciless clubbing of the seals on the Pribiloff Islands, persons are forbidden to kill or pursue seals within the territorial waters of those islands. These waters are for this purpose extended to a zone of sixty miles; a close time is enacted during the months of May, June, and July. Within the protected area sailing vessels, duly licensed and carrying a distinguishing flag, are alone allowed to be employed in the sealing. The masters of such vessels are to keep accurate entries of all work done; nets, fire-arms, and explosives are prohibited; and the Governments are to take measures to ensure the fitness of the men engaged in the sealing and their ability to handle their weapons with success.

The Victorian sealers made no objection to an extension of the territorial waters of the islands to a zone of thirty miles as a sufficient limit for the protection of the seals while breeding on the island. The extent of the zone makes little difference to them, as they have no in-

terest in the seals inhabiting the island. The extension to sixty miles brings within the zone, however, the northern end of the Unimah pass used by the seals in approaching the islands, and the extension is on this ground very favorable to the Alaska Company. A serious difficulty, however, practically arises in ascertaining whether a vessel is or is not at this distance from one of the islands. The proportion of days upon which an observation can be taken after the month of July is necessarily small, and grave conflict of evidence upon this point must arise.

Apart from this zone, in which ocean sealing is absolutely prohibited, the protected area to which the Regulations apply comprises practically all the ocean east of the 180th degree of longitude from a point to the south of San Francisco, the farthest limit of the seals' immigration to the south, up to the Behring Straits, being a distance from south to north of about three thousand miles. The reservation to Russia of the comparatively small area to the east of the boundary line of 1867, which area comprises the Gulf of Anadyr, need not be taken into consideration. This area, extending over some seven million square miles, is to be watched by Great Britain and the United States, and, as all this enormous expense will be practically for the benefit of the Alaska Company, the cost to this country will certainly be out of all proportion to any benefit which may arise from the sealing. It must, therefore, have been with a chuckle that the American Arbitrators abstained from voting in support of those Regulations.

Within the area above described, all the Regulations apply, and there is to be no ocean sealing during the months of May, June, and July; but there are no Regulations, nor is there any close time, to protect either old or young, male or female, from being shot or clubbed in their land resorts or rookeries.

This matter of a close time has been sadly bungled throughout. On the 25th of February, 1890, Mr. Phelps wrote to Mr. Secretary Bayard: "Lord Salisbury assents to your proposition to establish, by mutual arrangements between the Governments interested, a close time for fur seals between the 15th of April and the 1st of November." Lord Knutsford, representing the Colonial Office, having omitted

to inform Lord Salisbury that such close time covered the whole period during which ocean sealing could be carried on, this concession, from which escape was for some time difficult, would have entirely put an end to the ocean-sealing industry.

In order fully to appreciate the effect of these new regulations, it is necessary to say a few words as to the habits of the fur seal. They migrate southward in each year, and begin to move from the islands toward the close of October; they proceed down the California coast, and are absolutely unmolested on that journey, the stormy weather, fogs, and short days not permitting a profitable hunting during the winter months; toward May they return northward, and travel at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour. Their northern journey is thus accomplished in a few days. When they reach the breeding grounds in the Pribiloff Islands, the females hurry ashore, for many of them pup within a few hours of their arrival; they all pup before the end of June, each female bringing one pup. The seals that remain in the open sea are the "dry cows" and the young bulls and those that have been beaten off by the stronger ones. It is these seals in the open sea, and these alone, that constitute the catch of the Victorian sealers, the vessels not entering the Behring Sea before the 5th of July. Upon those facts, it was submitted by the Victorian sealers that ocean sealing should be allowed during the three months of July, August, and September, making the other months of the year an absolutely close time. Upon this point, therefore, a regulation that throws into the close time the best of the three months available, while it does nothing to protect the breeding seal, only limits the catch of the ocean sealer, and places him still more at a disadvantage with his rival.

The prohibition of vessels other than sailing vessels is in the right direction and satisfactory, and may be taken to be rather in restriction of the United States ocean sealers, who can more easily obtain the larger capital required for a steamer. It is to be presumed that the words of Article 3 prohibiting other vessels from carrying on or taking part in fur "sealing operations" are not intended to prohibit the use of the steamer by the sealing fleet as a depôt for provisions and to receive the skins. As the Aleutian Islands all be-

long to the States, and are closed against the British schooners, it would be difficult for them to carry on the sealing without such a depôt. No objection can be taken to the requirement for a license for the schooners under Article 4. Articles 5 and 6 will seriously affect the ocean sealer. Ocean sealing is conducted in the following manner: A schooner has two sets of men, white men and Indians. The white hunters go in a boat in pairs, with rifles; they paddle up to the seal while asleep on the water, creeping up wind, and shoot it in the head, when it is at once hauled into the boat. The Indians (five to each boat) proceed in the same way in a dug-out canoe, with spears, creeping up to the sleeping seal; the Indian spears him, and, keeping the shaft in his hand, the head of the spear separating itself, and, this being attached to a rope, the seal is dragged into the canoe. In 1889 the sealing fleet of Victoria employed 262 white men and 375 Indian hunters.

As the Indian dug-outs are frequently absent from the ship for some days, it will be difficult for a master of a vessel to comply with the requirements of Article 5 as to the entries in his log-book of the "number and sex of the seals captured each day;" and the prohibition by Article 6 of the use of the rifle, as will be learned from the above description of the mode of capture, places an unnecessary hindrance in the employment of white hunters who are accustomed to the use of the rifle but not to the Indian spear. Article 7, requiring that the men should be proved fit to handle their weapons with sufficient skill, is a somewhat unnecessary suggestion to the master that he shall not employ useless hands, a fault which can scarcely be imputed to Victorian sealers. Considerable difficulty will arise in the construction of Article 8. It provides that "the preceding Articles shall not apply to Indians dwelling on the coasts and carrying on sealing in canoes independently of the schooners, provided that such Indians are not in the employment of other persons, and provided that, when so hunting in canoes or undecked boats, they shall not hunt fur seals outside of territorial waters under contract for the delivery of the skins to any person." If even these provisos are reconcilable, it is not easy to apply this regulation to the existing state of things: any effect it might

have upon ocean sealing is, however, met by the concluding proviso that "nothing herein contained is intended to interfere with the employment of Indians as hunters or otherwise in connection with fur-sealing vessels as heretofore."

By the 9th Article these regulations remain in force until abolished or modified by common agreement, and they "are to be submitted every five years to a new examination to enable the interested Governments to consider whether, in the light of past experience, any modification is required."

The Award concludes with findings of fact as to the seizures of the seventeen British schooners by the United States vessels in 1886-87-89 and 1890; as to which, as they are now found to have been illegal, the damages will be paid by the United States; and the Arbitrator ap-

pends to the Award recommendations as to an extension of the Regulations by municipal legislation which it is not very likely that either country will adopt.

To sum up, then, the result of the Regulations. While they do not in any way regulate the killing on the islands, they interfere with and injuriously affect the ocean sealers, but only to a very small extent protect the seal: they seem to justify the criticism that, while it was impossible to have selected a more competent tribunal to deal with grave questions of international law, the work of regulating the sealing industry itself would have been more fitly placed in the hands of practical men, who might have greater opportunity of arriving at a fair conclusion as to the best mode of dealing with such matters.—*National Review*.

A FAMOUS NIGHT MISSION IN NEW YORK.

BY L. HERWARD.

BLEECKER STREET, New York, is not a pleasant place for a stroll after dark. About 10 P.M. it becomes synonymous with Niffelheim, and if one is a woman she proves herself a wise one by steering clear of it unless she has the arm of a very big brother or a very big husband on which to cling.

The street is a commonplace enough one in itself. It is filled with dull-looking wholesale warehouses and laundries for the most part, and during the day is a perfectly respectable thoroughfare. At night, when the warehouse shutters are up, the laundry blinds drawn, and the gas jets in the few dirty street lamps flaring, the place is about as cheerful as a tomb.

It seems a strange spot to hit upon as a rendezvous for that vast sisterhood which, throughout the so-called civilized world, announces to the traveller the fact that it is a Christian city which he has entered or, rather, one of the cities of Christendom. Non-Christian, non-civilized so long as our streets are cursed by this evil, said to be unknown in its greatest horrors to the pagan nations until we teach it them.

There are no lower outcasts in New York than the women who nightly creep out with the darkness and swarm the pave-

ments of Bleecker Street, except, perhaps, the white women who in company with Negro men run the notorious "Black-and-tan dives" of Thompson Street, or the white girl wives (?) of the Mott Street Chinamen. On second thought the latter must be excepted. No sooner does a white girl who has fallen a victim to the opium habit form a connection with a Chinaman, than she seems miraculously to acquire his habits of exquisite cleanliness, and dirt as well as rags obtains to a large degree in Bleecker Street.

For many years pandemonium nightly reigned there almost undisturbed. Missionaries occasionally tried their hands at its reformation, but in face of the tremendous difficulties always gave it up. Some one has said, "There is no soil so fruitful as that which is watered by tears." It remained for a great sorrow to become the force through which a successful mission was at last started there. In April, 1882, little Florence Crittenton, the four-year-old darling of a wealthy citizen of New York, died. Just one year later the grief-stricken father founded in her memory a temporary home for outcast women in notorious Bleecker Street.

That was the beginning of the famous

"Florence Night Mission," the prototype of numberless like refuges which have since been established in various great American towns. All of them bear the little girl's name.

There is nothing suggestive of the prison or the reformatory about the Florence Night Mission. Girls are simply invited to a home where love is the only law. At any time of the night or day, drunk or sober, clean or dirty—of whatever caste, creed, or color—any woman desiring to lead a better life will find its doors flung wide to her. If she does not wish to stop she is at perfect liberty to leave when she chooses, and it is this very liberty which gives the Mission its strongest hold. Directly a girl shows that her reformation is a real one, she is helped to find a home and employment.

In the early days of the Mission it was found that many of the women who applied for help were simply attracted by the hope of getting food, and that the only way of reaching the ones who most needed aid—but whom pride or shame would keep from asking for it—was to seek them in their very haunts. Now, a given number of the Florence workers—men and women both—patrol the streets every night in the year from eleven o'clock to five or six in the morning. They enter the cellars, the dance houses, the gambling hells, the opium dens. No wretched girl can sink too low for them to reach her a helping hand. The workers talk to them and urge them to turn from the life which most of the girls themselves say is hell itself, but which once entering they cannot leave. When she can do so, the missionary puts an arm about the poor outcast and takes her away at once. If this is not possible, she can at least give her a kind word, a flower, or perhaps one of the Mission cards, on which is printed—"Any mother's girl wishing to leave a 'crooked' life may find friends, food, shelter and a helping hand by coming—just as she is—to the Florence Night Mission, 59 Bleecker Street." Many a father has travelled hundreds of miles to beg them to look for his lost child, when every other means has failed, and many a "mother's girl" has been restored to her home through them. When one thinks that in New York there are 60,000 people who from choice or necessity turn night into day, it will be readily seen that the

churches and day missionaries never even see, much less reach them. They may be divided into two classes: those who gain a livelihood by night work, as policemen, tram conductors and drivers, bakers, printers, waiters, etc., and the criminal classes—fallen women, thieves, keepers of dance-houses, saloons and brothels, gamblers, beggars, drunkards, and so on. To all of these the Florence sends missionaries, although their special work is among women, and many a rich harvest has been reaped in the dark and the night from the stony streets.

About eight o'clock one evening a short time since, we made our way through the merry, dirty, picturesque crowds of the Bowery and presently turned in at the lower end of Bleecker Street, intent on visiting the Mission. Coming from the Bowery, deafened with the roar and rumble of the elevated railway, the jingle of the many tram bells, the shouts and laughter of the surging throng, and blinded with the blaze of light, the gloom and stillness of Bleecker Street were doubly accentuated. Alas for the gloom of that street! Alas for the many shadows, some of them scarcely more substantial in appearance than those cast by the dreary street lamps! The entrance of the Mission stood wide open. A single gas jet in the hall showed two doors, some distance apart, leading into the meeting-room. This room itself is well lighted at the end farthest from the street, but in the middle and rear there are only a moderate number of lights, and in the hall but one. It struck us that there was a purpose in this arrangement. It is just bright enough to be inviting, but not brilliant enough to frighten away any one who might be tempted in if she thought that she would not be much observed. There is no one to welcome you, to show you to a seat, to ask you any questions, or to notice you in the slightest. There is the room, the doors are wide open, you can go or come as you like. At first it seemed somewhat strange, rather cold in fact, but presently we saw the *raison d'être*.

It was early when we arrived, and there was only a handful of people present. We seated ourselves near the platform in some seats which commanded a view of the entire room, and while waiting for the service to begin, took in the appearance of the place. On the platform stood

some chairs, a piano, and a small table with a Bible on it. On either side of the aisle were side seats, one of which we had taken, then came the door farthest from the street. Between it and the door at the other end of the room were a large number of chairs for whatever women might chance to come in. At the back were benches for men who are permitted to come in for the evening service. Across the aisle from the women's seats were the places for the matron and the reformed girls in her charge, and just behind them, separating them from the men, stood a tiny pipe-organ. On the wall just there, in the most prominent place in the room, hung a large portrait of little Florence—the child in whose memory the Mission was founded. It is a tender, serious little face, with large sweet eyes, and long dark hair which falls in heavy masses about her shoulders. On that day, the anniversary of her birth, the picture was wreathed with white lilies. It is the custom of the girls in the Mission always to keep white flowers in the little vase on the shelf under it, and many a time the matron has had two or three poor little blossoms thrust into her hand by some unhappy creature who had stolen in for that purpose and then hurried away.

It was very quiet in the room; a sound of light footsteps overhead occasionally, a loud laugh or an oath from the street, or a shuffling step in the hall as some one stole through it to look stealthily in. While waiting, we found the reason for what had seemed the coldness of the Mission in welcoming visitors. No less than four times did one girl come softly up the hall and glance into the room as if about to enter. Once when she had evidently made up her mind to do so, a lady chanced to come down the stairs, and the girl fled as if afraid of being spoken to. No notice was taken of her, however, and presently, when the room was well filled, she slunk in and took a seat near the door. The people who come to the Mission do not want to be welcomed. The most loving and helpful words would frighten them away at first. There are women who will come in for a few minutes occasionally and then disappear for weeks; but so long as they are free, and are not afraid of being preached to personally, there is hope that in the end they will ask for the help they know is always ready.

At nine o'clock the service begins. By that time the back of the room was nearly filled with men, but except two ladies who had come to help, there were only four women present. One of them was so very much intoxicated that she was continually falling asleep and tumbling against her neighbor. The sharp remonstrance of "Set up, can't you! Say, you—what do you take me for—a pillow or yer husband? Now then—set up!" only served to stiffen the weak spine for a moment, and down she would tumble again.

The first hour or so of the service is devoted almost entirely to singing, after which there are prayers and speeches by any one who cares to speak. By half-past nine the service was fairly under way. What lungs those men had! And how they did roar "Rescue the Perishing" and "Hold the Fort"! The sound made the hall and corridors ring again; and in the pauses we could now and then catch a derisive howl it elicited from some one in the street. As yet there was no formal leader except the lady who presided at the organ.

Directly one hymn was finished there arose a perfect babel of cries—"Pull for the Shore"; "Shet up, we've sung that once"; "Number 47"; "No! Number 17"—until one would have thought that the organist must have gone mad. She, however, waited until something like a unanimity of choice was reached, and then plunged into the accompaniment. During the singing we covertly watched with curious eyes the people who one after another dropped in.

The men were rough in speech and clothes—rougher in manner and life. They represented, as most gatherings in New York do, many nationalities: American dockmen and cabbies, Italian navvies, German old-clothes men, a Chinaman—he retired in terror when the first song began—and a fair sprinkling of Irishmen.

In the first row of the women's seats there sat a woman of some five-and-twenty years of age, with her arm around a little blue-eyed girl, who was as dimpled as a cherub. Both were miserably clad, and the mother's face told a tale of semi-starvation. It also recorded the burning accusation and living curse that one race in America everlastingly cries out against another—the cry of the Black against the White. The woman had just enough Negro blood in her veins to make her race

known to a practiced eye. Any one else would have noted only the soft curling black hair, the voluptuous yet delicate rounding of the figure, the rich warm tint of the oval cheek and pouting lips, and would have admired, not knowing that those very beauties were the result of the fusion of the despised black strain with the blue blood of the proud white race. That mingling makes some of the most beautiful women in the world—women who are beautiful enough to arouse the most burning passion, but who are not white enough to love. There was no trace of viciousness in her face, only the record of sorrow and privation, and behind it the eternal, unanswerable "Why?" that will one day deafen the ears of a great nation to any songs of angels.

Just behind them sat a gaudily dressed little woman whose vulgar, red, good-natured face was fairly beaming with recklessness and jollity. She had marched noisily in during a prayer, and after trying two or three different seats, had finally settled herself in the second row, remarking affably, "Well, I guess I'll sit here, then I can skoot out the door easy if I want to." One could not think why she was there. She paid not the slightest attention to the prayer, but noisily cracked peanuts between her teeth, and munched and munched until the floor about her was quite covered with the shells. She listened with good-humored tolerance to two or three speeches and a hymn or so, and at last was tramping out again when she caught sight of the little girl. The child was leaning against her mother, half hidden by her shawl. The red-faced little woman hesitated a moment and then knelt down in front of her. Lifting the small sleepy face, she stared well at it, and said to the mother, "Pretty little kid, ain't she?" The child opened her big, drowsy eyes and smiled at her, whereat the little woman promptly sat down beside her, took her into her lap, and fed her with peanuts and sweets until her stock was exhausted and the baby had gone fast asleep; then, gently putting her into the mother's arms, she tiptoed out. The singing went on with unabated ardor until about half-past ten. Then a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman, the matron, ushered in ten or twelve girls and women, ranging in age from fifteen to forty years. They were neatly attired in simple gowns, and each

wore the Mission badge. These were the brands plucked from the burning—the "Florence girls." They quietly took their usual seats across the aisle from the other women, and joined with much earnestness in the service.

What stories to be read in these fleshly tablets! Here a *clean soul* gazing out from the windows of a poor wrecked house that looked as if it could not stand much longer; there a pretty face, with a weak little mouth and stupid round eyes—that girl could never sin, nor be virtuous, other than half-negatively. Next to her a woman, with pale-brown hair parted Madonnawise above a serene brow and quiet gray eyes. One wondered that such a woman should be there until one looked at her mouth and her hands. The sensuousness in the soft dimpled hand became unmistakable sensuality in the loose, thick, wetly-red lips. There were all types there, from the slender girl with the rose of consumption flushing her thin face, with its great eyes mirroring a soul stretched on the rack of self-condemnation, down through varying degrees of commonplace, to the face of one woman who made one wonder if simply standing upright and possessing the gift of speech makes one a human being. That woman's face was so utterly animal—no, not *utterly* animal, or it would not have been hideous—a dog's face is beautiful for a dog—but her face had just enough of the human in it to show that the beast ought not to have been there. The mingling of the two was fearful. Studying her face and form, one could say that there were only two ways in which she could be influenced—one through her appetites; the other, through fear—a bribe or a threat, both distinctly animal.

Presently a gentleman read part of a chapter from the New Testament, and then made a short prayer. Directly it was finished, a big, good-looking fellow in the back of the room arose, and in broken English told us that he had been exiled from his native home—Switzerland—because he was such a drunkard and thief that the country could not hold him longer. His friends, only too glad to get rid of him, had made up a purse and sent him to the States, praying—so he thought likely—that he might fall overboard on the voyage. He had wandered into the Mission one evening because he liked

music, and had heard the singing, and the world was different when he walked out into it that night, and all life had been different since.

His English was a little peculiar, and he looked rather badly frightened at speaking in public, but there was no mistaking his earnestness. During the hymn that followed, there entered a well-dressed girl whose deathly white face, in spite of the rouge on the cheeks, showed her to be a confirmed arsenic-eater. She looked decidedly cross, and when one of the Florence girls, opening a book at the song they were singing, handed it to her, she took it with a jerk and threw it on the seat beside her. She had the grace to bow her head the least fraction of an inch during the prayers, and presently she slyly took up the book and stared at the hymn they were singing. After a time, being struck with the clear, strong notes of a new voice, we found that the pale-faced girl was singing with might and main, and did not look so cross.

One woman after another straggled in at intervals (the service lasts until day-break if need be) until there were about a dozen present. Most of them ragged, some had been drinking, and all were commonplace to a degree, except one girl of about two and-twenty.

She walked in defiantly—head well up, red lips tightly closed, big black eyes ready to stare down any one who should dare to look pityingly at her. A supple, slender creature, full of fire and passion from her handsome face to the tips of her long, taper, brown fingers. An evil-looking, middle-aged woman, rather well dressed, who sat demurely turning the leaves of a hymn-book, looked up with glistening eyes when this girl entered. From behind her book she watched her stealthily. After a time she changed her seat for one nearer the girl, and in a few minutes more, quietly, very quietly, came still closer. Just as she was about to move into the row of chairs in front of the newcomer, she happened to drop her hymn-book. One of the Florence girls picked it up and was handing it to her, when raising her eyes she looked into the woman's face. The words of the song died upon her lips. Catching her breath and wildly crying "You devil!" she struck madly at the woman's wicked face. The matron was at her side in an instant, and

the harpy hurriedly left the room, cheated of her prey for once.

It seems almost beyond belief, but it is true that these women wait about the doors of the Mission, eager to drag back any unhappy girl who has even for a moment turned wistful eye toward a different life. Occasionally one of them, under the guise of extreme piety, is bold enough to venture inside, but this is very rare, as the matron makes it her business to become acquainted with their faces, and to watch them.

It makes one wonder what chance there is for these wretched girls, even if they wish, to reform. On the one hand, hard, dull, physical labor (most of them become servants), an unalterable, unforgettable past of shame, and half-unconscious coldness and suspicion from most of the very people who try to help them after they leave the Mission. On the other hand, a hearty welcome, a life of ease and excitement, at least for a time, and after that? Well—every one must die one day, and the river is as good a way as another. Heaven to be earned by restraint, self-sacrifice, prayers, and tears; or—Heaven to be found in twopennyworths of rum, or a pipe of opium. Which looks easier?

So long as to society in general "virtue" in a woman means chastity, which is only *one* of the virtues after all, and "honor" in a man means only that he shall not cheat at cards, there will be souls pushed to the wall of circumstance, and society will one day be called upon to answer as to why it gave false moral weights and standards.

After one or two of the lady workers had made short speeches or prayers, a man in the back of the room arose. He was decidedly ragged, but his face was as clean as energy and soap could make it, and his thick hair was brushed to an astonishing degree of shininess. "My frens," he began, "I ain't no orator, an' I guess my grammar's queer, but I reckon the Lord's excused that, for He's told me to git right up an' fire away at what I've got ter say—so here goes. I ain't much of a lamb, I ain't; I don't know as ye could even call me a respectable kind of a black sheep. There probably ain't a man in York State that hates ter work as bad as I do. I've always just loafed round an' pretty nigh starved, an' I've put all of the blame onto the Lord, jest as nateral as

life. When I got a dollar I used to spend it on a spree, and then howl at the Lord 'cause there warn't nothing to eat when I got hungry. But that's all changed now. Our brothers an' sisters here hev been tellin' us how we kin lay up treasures in heavin, and how we kin all be millionaires there ef we sets our minds to it—but I want ter say thet yer kin lay up treasures right *yer* ef yer wants ter. The Lord's the best savin's-bank ye'll strike anywheres, an' ye kin bet yer life on that. He won't go back on ye ef ye puts yer trust on Him—He ain't that kind. My frens, the Lord'll put a dollar in yer pocket every time, an' don't ye forgit it. I've worked fer the Lord, an' I've worked fer Old Nick, as I knows what I'm a-talkin' about."

The man who "wasn't no orator" sat down and a drunken woman who had been slumbering with her head on her knees woke up, and rising, steadied herself against the wall, looked about the room with a benevolent smile and remarked :

"Brethering and Sistering,—The Lord don't put no dollars in *my* pocket—I puts 'em there myself—and don't ye forgit it," then slid down the wall again and continued her nap.

During all the proceedings of the meeting the girl who attracted the attention of the evil-faced woman had sat quite by herself—defiant, erect, scornful, still as a statue. Some one offered her a hymn-book. She declined it with a sneer on her mouth but with an inclination of the head which held a suggestion of gentle breeding. Nothing escaped her scornful eyes. She watched every one and everything, particularly the lady-workers present, with a half smile on her dark face.

Twelve o'clock sounded. People came and went. A few who had entered early still stopped on. Half-past twelve—one o'clock. Most of the workingmen had gone home to bed. Their places were soon filled by poor ragged wretches who had no homes to go to and who were glad of shelter in a warm room for a time. Two of the lady-workers and one of the gentlemen left. The other, who seemed an earnest man, conscientious without doubt, but given overmuch to talking of "Our Brothers and Sisters" in what had unconsciously grown to be a mechanically

pious tone, led the hymns, urged the people to repent and turn from evil, held out the promises of the Gospel, and prayed for words of wisdom through which to reach them. The dark girl still sat and watched the proceedings with that scornful smile and the hard eyes.

It grew very late. The matron had not spoken before, but presently she knelt by her chair and said in a soft voice : "Let us pray together." The "Florence girls" and the leader knelt. Some of the women in a shamefaced way crouched down by their chairs, and all in the room save one bowed their heads.

There was a long, long silence, broken only by the loud ticking of the clock and the whispered words which some unhappy soul was struggling to form into a prayer. Then the matron, in a quiet voice which seemed to gather those poor girls into her very arms, told the Lord that she was grateful that some that night had found out that there was love in the world.

"When they learn that *we* can love each other dearly and tenderly, I can rest content that that knowledge is only a step toward knowing a greater and more perfect love still," said she. Then there was another long pause, during which the fancy came to me that I could see the matron's quiet words slowly filtering down through her hearers' hearts as the sweet summer rain creeps around the stones and through the dust of a parched and sterile field, seeking for some little seed that *may* be there.

Tick, tick, went the loud-voiced clock. Somewhere to the rear of the building a lonesome dog gave a long dismal howl. Presently the matron's soft voice was heard again :

"O Father, help the dear girls." Another pause, and then as if thinking aloud, she said again, "The dear girls."

Some one caught her breath sharply, clinched her hands together, and crying fiercely, "Strike me dead, strike me dead!" the dark girl convulsively thrust her arms out across the chair in front of her, and dropped her head heavily upon them.

The drunken woman who had made the speech some hours before, arose unsteadily, patted the girl's rich hair with a puffy hand, and staggered out of the room.

My companion and I followed. Something was struggling in my breast that

must have strangled me had I not got out of that room. Something that made me cry under my breath :

“Thank God ! oh, thank God ! for my home and its loving shelter.”—*Westminster Review*.

PERSONAL POSSESSIONS.

THE love of possessing is so obviously one of the strongest characteristics of human nature, and offers so wide a field for thought, that perhaps it would be worth while to consider it in some of its aspects. If we want to be satisfied that it is an inborn instinct, part of the raw material of humanity, that index of human nature—a child—will supply us with sufficient proof ; for “ May I have it for my very own ? ” is one of the most frequent and eager questions that rise to his lips. “ I wish I had a paint-box of my own,” we heard a little boy say the other day. “ You may have mine whenever you like, so it is the same thing,” replied his sister. “ No, it is not the same thing,” he answered, sure that his assertion was true, though he could not have explained why. It is true that the desire to possess is much stronger in some natures than in others, amounting almost to a passion in certain cases, and like all passions, being largely mixed with pain. To walk through a shop full of beautiful things which they long to possess but cannot buy, is a real trial to some people. They almost groan aloud at the sight of them. The appetite to have and to hold is as insatiable as that of poor Oliver “ asking for more.” But indeed, poor hungry Oliver would be nowhere in comparison, and a cormorant or a boa-constrictor would be more evenly-matched rivals. And a healthy cormorant and boa-constrictor would have better excuse for their voracity, for their digestions are all-powerful, whereas these greedy possessors swallow up more than they can ever digest or assimilate. Their drawers and their shelves overflow, not merely with treasures, but with odds-and-ends of rubbish, like the contents of a schoolboy’s pocket, which they cannot quite bring themselves to part with. They may “ come in ” some day, is their excuse for keeping them ; though many of them had better go out at once to their ultimate proprietor, the dust contractor. Alas ! for the unfortunate relations and survivors of these acquisitive folk, who will some day

have to look through and dispose of the encumbrances. The task will not endear the memory of the departed.

If we try to analyze the love of possession we shall find that it is dependent for its strength and its quality on the characteristics both of the possessor and of the thing possessed. These form links between the two ; and the more there are of them, and the higher they are in their nature, the stronger is the sense of personal relation on the part of the owner toward his possession, and the greater his attachment to it. If it were possible to consider these characteristics in all their varieties and combinations, the subject would be an endless one. We can but mention some of them, taking a general view on each side. We will begin with the character of the possessor. There are certain traits in men and women, some blameworthy, others worthy of respect and sympathy, which largely increase the pleasures of ownership. Those who have a large share of egotism in their nature, feel particular attachment to their goods, which they somehow identify with the *ego* of their devotion. The mere fact that they are theirs, sheds a halo over them. Those of conservative disposition—to use the word in a non-political connection—are attached to their possessions because they are accustomed to them, and would dislike the change which a loss of them would occasion. People of tenacious affections, combined with the temperament that clings to outward and visible associations with the past, love them because of those associations. They are more or less sacred relics to them, helps to the memory and imagination, a little bit of the past in concrete form. But now let us turn from the possessors to the possessions. These are valuable to us, both from their inherent qualities, and from those associations which, originally springing up in our own minds, cluster round them so closely that to us they gradually become part of the things themselves. We will glance rapidly at some-

of the inherent qualities. To begin with, if not the lowest, perhaps the most mundane, the market-value of an article. This naturally gives a possession a certain worth in the eyes of its owner, both in itself and as representing the possibility of many sources of pleasure, if he chose to realize it in pounds, shillings, and pence. Such a feeling would probably be a real though latent element in a lady's satisfaction in her diamond necklace. In some people it is more than latent; it is so active and exuberant that it bubbles up and effervesces and overflows, and they cannot be quite happy, as they show you their horses and their chariots, their pictures and their cabinets, till they have told you how much they gave for them. Utility is another cause of appreciation, especially when combined with a long spell of service, and we feel a real affection to the old pocket-knife or re-covered umbrella that have been the useful companions of past years. Beauty is in some ways a higher link of attachment; and though we may become too accustomed to the sight of many of our pretty possessions for them to be a conscious joy to us forever, yet they insensibly brighten life. The sum-total of pleasure received from breakfasts presented to us in pretty china, would mount much higher than if they had been served up in ugly earthenware. The other pleasures we referred to, those of association, lift many of our possessions into a higher rank; if, for instance, they were earned by our own exertions, or were used by our ancestors before us, or if they are bound up with our earliest recollections, or if they were given us by a valued friend, or if they came from some place of historic interest,—they are the more precious to us. But there is another quality in property which raises it still higher, bringing a wider and purer joy than any we have considered; this quality we will call fruitfulness. A large proportion of our possessions may be said to begin and end with themselves. Allowing liberally for the qualities and the associations which we have spoken of, a chair is but a chair, and a table a table, after all. And our eyes become so accustomed to the sight of many of our possessions, that we are hardly aware of them. We see, without seeing them. This is, at any rate, true of the very rich, who possess more than they can ever make use of. A large proportion of those prop-

erties which are displayed before their eyes, they hardly notice; and they would only be reminded of them by their absence. Those which are out of sight are out of mind, and make as little difference to their happiness as a store of plate kept for security at the banker's. If half of them were to be destroyed by fire, though the news would cause regret at the time, the pleasure of their lives would be little affected. Against this view may be quoted the case of the rich young man in the Gospel, to whom the thought of parting with his possessions was so painful. But, paradoxical as it may sound, we believe that in his case, as in many others, the pleasure of possession was far less than the pang of surrender. Certainly Solomon, like his modern prototypes, found to his own bitter disappointment how little a man's life, in any true sense, consisted in the abundance of the things which he possessed. So let us advance a stage further, and consider the kind of possessions which are fruitful, in the sense of going beyond themselves, giving us the entry into new regions of thought, beauty, and wonder. They may possess the characteristics already mentioned,—money-value, utility, beauty; they may be so invested with interesting associations that to us these become a part of them; but over and above all this, they enter into higher relations with us still, linking themselves to us through some of the noblest faculties of our being. As an example of this class, let us take a beautiful picture. It is not merely that the object represented is beautiful in itself, which may be the case in a lower degree with a graceful vase, or well-designed coffee-pot; but the picture has power to lift the owner into an atmosphere of beauty beyond itself, and as long as it lasts, it will have this expansive capacity. And we will go further, and say that a man who merely owns a picture without the power of receiving all that it conveys, regarding it merely as representing so much money-value, is even less its true possessor than the man who has no rights over it, and yet enters into all that it suggests. Books are another instance; not the often unread store of the mere book-collector, but those which are the companions of their owners, carrying them into fresh worlds of interest and delight. A musical instrument, such as a Stradivarius violin,

yields a similar service to the owner who is so happy as to understand its language. Of this kind, too, are the instruments of the scientific—the microscope of the botanist or entomologist, the telescope of the astronomer. They are not merely admirable in themselves, beautiful in construction, delicate and elaborate in workmanship, but they open to their owners fresh worlds of beauty and wonder.

Can we go further? Is there a higher order of possessions still? We hold that there is. But because they are of an abstract and immaterial character, we shall probably be accused of being impractical, transcendental, sentimental. Yet as we think there is reason to consider them, notwithstanding, actual and real possessions, we hope to be able to refute the charge. Of what does this class consist? It consists of a varied list of experiences—thoughts, words, scenes, incidents, pleasures—which, having been ours at a particular moment of life, are really ours forever. Being lodged in the memory they are the possessions of the memory, to be drawn out and enjoyed at will, as we might draw out the contents of our pockets. We cannot put our hand on them, as on the picture, the book, or the microscope; but they are none the less real. Let us think of a few examples. We saw a view once, under such rare and beautiful conditions of light, shade, and atmosphere, that it impressed itself on the memory as a permanent picture, as clear and definite to our minds as the picture on the wall opposite. Others may have seen it and realized it also; but each spectator will have his own distinct mental image. Lord Houghton—no mere sentimental dreamer, but a practical man of the world—strongly maintains this view. Let the beauty, he says,—

"Become a portion of your being;
Close your glad gaze but see it none the less,
Not clearer with your eye than spirit seeing;

* * * * *

So in far sorrows it shall ease your pain,
In distant struggles it shall calm your strife."

Of a similar class, though different character, are those treasures of mirth, amusing situations, humorous turns of thought, which form part of the pleasant storage of our minds. Some of them seem the more completely our peculiar possession, because they are in no one's mind but our own, a

nice little secret that we have shared with none. Or perhaps the amusing incident happened to ourselves, or we alone witnessed it, so that we feel we have the copyright of it. Let us take another example—some kindness that we have received, some kindness that we have conferred. They are safe in our minds; as actual, definite, and positive there, as the hat or the coat on the stand in our hall. But we are understating the case. They are more inalienably ours than those useful articles, which wear out, and are liable to be lost or stolen at any moment. But these are our permanent possessions as long as memory remains unclouded; and in that case they would only be temporarily concealed and not abstracted. Oliver Wendell Holmes has an interesting passage in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," bearing on this subject. He is insisting that it is by particular individual experiences—the property of the mind—that we know ourselves. "I alone, as I think, of all mankind, remember one particular pailful of water, flavored with the white pine of which the pail was made, and a certain brown mug," of which he tells a story. "Thirst belongs to humanity everywhere, in all ages, but that white-pine pail and that brown mug belong to me in particular, and just so of my special relationships with other things and with my race." Dr. Holmes's instances of such mental possessions may be simple and homely, but they are as real as others of a more exalted kind. They differ in quality, and there are many of a baleful sort which we should be better without; but we should not reckon such among our treasures. We have given a few examples; the thoughtful mind will supply others, such as the faculties of the mind, which are of more value than the contents, because, like the scientific instruments of the natural philosopher, they are fruitful in their character, enabling us to enter into new fields of thought and interest. And this last great class of possessions, though abstract in nature, prove their reality by their positive influence, not only on our thoughts, but on our words and actions. And those who refuse to give them their value are the really impractical people.

The close of the beautiful sonnet from which we have quoted is an indication of the poet's opinion, that possessions of this

kind are not among the things of which we shall carry nothing away with us when we die :—

“ And in your further and serener life,
Who says that it shall be remembered not ?”

—*Spectator.*

HOPS AND HOP-PICKERS.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

ABOUT the beginning of September the hops take on with more or less intensity that bright golden hue which makes the hop-grower fix the day for the beginning of the picking and prepare his barns and cattle-sheds for the reception of his somewhat peculiar guests, the pickers. An uncommonly anxious time is at hand for the farmer. For three weeks or so he must be here, there, and everywhere, and answer questions as promptly as a mere piece of modern mysterious mechanism. From six o'clock or thereabouts until sunset the hands will be in the fields, in most undoubted need of exceedingly close control. All day and all night the kilns are in operation, drying the fragrant hop-cones. The heat of the kilns must be regulated with extreme delicacy. A little neglect or heedlessness on the part of the men in charge will render hundreds of bushels of hops worthless in a few minutes. The farmer may have very careful subordinates for the kiln-work ; but, since his income depends almost wholly upon the result of this work, he will not be likely to leave them to their own devices. Added to these and the ordinary calls of the farmer's life is the responsibility of the hundreds of pickers, stowed for the night about his premises. In all probability the premises are of very inflammable materials. Pipes are strictly forbidden in the dormitories ; but you cannot put the pickers upon their honor and feel satisfied that all will be well. Not a bit of it. They would smoke though there were gunpowder in the sheds—if they thought they could do it without being caught. It is significant that many large fires in Worcestershire and Herefordshire have originated during the hopping. The farmer remembers this, and is never free from anxiety until the last bushel of green and golden cones has been thrown into the kiln, and he can pay the pickers and have done with them until a new partridge season begins.

For eleven months in the year life at a hop-farm is dull. The excitement of the hopping is therefore keen. Until the harvest is ready the farmer is concerned mainly with the protection of his plants from blight and mould. If he is a scientific farmer he is dissatisfied with the old-fashioned method of merely setting a stick in the ground, binding the stem of the hop to the stick, and leaving the rest to chance. High winds are a bar to the hop's progress. This obstacle is nowadays often combated with long screens of matting. The hop repays such care with evident gratitude. Further, the modern hop-grower prefers to dispense with the hop-poles ; he trusts to yarn. From timber supports at the side of the garden, ladders of wire and wood (the spokes being of wood) run horizontally, at a height of about twelve feet, the entire length of each row of plants. To these ladders the hops are attached by the fibre. Few sights are prettier than such a hop-garden. The plants climb to the ladders, and then cross and meet each other, with masses of pendent cones. You may thus look down the long avenues and see nothing above you but the green vine-like leaves and the golden hops.

The negligent farmer takes little precaution against mould or blight. During the picking you often hear old hands among the vines growling about the various contrivances against disease in the hops, and declaring that twenty or thirty years ago, when all growers were like the less enterprising farmers of to-day, the hops were as good as, or better than, the best now produced. The practical men can afford to laugh at these ancients and their talk. They know that their brand has a reputation in public market which justifies them in their course of conduct, and so they continue to drench their plants and watch over them to the very last. The wheel-ruts between the rows, which indicate the passage of the washing machine with its

lateral sprays, indicate also the fields of the careful as opposed to the careless farmer.

Mould is the worst of the hops' enemies. Often this gets such a grip on the hopyard that picking is a waste of time and money.

There are also in the midlands three or four little grubs, which do not, however, seem to be very predaceous. They go by the name of Hop Dog, Black Jack, Silver Streak, and so on. Silver Streak is the least unwelcome. The experienced hopper of Worcestershire, if he (or, more often, she) has the grower's interests at heart, rather likes to discover the Silver Streak worm among the pungent petals of the hop-cone. It is fancied that the hops on that particular picking will fetch as many pounds per pocket as there are silver lines on the grub. Apart from this forecasting property, the Silver Streak is really a pretty little creature.

Now, assuming that the hops have come through their adolescence, and show undoubted signs of maturity, what is the farmer's course of procedure to secure the pickers? Obviously, he is quite as much dependent upon them for their help, as they are dependent upon him for the few shillings a week they can earn.

Well, as a rule it may be taken for granted that the hop-grower has had land under hops for many years. He has therefore established a connection and a reputation among such of the townspeople as regularly migrate into the country during the picking season. The Worcestershire farmer of whom I think while I write this article has the record of his hopyard for more than two hundred years. It may well happen, therefore, that in his case the great grandparents of certain of the poor who pick in his fields to-day worked for his great grandfather a century ago.

Most of the pickers seem to be like the swallows: they return, if possible, to their old haunts year after year.

Generally, however, the farmer writes to an agent in one or two of the neighboring towns, and through this agent procures the hands he requires. The agent is probably a woman and a picker herself. Her specialty lies in her administrative power and in her extensive acquaintance with the poor and needy who are willing, if they can, to earn an honest pound or

two. To this woman the farmer transmits a lump sum for the payment of the railway fares of the fifty or a hundred or two hundred pickers. She then gathers her brood at the station on a prescribed morning and carries them to their destination.

Just as the growers of the home countries rely upon Whitechapel and Bermondsey for help in the picking, Worcestershire and Herefordshire draw their hands mainly from Birmingham, Dudley, the chain and nail district, Kidderminster and Stourbridge. The supply of picker, is far from being always in excess of the demand. The emigrants from the towns (they have the look of emigrants of the lowest kind, poor creatures) are therefore supplemented by tramps, gypsies, and any other outsiders who may offer their services. The hop-grower makes no inquisition into the character and morals of his hands. It is not his affair, so long as they behave themselves decently while on his property.

It is the family parties among the pickers that are the most interesting. You see them complete: father, mother, girls and boys between ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age, little children and the inevitable baby in arms. This last little mortal is a terror to the person unused to humanity in the earliest stage. Its squalls are resonant and shrill, and the ill-judged slaps with which its harassed mother rewards it do but add to the noise. The pickers stand about with bags and baggage of cooking-pot, frying-pan, etc., and have a woeful gift of getting in the way of the porters, who do not show them much consideration. Now and again an anxious mother shrieks for Mary Jane, or Billy, so that she may be heard a hundred miles away; and it may happen that a sudden disagreement between two persons (no matter how trivial its origin) results forthwith in a battle royal on the platform. The ordinary railway travellers leave them to themselves or stroll up to gaze at them as if they were merely animated curiosities. For the most part the pickers are carried in special carriages and at about five-eighths of the ordinary fares.

With these denizens of the slums, temporarily self-exiled, may be seen not a few others of a better station. Depression in trade is of course responsible for their presence here. It is sad to find men, still

in the prime of life, who have been wont to earn £3 to £4 a week as iron-workers, forced to compete with the women as hop-pickers for 9s. or 10s. a week. Here, again, are a couple of carpet-makers. The factory at which they were employed came to grief a month ago. They state, with an oath, that there doesn't seem to be room for them anywhere, and so they are going to try the picking. Even work at three halfpence an hour is better than no work. The genus rogue and vagabond also must be acknowledged. Its representatives are young men with the physiognomies of criminals, who lounge among the young women of the troop with their hands in their pockets, their pipes in their mouths, and abundant blasphemies on their tongues. Lastly, mention may be made of certain isolated integers who have shipwrecked on beer and kindred temptations. They wear their threadbare and shiny coats with a certain shamefacedness, and they are indisposed to be intimate with their fellow-workers. As like as not, if you exchange a word with them, they say something about being in ill-health and advice they have received as to the salutary physical results of a week or two in the hop-gardens.

It may be assumed that the farmer, unless he be devoid of all humanity, does what he can to make the hop-picking time as little arduous for his "hands" as possible. Carts and wagons meet the trains and convey the workers to the hopyard. Here the women first of all settle their quarters in the various barns and stables apportioned to them. Then, without delay, all get to work among the bines.

It is work of the most simple kind. A hundred or two "cribs," or cradles of wooden frames with sacking slung concavely, are disposed about the yard to be picked. Each crib is numbered. The hands generally work in partnership and divide the earnings of their crib. A family of five or six may have a crib to themselves, little children just able to get their heads and hands over the side of the crib being made to work by their parents. Only the babies are excused. These lie about in the yard, bedded on the stripped bines, alternately sleeping and crying. Toward evening the weariness is apt to be universal—from the master (the "boss" or "gaffer"), and his friends the bushellers, down to the youngest of the children.

Even in fine weather, therefore, hop-picking for a living is not quite the picturesque child's-play it is often thought to be. A succession of rainy days makes the "hands" extremely miserable, and results in inflammation of the lungs and other diseases. Occasionally there is a death during the picking. It is not remarkable that this should be so when we consider the privations to which many of the workers have been subjected before their journey, and their weakly condition.

The working day in the hopyard begins with full daylight. By six o'clock the barns let loose their inmates, and a procession of the pickers wends its way through the meadows and orchards toward the field of labor. There is plenty of water for them if they like to wash; but they are quite content with their evening ablutions, and for the most part step from under the sackcloth blankets provided by the farmer, stretch themselves, yawn, grumble a little at they scarcely know what, and set off. The women encumber themselves with pots, kettles, provisions, and babies. After an hour or two of picking, fires are lit among the stripped bine-stalks, and a score of simple breakfasts are prepared.

The pay they get is not magnificent. It averages twopence a bushel of cleanly picked hops, and the person who can pick twelve bushels in the day is reckoned a skilful and practised hand. Women, as one would expect, are better at it than men. They strip a cluster of the cones in the time it takes the inexperienced man to detach three or four cones only. They talk and sing, too, all the while, in a manner that is highly irritating to certain of the men. There are all sorts and conditions in the hop garden; so that, while on the one hand you may hear girls chanting improper music-hall catches, you have only to listen with the other ear to be charmed by the hymns of Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army. The men, as I have hinted, work more silently and with a certain moroseness. It is with them that the customary strike initiates in the middle of the picking. Either the hops are too small or the pay is too little—the pretext is readily found. During the strike the farmer and his family may well be anxious; but the difficulty soon arranges itself, and the men set to again

with a few hearty oaths as a relief to their feelings.

Among the local agricultural hands in the hop-garden one often hears very forcible accounts of the ferocity of the pickers. "They'd as soon stick a knife into you as look at you," is a remark that was offered to me from several of them. Yet if they are left to themselves and their own ways, in so far as these do not affect the well-being of their neighbors and the property of the farmer, they seem sufficiently inoffensive.

It is a very stern occasion with some of them. This probably is the last spell of regular work they can hope for in the year. Upon their hop earnings they must live through the winter. Hence the almost brutal way in which they force their children to toil with them all day long. The little creatures soon tire of standing at the bin or crib. After seven or eight hours of it they are well-nigh exhausted. But if they hang their heads, whimper, and relax their efforts, the more merciless fathers and mothers (and some of them are bad specimens) curse them into renewed activity or stimulate them with blows. A family of five or six, working hard ten or twelve hours a day, may at the end of the time receive £6. Their expenses in the meantime are, of course, trivial. There is no luxury about the *al fresco* meals of the hop-picker, and he may be relied upon to make the most of any provisions which the farmer distributes among the troop.

The animation of the scene in the hop-yard is increased by the brisk going and coming of the wagons. As fast as the cribs are filled the bushellers or measurers empty them, recording the number of bushels to the credit of the various cribs, all of which are numbered. The pickers do not spare the bushellers who press the hops tightly into the measure, or are very particular about the number of leaves left among the cones. But the farmer's interests have to be considered, and so the measurers are apt to be more scrupulous than the pickers. As fast as they are measured the hops are sacked and hoisted on to the wagons. The wagons convey them straight to the kilns. There they are disposed without loss of time, and subjected to a drying of about twelve hours. After the drying comes the packing, which, formerly done by human feet,

is now done by machinery. The hop, therefore, arrives at the pocket in a very short space of time. It is recorded how the first pocket of a season was picked, dried and packed, sent from Kent to London, sold by auction, pressed anew, encased, banded with iron, and despatched a second time, all in the day. Expedition is highly necessary in all the processes of preparing hops for the market. The aroma of the hops is of so fugitive a kind that what is first-class to-day may be reckoned third-class or fourth-class the day after to-morrow.

The perfume of the hopfield is one of its pleasantest characteristics. It is a bitter-sweet like nothing else. I heard an old woman picker remark, as she sniffed it eagerly, "I feels better soon as ever I has it in my nose." This dame swore by it as a remedy for rheumatism. It is also popularly supposed to be a purifier of the blood. I believe it is a fact that at no time has the cholera got a footing in the hop districts of England. As a soporific the scent is admittedly valuable. Few vocations entail such sound sleep at the end of the day as hop-picking; nor can this be attributed solely to the mere physical fatigue of standing twelve hours in the open air. The old-fashioned notion of baffling insomnia with a pillow stuffed with hops is not to be despised.

This hop aroma proceeds from the yellow seeds or pollen at the base of the interior of the cone, and the roots of the petals themselves. Herein lies the virtue of the hop. The more oily and adhesive the kernel of the cone the better the condition of the plant. An experienced picker said to me the other day, as she showed her black gummy fingers, "I likes to feel them stick together."

A proof of the ripeness of the hop may be had in the lively rustle of its petals as you crush it gently between finger and thumb. It ought to be almost as crisp as a bank-note. On the other hand, a flaccid cone is not appreciated, though the drying in the kilns, of course, soon changes its character.

The white cowls of the kilns are as picturesque a property of the hop-farm as the hop-gardens themselves. Seen nestling in the pretty, dimpled, green hollows of the hop counties, they seem, at first, nothing but an eccentric sort of chimney. In effect, however, these rotary

cowls are very necessary for the preparation of the hops. When the cones have been emptied into the upper chamber of the kiln and spread over the floor to a uniform depth of about a foot, the heat from the furnace below soon sets a racy sort of vapor ascending from the hops. This finds its vent from the cowls. As the hops are brought hither to be dried, in the event of rain an ordinary chimney would not protect them from a certain amount of moisture from above. Hence the cowl, which always has its back to the wind. The shutters with which some kilns are furnished answer the same purpose: the leeward side only is opened as a vent for the smoke. Like the natural aroma of the hop, the vapor emitted by the heat is of a sleep inducing kind. It is conceivable that the man who endured it for long would not wake again in this life.

The heat of this furnace-room below the kiln is kept at from 90° to 110°. Three or four fires are kindled in large braziers; and to each brazier a tin of sulphur is affixed. The fumes from the sulphur make the atmosphere insufferable to the novice. In wet weather, however, the hop-pickers are only too much pleased to be allowed to dry themselves more or less in the kilns, though they come out spluttering for breath every half-minute or so.

Wet weather is distinctly a curse to the picker. In the first place, it makes the soil of the hopfield (a loamy clay) so tenacious and boggy that a child may almost get held fast in it. The wretchedness of standing for twelve hours in the rain without protection is sufficiently evident. At such times the babies and very small children must be left in the barns with some one to take care of them, and their plaintive howls add to the prevalent discomfort. Nor does the end of the day's work bring much physical relief to the pickers: they have to cook their supper in the open, go to bed in their sodden clothes, and take their chance of the consequences.

There have been movements in certain quarters to improve the condition of the hop-hands. Annually, the provincial Press has a fit of interest in the poor people. Why, it is asked, cannot the farmers be compelled to erect proper accommodation for their humble nomadic servants? The counter plea of the farmer is obvious. They cannot afford to do it. They do all

they can reasonably be expected to do for their "hands," and, in some cases, a great deal more. Hop-growing is a highly speculative business. A failure of the crop one year may well ruin a man. Besides, on considering the class of people who pick the hops, it may well be urged that they are better cared for by the farmer than they would be in their own homes, if they have homes.

This is true up to a certain point. The hardship consists in the work being so unmistakably tolerable in fine weather only. Even as it is, there are farms where buildings almost of a model kind are placed at the disposal of the pickers. The sexes are separated. There are cooking places under cover and facilities for drying clothes.

For the most part, it is, however, a curious scene indeed that the stranger beholds, in the night, on the hop-farm. Imagine two or three hundred men, women, and children, camped about the foal-yard, and the other open spaces of the farm, with a dozen fires burning in their midst, upon which herrings and bacon are being cooked, and kettles boiled. Where it is possible, they use bricks, logs, and other odds and ends of the farm premises, for seats. Many of them, however, are squatted on their haunches, supporting their jaws with their palms, and gazing on the fire in a lack-lustre way. Here you may see men stripped to the waist for a wash, and there girls and women washing and combing their hair. Hard by are the orchards, with brand-new notices forbidding all theft of apples or mushrooms. It is impossible entirely to check the unruly wills and affections of such a throng of people. Apples are pilfered, and aught else that offers. Even the poultry run great risk of their necks.

Away from the glow of the fires, you come upon sequestered groups abundantly pathetic. A doddering old man is seen sitting with his back to a cowshed. With him is a middle-aged woman, his daughter. Heaven knows how she managed to bring the paralytic old fellow with her; but the woman is not slow to tell of the anxiety she feels. Here they continue to sit until bedtime, which, in their case, is rather early. Of sucking children there seem a score or two, judging by the firelight pictures.

A little later, toward eight or nine

o'clock, some of the barns are half full. The older women seem to like to sit crooning over the embers of their fire. Besides, there is rumor of free distribution of cider by and by. The younger men await the cider with some impatience. They accost the "gaffer" on the subject with scant show of politeness, and grumble loudly if their requests are vain. However, they soon find solace again in their pipes, and in ribald tales and songs, delivered in effective chiaroscuro.

This is an important time for the farmer. He will not think of going to bed until he has seen his hands nested, and taken every possible precaution against fire. At eleven, or half-past eleven, the lingerers have to be urged into their quarters. Like as not, they demur. They didn't come, they say, to be ordered about; and, further, they aren't used to retiring until they please. The women are the worst offenders in this matter. The farmer, however, knows his subjects. They

are, he tells them, quite at liberty to draw their earnings and be off in the morning; but until then, since they use his barns for a dormitory, they must submit to his wishes in a measure.

Binnacle lamps are slung in the barns, one to each room, and left burning all night. So reckless are the pickers, they will set an open lamp against a dry beam of wood, sew and talk by it, and go to sleep with it still there, a menace. It is to make sure that this sort of thing is not being done that the farmer patrols his premises until a late hour.

There is something uncanny about the appearance of the interior of the barns when the hands are all asleep. They usually lie on their backs. Of course, they do not unclothe. The pallid light on their faces, haggard and worn as so many of them are, gives them a death-like look. You could readily fancy they were so many corpses.—*National Review*.

IRELAND: THE REBEL SOUTH.

It may seem an invidious distinction to describe any one part of Ireland as rebellious; but though the country generally lie under the imputation, time and use have given the title to the South, and it must be confessed not entirely without cause. While the North conceals its rowdyism beneath the cloak of loyal professions, and disturbances in the West wake but little interest as the affairs of an unknown country, the South is claimant in its lawlessness; and its natural turbulence loses nothing from its being, in a superficial way, the best known of the four provinces. It is essentially the Ireland of the English imagination: the country of the bog and the brake and the mireland; of mud-cabins, pigs, and donkeys; of tawdry towns, and dirty roads, and importunate beggars; the country of the frieze-clad, knee-breeched devil-may-care, whose heart's desire is for some one to tread on the tail of his coat; the country of superstition and bigotry, of outrage, murder and secret societies—in a word, the Ireland of the Irish. Fanciful, and compounded oddly enough from rollicking novels and newspaper reports. Like and

unlike, with the likeness of clever caricature and the unlikeness of wilful distortion. A view, too, so current on this side of the Channel that it is almost hopeless to attempt to correct it. All the more so, that unfortunately many of its elements are true, and at the same time most obvious to the casual visitor. The southward journey takes him for miles through dreary bog; the trains are slow, always prepared to stop, and when stopped having no definite notion of starting again. The smaller towns are generally miserable-looking collections of unsized houses, and apparently populated by corner-boys and beggars. The people are careless in their dress, and the very landscape has a slipshod appearance. Chapels and priests are everywhere prominent. So, because he has seen it "with his own eyes," the casual Saxon is apt to draw a highly colored picture of southern indolence and incapacity, whereto the newspapers supply the darker shades; and thus the preconceived idea is strengthened and perpetuated. But let the visitor diverge a little from the highway, and, relinquishing for a time the character of inquiring stranger, drop into the ways of the people and allow the quieter elements

of the picture to assert themselves, and he will find the *ensemble* is not quite the same. In Irish phrase, the dog's nose may not be so twisted as was said, after all.

Uncertain knowledge prevails with regard to everything Irish, toward the country itself as well as the people and their history. How many even of the professed admirers of Irish scenery are acquainted with the inland and more central counties, with the Golden Vale, that broad belt of fertile land running across Munster which wins the stranger with its peculiarly Irish grace? The Lee, Killarney, and the Blackwater charm because they are repetitions, with a brogue, of familiar scenes. The Golden Vale has no flaunting beauties, and may seem on first acquaintance somewhat dull and monotonous, but knowledge begets affection, and it lingers in the memory with a pleasantness not always given by more imposing landscapes. Flat it certainly is. The view from the bordering mountain-side shows it a great expanse of almost level plain, the few hills there are rising abruptly from it and to but little height, yet the little towns gleaming here and there from clumps of boskage, or straggling on high-arched bridges across a river or the placid stretching waters of some deserted canal, the mansions and farmhouses nestling in the hollows, the whitewashed chapel walls brightening the low hillsides, and the luxuriant hedges to every field and road, make up a landscape neither tame nor unimpressive. The level, too, has its charm for those with no craving for prospects. The roads, edged mostly by earthen ditches and with broad grassy margins, wind beneath great arching trees or through lush meadows, the hedges in summer snowed with blossom, in autumn flaming with masses of brilliantly red haws. Everywhere tiny rivers slide swiftly through long dark green flags and grasses. The air is rich and soul-satisfying, and the sky even when clouded has a lift in it which gives a fine sense of far-reaching environage.

In Ireland the contrast between *rus* and *urbs* is sharp—all the more, perhaps, because of things urban wearing a rustic air. The cities of the South are merely larger provincial towns; gaining what importance they have as centres of agricultural export and exchange, they lack the self-containedness arising from independent trade and

manufacture. The provincial towns—market towns—are, some, neat and prosperous; others, slatternly and decaying, stimulated by military garrisons, or moribund from the withdrawal of fairs. The smaller towns and villages, though often prettily situated, are, it must be admitted, depressing—one long ill-paved or unpaved street, with the chapel at one end, the church, if there be one, at the other, and the constabulary barracks midway between. Church and chapel may both be wanting, but the smallest hamlet can always boast of the barracks.

Dull trade is the cry of the shopkeepers in the smaller towns. The townspeople send to the cities for most articles they require, and the country folk who flock in on market days are the only supporters of local enterprise. Tradesmen dealing in things of the nature of luxuries are the worst off, for there is not the class to be found on this side of the Channel of retired commercial and professional men with leanings toward the material surroundings of the aristocracy to support the carriage-builder, the cabinet-maker, and other purveyors of the ornamental appendages of life. Outside the large towns there is practically no trade, and from this arises one of Ireland's most substantial grievances, and the explanation of the many corner-boys and loafers hanging about the streets of every country town—namely, the difficulty of finding occupation for such of the rising generation whose ambitions tend in other directions than toward the various agricultural and connected callings. The country youth has little chance against the many eager applicants on the spot to obtain the few vacancies in the city offices and warehouses; and so he grows up, hanging on in the hope of finding somehow an opening in the distant centres of Cork, or Waterford, or Dublin, till at length he turns in despair to what is next his hand, and adds one more to the long list of the incompetent. If he has spirit and independence, he may enlist or emigrate, courses taken yearly by thousands, hard as it is to the Irishman to break the ties to home and country, which are genuine and not sentimental, unreal as his expression of their strength may seem to the colder Englishman or Scot. Many a young man has been forced by circumstances into the army to his utter ruin, though others have

found in it their making under the short-service system. Taken afield, they have kept their eyes about them, and come back smartened up to settle down as steady, industrious tradesmen; and though trade may be dull, living is cheap, and if the struggle is hard, still, with prudence, the daily bread is won and, it may be, a little over and above. The Irish, however, do not take kindly to towns. They are as awkward and misplaced behind a counter as a Scotsman in his Sunday clothes, and seem only able to lay aside a rustic slowness to acquire an irritating, factitious smartness. So alien are the people to towns that in many districts they use the word "country" in speaking of them, as "Cork is a fine business country."

The population of the South may be roughly classified as the gentry, the gentility, the tenant-farmers, the dealers and jobbers, and the laborers. The actual delicate and interminable gradings are beyond the grasp of the mere English, for with remarkable ease of intercourse between all classes the Irish are keen sticklers for the niceties of social demarcation.

The gentry are the landowners who, good or bad, are, nowadays, English in their ways. The gentility includes the minister and doctor, people with "means," their hangers-on and dependants, and all the old-maidish, meddling, inquisitive coterie whose fetish is respectability. The lawyers may be said to be of all but belonging to no class—liked by none and accused by many, Unionists as well as Nationalists, of being by no means averse to the continuance of agitation and the consequent inquiries and other proceedings. They, at any rate, never find the way to the poorhouse. The priests cannot be designated as a class; they are rather the individual representatives of a still mighty force. The remaining divisions make up the people, or the "masses," as it is now the fashion to say.

The character of the people is evasive and full of sharp contrasts. They are, to use an expression of their own, "fair and dacent," rather heavy, perhaps, and shy in intercourse with strangers, but coming out pleasantly on better acquaintance. They have still the old humor, the bright sayings, and the kindly way of looking at things on their best side, and still the old open hearted hospitality. They have a

shrewdness of character which often comes to low cunning. They are lavish and generous, hard-fisted and grudging. Money is their idol, and no society dame will sacrifice her daughter to Mammon with less scruple than Irish parents. They have remarkable purity of thought and morals, with outspoken directness of speech, and delicacy and tact under a rough demeanor. With a long memory for their foes, and a longer for their friends, they will be guilty of gross ingratitude to their benefactor, and implicitly trust their greatest enemy. With a reckless daring they can be miserable cowards. With a tender reverence for the dead, committing murders of the most revolting barbarity. Ridiculous, with a keen sense of humor. Sceptics and incredulous of all beyond the scope of their experience, yet blindly acquiescent in the lore of tradition. Rapidly receptive of the new, yet clinging with tenacity to what is old. At their best they are in the front rank of civilization, at their worst they are but the raw material of that civilization.

Ireland is a country with a long memory. The memory of far-off ancestral heroes makes the poorest peasant a gentleman, and the memory of the intolerable wrongs of three centuries ago makes him a Fenian and moonlighter, and keeps strong in him the hate of English rule. This imaginative power of revivifying the past warps his political ideas and tinges his everyday slightest action. It lies at the bottom of all the misunderstandings between England and Ireland, and lies till England learns that the Irish can be guided only in the light of their intensely national traditions. The old way of suppression only stunts those traditions into prejudices and roots them the more strongly.

How widely sundered the Irish are from the English in thought and sentiment may be gathered from the most casual notice of their ordinary ways and conduct without referring to the peculiar customs, many ridiculous, even barbarous, but for a lifting imaginative touch.

Life is strangely colored with the mingling influences of the Church and paganism. Mid-day, at the sound of the chapel-bell, all classes, no matter how occupied, pause to reverently uncover and invoke the protection of the Divine; and at the last earthly function the coffin lid is

unscrewed that there may be no material hindrance to the rising of the body at the last dread day. Palm Sunday, yew and cypress are worn by all; Ash Wednesday sees every other forehead marked with the sacred symbol; and on St. John's Eve every hill-top blazes with the Bealtin fire. The peasant coming from Mass he has listened to with pure and intelligent faith, will consult the wise woman as to a charm to make the butter come or keep his house and cattle skaitless. The "good people" have not yet forsaken their ancient haunts, and their sway is still potent. Though the faction fight, the wake, and the keening at the cross roads are dying out, the league-long funerals and the elaborate marriage festivals are still to be seen. Perhaps, the most curious social custom which obtains is match-making. This is not so much wooing by proxy as carrying on the marriage negotiations through outside parties. The young man who courts his fair with all the ardor he is capable of will yet require a friend to "make up the match," that is, approach the old people and settle the preliminaries. The parents and relatives meeting at the chapel or the fireside make many an arrangement without in the least thinking of the principals, and cases are not uncommon where bride and bridegroom have met for the first time at the chapel gate, nor is it unknown for the girl on seeing her selected husband, even there, to resolutely decline having anything to do with him. The matches, however, are not without an appearance of poetic justice, for it is generally the dowerless maid who weds the rich old man, while the poor young lover wins the girl with a "fortune;" but reluctant May is too often forced by grasping friends into the arms of December.

There is, among the rising generation at least, a leavening of independent thought that must rapidly do away with these once national customs, which now are but forms of a narrow provincialism. Young Ireland, particularly that portion of it, and it is a large one, who have been abroad, in America or Australia, is apt to assert itself perhaps too much by a flippant irreverence toward the constituted authorities. America in particular is a source of infinite good and evil to Ireland, bound as it is by links with nearly every family in the country. There are few households who do not count one at least of their number in the

great Republic. In the country districts the children but grow up to leave their homes for that Eldorado where, they hear, money is so plentiful and so easily earned. They will go and do better for themselves and those behind in dear old Ireland, and the great majority who make themselves homes in the New World are a gain to it and an honor to the old country, though only their dust return to be laid in the tangled little plot on the lonely hillside. But, too many, first dazzled, then corrupted by the cities, sink to the degraded, roughened beings, the "low Irish" of our big towns, and from whom, it is to be feared, their countrymen are largely judged. Then there is the young man who returns after a short stay in some of the eastern cities, nickel-plated with American speech and ways, to be an intolerable crimp and the object of general contempt and dislike.

This stirring of new life affects Ireland in a way left entirely unaccounted for by those who cry "Home Rule is Rome Rule." Young Ireland has little, if any, of the older generation's unquestioning confidence in the judgment of the priest; and, while still placing implicit trust in his religious teaching, is apt to question and even resent his interference in social and political matters. The rule of the priest holds only where it jumps with the desire of the laity, and this is cause for both hope and regret. The rule of the priest over the uneducated rural population some years ago was undoubtedly absolute. His word was law, unassailable and not to be broken, in matters social, domestic, and political. His approval was eagerly looked for, his frown dreaded. Father O'Flynn was no exaggeration—

"Checkin' the crazy ones,

Coaxin' the onaisy ones,

Lifting the lazy ones on wid the stick."

Some of the coarser-minded men, and they were not few, springing as so many of the priestly class do from the most sordid of the Irish people, the small farmers, exercised a physical as well as a moral tyranny over their flocks—going even to the length of visiting lapses with personal chastisement and tangible proof and exemplification of the torments of hell; but to whatever extremes they may have pushed their power, and however mistakenly or in a spirit of bigotry it may have been done, the majority were actuated solely by the

earnest desire of urging the offender to the goal of good. Those methods, suited, possibly necessary, in wilder days and with a rougher people, would not now be tolerated in any part of Ireland.

Among the peasantry there are few murmurers. They admit times are bad and the country poor, but what help for it? "We must do the best we can." There is no attempt to impress the stranger with their poverty or the hardness of their lot. They invite him into their houses and give him of their best without shamefacedness or apologies for shortcomings it is beyond their power to remedy. The men work hard and uncomplainingly, and the wives struggle with the household work, hoarding their eggs, should they live anyway near a town, for market-day, then to dispose of them by hawking from door to door or selling them in the market-place to a dealer, or if fortunate enough to possess a cow, saving the milk to make a churning. In many parts of the south the cottagers club together to produce a firkin of butter among them. The butter of course suffers from the absence of proper dairy accommodation and the inability of most of these unions to make a firkin at one churning. The firkin, however made, when ready is sent off to the butter-market at the nearest town or village, sold at the highest attainable price, and the proceeds divided. This system with a little management might be put on a more efficient basis, and would no doubt yield considerably increased results. Most of the cottagers, however, who live near towns of any size make up each their own butter into lumps and prints to be carried in on market-day, laid between cool leaves and clean wet cloths, and sold to the housekeepers at their own doors, thus obtaining a larger profit and saving the market dues.

The butter markets are most amusing sights. The squares and streets leading from them are lined with donkey-carts, each carrying one or two or more firkins of varying size. The women, who almost invariably take charge of the butter-selling, stand patiently waiting with the hoods of their long black cloaks drawn over their heads. The dealers sauntering in and out the labyrinth will now and then lift the cloths from the top of a firkin in a casual way and inquire "How much?" The figure named, the inquirer runs his auger

in with somewhat greater show of interest, looks to see if there are the varying shades which tell of more than one churning or imperfect cleaning, passes the auger slowly along under his nose, and, lastly, tastes the butter reflectively. "How much did ye say, me good woman?" The seller repeats her price. "An' how d'ye think I'm to keep a wife an' family, an' pay you that?" he asks indignantly; and then ensues a long argument. A group soon gathers round the disputants, who a dozen times turn from one another only to begin again with greater vigor, till some genial outsider assume the character of common friend, and names a price at which he says they should do business. "Now, Mrs. Connor, you wouldn't break me word for half-a-crown. Mick, sure I'd never have thought it of ye; you wouldn't have the mistress break me word, would ye? Take it, man, it's a fair price." And so it goes on with the three it requires to make a bargain in Ireland till a sale is finally concluded or found hopeless. These dealers go regularly round the different markets, buying up every description of butter at the lowest prices they can make under the competitive outbidding of each other. The various qualities of butter are roughly classed, and the curings in each class thoroughly mixed into one uniform mass, which is done up anew in firkins, crocks, and prints, and exported as "superfine," "mild-cured," "firsts," and so on. The laborers who do not own a cow, and they are the overwhelming majority, manage to eke their scanty earnings of eight or nine shillings a week with the help of a few geese and a goat or two, and they would consider themselves poor indeed did they not possess a litter of pigs. Donkeys, geese, and goats give a character all their own to Irish country roads, and if they do not hold the position of rentpayer, like the "bonnive" (by the way, what will he become in these regenerate or degenerate days?), they materially contribute to the lusty health of the lively little tatterdemalions playing round every cabin door. It can hardly be expected that life with such scanty means can rise to a very high level, yet the laboring class is the most contented in the country. Fatalism, careless-mindedness, laziness perhaps; but they live a healthy outdoor life, with enough at least to keep that life in; they are virtuous, and they

are gifted with the heart-easing faculty of always being able to see the silver lining. Nothing ever wholly conceals the bright side but death or separation. Low or high, their existence is infinitely preferable to that of their own or even a somewhat higher grade in the cities, with their unwholesome surroundings and ill-directed aspirations.

If the people work hard for daily bread they can labor no less arduously when the time for amusement comes. The brutal Saxon might be inclined to say the Irish have no pastime unless fighting, which, however, he would probably add is rather their occupation. The truth is that amusements requiring continued co-operation were almost unknown, the constant drain of emigration on the younger men making any attempt at forming clubs or associations difficult, till chance lighted on hurling or hockey which, under the auspices of the semi-political Gaelic Association, has been taken up with enthusiasm. On Sundays, after Mass, the people turn out in thousands to the matches. They flock along the roads from all directions in vehicles of every description, the long car, the jaunting car, the common cart, and donkey carts in every imaginable condition of repair and disrepair, from the neat spick-and-span turn-out to the rickety contrivance with one big wheel and one little one, and all crowded with humanity to such an extent that the wonder is how the small beasts carry all they do. The crowd is always in high good humor and orderly enough, though at times somewhat uproarious in its merriment over the small incidents on the road, as when a loving couple will disagree and part company, or some more than usually impervious donkey, in spite of whackings and shouts of "Go 'long ou' that!" insists on remaining still till released for a cool and refreshing roll in the dust. The ground where the match is to be played is alive with people, and the air rings with the hum and buzz of voices rising to a deafening uproar when the teams turn out. The game well played is certainly an exciting one. The onlookers greet every successful run and drive and each individual feat of strength and agility with cheers and counter-cheers, the final dexterous stroke which sends the ball flying toward goal calling forth a perfect tumult. But too often the clash of hurley on hurley begets

quarrels, and the huge weapon is lifted angrily. Here is an opportunity for paying out old spite, wiping away past defeats. The ball rolls unheeded out of the way, and heads are cracked and limbs broken in the deadly play which follows. Nor are the onlookers idle; they have their sides, and soon there is a general mêlée. Even if the game is fairly played out, partisans in angry discussion over the result raise many a pretty enough little fight. The worst feature of these matches is the drinking which takes place at them. Many contrive to drink themselves into a state of helpless intoxication, and the roads are noisy till late and early with the howlings of straggling drunkards.

There are some who hint that these matches are merely pretexts for more serious gatherings, but this is a mistake. The Gaelic Association is influenced in the election of its officials by politics, no doubt; but with the people who throng to the matches the interest in the game is genuine, though, certainly, that interest is heightened by the belief that the game is thoroughly national and un-English. The disturbances almost invariably arise, as stated, from the hot-bloodedness of the people, their entire lack of self-restraint when they have a drop of drink in them, and the utter recklessness with which they hit out at every one and everything. Some few agitators of the stump-orator class may take advantage of the occasion, for among the motley crew who seek their profit in the softness of the crowd at every big gathering of the people, there is always to be found some perfervid speechifier who has his approving audience with their encouraging ejaculations of "That's throe for you!" "Yes, sure!" and the like, but the group is continually shifting. The crowd take the stumper with Aunt Sally, the thimble-rigger, the ballad singer and the rest as but part of the array of amusements provided for its pleasure.

Another aspect of Irish life is to be found in the fair, the great market gathering held at stated intervals in certain towns and villages. As typical of these may be taken one of the great monthly pig fairs. Pigs by the thousand, such a sight of squealing, grunting pork as to cause a fearful wonder where it all comes from, where it all goes to. Every street is lined with the high-sided carts, the shafts resting on the ground, the ubiquitous donkey

standing or lying between them in the reverse of its usual position, and every cart surrounded by the inevitable knot of excited bargain-drivers and hardly less excited spectators, who prod and poke the unfortunate swine, and pull them about by the tail and hind-legs. What shouting, what asseverations and protestations ; what violence of tongue and gesture, and fearful oaths and voluble outpourings in Irish ! What fingering of dirty notes and passing from hand to hand of piles of gold and silver coin by greasy-looking rogues to look at one would think it charity to buy them a bundle of ballads wherewith to make a few coppers. The streets are ringing with the whining yells of the ballad-singers, and the cries of itinerant vendors of cheap wares, the warnings and oburgations of riders and drivers urging their way through the press, and the altogether frantic screaming of drovers as they try to keep their flocks and herds apart. Here and there an extra-animated discussion between buyer and seller packs the crowd more densely. The footpaths are everywhere barred by the tails of carts shoved across them, making progress more intricate. About the market ground, at the end of the town, confusion is still worse confounded ; carts and pigs and cattle, men and women all intent on buying and selling, the only impassive creatures the donkeys, and a general litter of straw and rubbish round huge crates, into which women are packing eggs with marvellous dexterity and swiftness.

Every type of Irishman is to be seen here. The gentleman farmer, loud and rough of speech ; the hard-faced tenant-farmer ; the peasant of the old school, in swallow-tailed coat and knee-breeches of serviceable frieze, and stout, country-made brogues, his face ruddy-brown and crinkled as a ripe autumn russet, with twinkling eyes, and sly, humorous mouth that lets out many a kindly, shrewd reflection ; jobbers, looking as if they quite agreed with their calling ; laborers, in corduroys and flannel jackets ; the erect and jaunty "peeler," with cap "hung on three hairs ;" the voluble, inquisitive shop-keeper ; a priest or two, and even a rector of the Church of Ireland. Nor are the women less in evidence ; they equal, if not outnumber the men ; the lone widow woman, who drives as hard a bargain as any for her bonnie ; farmers'

wives, in long black cloaks and snowy caps, coaxing or scolding their husbands ; farmers' daughters, in flying feathers and dresses with all the glories of mauve and blue and red. Every shop is more or less crowded, prices being raised all round to allow of reductions to these bargain-lovers. The doorway of every public-house is thronged with the in-going and out-coming wearers of frieze and corduroys, but there is little drunkenness noticeable. It is only late in the evening, when the great majority of this vast assemblage have betaken themselves soberly homeward, that the drunken units make their presence felt. There is no disturbance, as a rule. The "ructions" at the fairs, and without which they were not thought complete, are happily becoming rare. They only occur now and then at the small villages, or on the occasion of a horse fair, when the gypsy pony-dealers are brought together in sufficient numbers to make them reckless of the police. These men become half mad when drunk, and march in bands, trying to force themselves down the middle of the narrow street or through the crowded green ; native pride is roused, and then comes "all the fun." Hard blows are given and taken with the greatest pleasure in life, for there is seldom any bad blood in the affair. Both sides drink squarely, fight royally, and make it all up again with the best grace in the world.

II.

"What a rich-looking country," the writer once happened to remark to a small farmer at hay-time. "What can I say, man ?" was the reply. "Sure, the grass must grow, and it must be saved, but there's no money in the country. Look at that for hay, and that, and that. It's everywhere, and plenty of it, thanks be to God ! but where do you see any cattle ? Isn't it a quare thing, now ? it's the grandest country, and the best-hearted people in the world, and yet every one runs down the poor Irish, and all they want is to do a little for themselves." Here in this answer lies a great part of the explanation of the Irish difficulty. The country is poor, and the people think if they were left to manage it themselves they might make it more prosperous.

The country is poor. The crops for some years back have been fairly average.

The potato crop is always variable, and many varieties succumb in wet seasons. The older people have a curious belief that the potato disease is in the ground and not to be eradicated by any known means. Every new species, they assert, does well at first, but soon loses its vigor and falls a victim to the blight. It certainly appears that the tuber does deteriorate after the second or third year. The seed potato imported from Scotland is in the South generally considered the most robust; but it also sooner or later falls off from its original excellence. Whether this is to be attributed to the presence of the "famine blight" in the ground, or merely to bad husbandry, the writer is unable to say; but it seems to be the accepted opinion that the quality of the potato is distinctly inferior to what it was before the famine year.

Ireland's chief resource, however, is in dairying and the raising of cattle, and yet the thinly stocked pasturage is only too apparent. The great cattle raisers are fewer than they were some years ago, and many large dairies have been given up. The consequent result is the withdrawal of so much money from circulation. This state of affairs has undoubtedly been brought about, by unwise agitation, and the still more unwise merging of political questions into social and commercial transactions. The landlords are certainly not willing to risk their money in attempts to raise cattle in face of the possible difficulty of finding a market for their beasts, or indeed, the not too remote chance of the entire loss of them by wanton mutilation. The tenant farmer—the real land-grabber and oppressor—thinks it best to keep down all show of substance, and whine of hard times and poverty, and thus in his close-fisted policy to save the actual shilling in his purse losing a prospective pound. Dairying is in a somewhat better condition than cattle-raising, mainly because it yields a more immediate return for capital; and nothing so much appeals to the mind of the Irish farmer as the quick and often return of his outlay in labor or money. There are many dairies on a large scale in the South managed in a thorough fashion and producing much butter in the week; but by far the greater number are in need of active reform and oversight. The introduction of newer and improved appliances, instruction in the

modes of working them, and the strict enforcement of greater attention to detail, are greatly needed; for, it must be conceded, a very large proportion of the butter produced in Ireland is of inferior quality, and the reason is the want of proper ways and means, and the neglect, through ignorance, of the small niceties on which success in butter-making so much depends. There is, however, a growing sense among the farmers of their shortcomings in these respects, and they have in many instances exhibited considerable enterprise in taking up the various improvements effected in dairying methods within the last few years. But here again the peculiarly Irish practice of looking at matters private and personal through political glasses comes into play. Many a one hampered and harassed by the cursed system of "exclusive dealing," has had his energy, and the consequent gain to the country, checked; or, if so fortunate as to be able to do so, has thrown the whole thing up in disgust. This is not as it should be. Given enterprise, which is not wanting, and a free hand, the outlook is good, and the brighter that the poor may be enabled to share in the profit. There are many industries which, with a little fostering, would result in bettering the condition of the cottager and small holder. Bee-keeping and fruit-growing could be made to yield a fair return if a market were found, and some attention paid to improved strains of poultry would not be amiss.

Ireland, rightly or wrongly, is Nationalist. The great undefined masses, all the real makers of what money there is in the country, are for Home Rule. Ireland, they see, has not flourished under the sway of the English and the landowner; why then should not that of the Irish and the land-occupier? Regrettable or not, such is the general feeling, and it is folly to decline to recognize the fact when dealing with any Irish question. Yet it is a grave mistake to imagine that because they demand Home Rule they want separation. If fanatics, and ignorant simpletons deluded by them, rave of an Irish republic, it no more follows that such is the desire of the bulk of the people than that England, because every town in it has its Socialist club, is altogether revolutionary.

The source of much of the land trouble lies with the tenant-farmer. He is sordid, grasping, and narrow-minded; his

laborers are as a rule more intelligent and liberal-minded. At heart he knows how utterly untenable are his claims, but he cannot resist taking advantage of agitation to avoid his lawful obligations. He plods on, seeking to grind out money from every one and everything, reckless of the consequence to-morrow of his action to-day. His whole desire is money—money for its own sake, for, having it, he does not use it. He hoards it, banks it, hides it under the hearthstone, in the thatch, in the bed-ticking, everywhere, and lives no better, dresses no better. He is hated, and cajoled, and robbed, but he will not give a farthing of it away, and when he dies it is the cause of endless contention. Yet it is this man, this extortioner and oppressor, who makes money out of the distress of those both above and below him, who is the chosen pet and protégé of so many eloquent members of the Irish parliamentary party.

On the other hand, the small holder and the laborer, the great voting power, are much clearer-headed—more so, indeed, than they get credit for. They see very plainly what would be the ruinous effects of separation, and do not want it. They know the country—proud of it as they are, and much as they consider it better than all others—to be poor, unable to stand by itself, and requiring outside assistance in disposing of its cattle and its produce. One man of this class, illiterate, and working hard for his wage, with a large family of sons and daughters, most of them in America, doing well and not unmindful of him, those remaining helping him to tend the cows and save the handful of hay on two small patches of ground he held, said: "It's all humbug their leaguering and campaigning. Sure, they know well enough they can't get the land for nothing. If they had all Ireland to itself, wouldn't they have to pay to keep it up, an' maybe they'd find the taxes then harder on them than the rent to the landlords," and here and there he clenched his argument with a curse or two in Irish. This was the opinion of a peasant, and it is a fact that has never been clearly accepted on this side of the Channel, that the peasantry are in the strongest degree entitled to claim to be the people of Ireland.

Ireland has always been a country of small holdings, and experiments in large

farms have had little result beyond the ruined cottage walls occurring throughout the country with melancholy frequency, and the memories in men's minds of villages where the grass now grows deep along the roadside. The peasant, looking at the great stretches of land lying waste about the deserted mansions, and at the farms mismanaged and neglected through ignorance and a miserly fear of the expense of properly working them, hungers for a little patch that he may keep a cow or grow a few tons of hay, and put half-a-crown now and then in the stocking hidden in the thatch to give Patsy a trade and Bridgy a "fortune."

That there is a growing recognition of the importance of the laborer as a social unit and a corresponding desire to elevate his position, is manifest by the neat-looking stone-built and slated cottages being erected along the roadsides. Each cottage has a fair-sized piece of ground and small out-offices attached, and the rent is the moderate one of a shilling the week. The Ashbourne Act has a right and praiseworthy end in view, no matter what difference of opinion there may be as to the means it employs to attain that end; but it is necessary to know more fully what classes are taking advantage of it before bestowing on it unqualified praise, and being confident of its general acceptance. With or without reason, the Irish have a positive dislike to English medicine, be it for their good or not, because it has usually been forced on them unwillingly. This always tells more or less against every measure not brought in or supported by the National party, or, to speak more correctly, has done so till recently.

The question arises as to what effect a peasant proprietary would have upon the material prosperity of the country. It is believed a good one. The peasant is frugal and saving, he is anxious that his children should be better off than himself, and in no way does he pass ordinary humanity in the inclination to repudiate his liabilities. Idle and improvident he may be called, but no one who has seen the little patches won hardly from the bog or the hillside, and tilled early and late with wearing toil, all because he hopes it is his own, can believe in the imputed general thriftlessness. It may be that the shiftless are more numerous in Ireland than in England or Scotland; but the casual vis-

itor, seeing the haphazard fashion of clothing, the looped and windowed raggedness, and the utter abandon to idleness all classes are capable of in their leisure time, little dreams the country shopkeeper or tradesmen, whose hat might be the first of its kind and whose clothes are a marvel by the way they hang on him, has by his shrewdness and unremitting industry put by money to the tune of hundreds. The fact is Ireland has got a bad name for improvidence, and names are apt to stick. The yearly increasing sums deposited with the savings-banks, though the peasant is none too confident of entrusting his money to them, and the large amount sent home from America, should be sufficient answer to this charge.

A word as to crime. Agrarian outrages are a foul blot on the country. They stand a barrier to Ireland's progress and no mere words are strong enough to condemn and reprobate them; they demand deeds—a new nobler national league for their suppression, for not a few miserable wretches, but the nation itself, is responsible for the deeds done in its name, and from it justice must inevitably demand a stern expiation. Yet, it may be insinuated, how many of these murders and outrages are due to private hate? Many a brutal and cold-blooded murder—and murder in Ireland is always shockingly brutal and cold-blooded—was the result of a petty squabble at a fair or in a public-house. Now all are laid to the account of Captain Moonlight, and that in itself is suspicious.

Agitation is responsible for much, too much crime, but even the devil should get his due.

Much of the old joyousness of the Irish has vanished. The old stories and legends are rarely told now; politics and trade absorb all the conversation. The narrative of bygone glories and sorrows, of St. Patrick and Brian, of the great O'Neil, and of the Geraldines, and '98 and the famine, have given place to *United Ireland*, the *Nation*, and the vulgarities of Mick McQuade. The cross-roads are deserted where formerly in the long summer evenings the boys and girls gathered to dance to the fiddle's never-tiring music. You may still see the girls milking the cows in the crofts morning and night, but you hear no more the plaintive ballad and *Come-all-ye* to make the dhrimin dhu let her milk down easily. To the non-politician it seems as if this were due to the all-pervading political taint. It appears to him the Plan of Campaign has banished the "good people," the rise and fall of the butter market put the milking song out of tune, and discontent made the heart too heavy for the heels to be light. To the less sentimental observer the signs are of brighter omen. If the people have less of the old careless gayety, they are grown steadier. If they are discontented, it is not mere grumbling shiftlessness; they want something higher than they have, and that, with the power of saving money, is what brings men and nations to the top of the tree.—*Westminster Review*.

BUSSACO IN 1810.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A CARMELITE FRIAR.*

TRANSLATED BY W. VIVIAN.

THE great misfortune which happened at Almeida † was soon known all over Portugal, and on August 31, 1810, the French

army, commanded by Massena, continued its march in the direction of Visen.

The Anglo-Portuguese forces under the English General Lord Wellington were encamped on the slopes of the Estrella mountains, but, not being strong enough to oppose the French advance, they retired as far as the bridge of Murella; and so rapidly was this movement effected that nothing was heard of it at Bussaco until just before the troops began to arrive.

On the afternoon of September 20, one

* *Diary of Events at the Convent of Bussaco in September and October, 1810.* Written by José de S. Silvestre, friar of the convent and eye-witness of all that occurred. Translated, by the kind permission of Senhor J. Martins de Carvalho, owner of the original manuscript.

† The explosion of the powder magazine, which caused the death of 500 persons and the surrender of the fortress to the French.

of Lord Wellington's aides de-camp knocked at our gate, and the moment it was opened he said, "I wish to see the convent at once. The General-Commanding-in-Chief slept last night at Lorrvão, and will be here to-morrow about this hour. The French are already at Tondella."

Having first told the prior, we showed the officer over the convent. He selected the best of the unoccupied rooms for the General, and ordered it to be whitewashed and scrubbed; then, after drinking some wine, he set off in great haste for Lorrvão. Orders were given to prepare all the other rooms, and the day ended with much alarm on our part at the prospect of having to put up with such things as had never before been heard of in this convent.

The advance of the French being confirmed the following day, the prior gave orders for the administration of the Holy Sacrament, that the consecrated wafer might be consumed, and no irreverence be suffered by the great God whom we adore day and night.

At 8 A.M. the Quarter-Master-General arrived, and gave in a list of fifty officers for whom it was necessary to find quarters. This list was signed by the Commander-in-Chief and was accompanied by an order not to supply any further accommodation without instructions from him. The English troops then began to appear, and their numbers increased so fast that in an hour the convent and grounds were crowded with officers and baggage. The General arrived about the same time and was shown his room; but though it was the best he objected to it because it had only one door, and chose another which had two doors but was not so well lighted; this one he ordered to be scrubbed, and while it was drying he inspected the ground and roads as far as Mortagua.

The officers of the staff took possession of all the cells except that of brother Antonio dos Anjos, which no one would have because he had filled it with all the pots-herds, rags, and old iron he could pick up. The prior also, from motives of policy, was allowed to remain undisturbed.

While the convent was thus occupied the friars slept in the church, sacristy, library, pantry, and wherever they could find room. The cloisters were invaded by persons of all sorts and conditions—an event which had never happened since their foundation; and the General having

given orders that the bells should not be rung during the night, we had to assemble for matins at eight o'clock in the evening.

During his stay at the convent Lord Wellington got up at 5 A.M.: at seven he went out to inspect the camp and troops, returning about 4 P.M., and dined at five. He sent us a message not to be alarmed, as he would let us know as soon as it was necessary to leave. The prior, however, to be on the safe side, ordered the oldest friars to set out at once, and despatched a cart laden with valuables to Coimbra.

About midday on the 23d the noise of firing near Mortagua announced the approach of the enemy, and burning houses could be seen in the same direction. The English officers watched what was happening, and seemed very sad.

The firing continued next day, but with little effect, as only our outposts were engaged, and the main body continued to retreat.

A large number of peasants were engaged in making a broad road along the crest of the ridge in the direction of Murcella, and in repairing the one which passed through the convent grounds, so that artillery might ascend without difficulty.

On the 25th the French advanced to Moura, a village not more than half a league distant; there they halted and detached forces which took possession of the heights on both our flanks. The allied army responded to this movement by taking up a position along the summit of the range on each side of the convent. The hill-tops were occupied by artillery, and a battery was placed within our grounds, so as to command the Sulla gate in case the enemy effected an entrance. The wall on both sides of this gate was knocked down to half its original height, and loopholed for musketry. Two regiments were held in readiness to repel any attack, and a barrier of oak trees was placed on the outside; so that we were prepared for anything that might happen, though in the end none of these defences were required.

The regular life of the convent was entirely interrupted by the many disturbances around us.

On the morning of the 26th the General ordered all his baggage to be removed. This caused us great alarm, and some of the friars made ready to leave. At midday, however, the baggage was brought

back, and the General ordered dinner. This comforted us a little.

The French appeared in large numbers on the opposite hills, and gradually drew nearer. One column marched into Mours, and others occupied the neighboring pine woods. At 2 P.M. our artillery and riflemen opened fire, the latter from the slopes of the hills. This continued for a couple of hours with but little effect, except that an English general was severely wounded. The following day Lord Wellington asked for a stretcher, from which we concluded that the wounded man had either died or was so ill that he could not be taken to Coimbra in any other way.

Before daybreak on the 27th the French army was in motion, and, advancing rapidly under cover of a dense fog, they broke our line near Santo Antonio do Cantaro; but, another regiment coming to our assistance, the gap was closed, and all who had passed through were either killed or taken prisoners.

The other French division occupied the village of Sulla, and had ascended the height until close to our batteries, when the fog lifted and allowed them to be clearly seen. Owing to a hot fire from our artillery a great part of this column retreated rapidly down the hill, and our riflemen hissed them loudly, which caused much amusement to those who heard it. The firing was continued on both sides until 4 P.M.

The following morning, after having confessed and said Mass, I went out with another priest to see the battle. At the door we met a peasant weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied in a broken voice, "Don't you see those wounded Frenchmen?" On looking down the hill I saw the men he pointed out, and indeed they were in such a miserable condition that, without wishing it, my own tears began to fall. One of them was shot through both cheeks, blood ran out of his mouth, and some of it had clotted on his lips—he could not speak a word. The others were not so badly hurt, except four or five who had lost so much blood that they trembled with cold. The English made a large fire and laid them round it. I hurried away from the place, not being able to bear the sight of so much misery.

On the summit I found the surgeons busy with our wounded, who, though

numerous, were not in so bad a state as the Frenchmen. I went further on, hoping to see something of the fight; but in this I was disappointed, as the enemy's bullets swept the top of the ridge and obliged the regiments not actually engaged to keep on the opposite slope.

On my return to the convent a soldier took me to see a French General named Simon, who had been made prisoner, and had three bullet wounds in his face.* His secretary, who was with him, had escaped unhurt. Lord Wellington gave orders that they should be treated with the greatest consideration, and an English officer gave up his room to them. Next morning, when their baggage was sent for, Massena delivered it at once, and the General's wife took advantage of this opportunity to join him.

The Rifles suffered greatly, as they were not relieved, and had to sustain the enemy's fire the whole day, throughout which they showed great bravery. One of their captains told me that if they had three such days not a man would escape. Though no great number were killed the wounded were very numerous, and at night eighty carts were loaded with those who, after having their wounds dressed, had been brought into the convent yard. We gave them wine and whatever else they asked for. One thing surprised us immensely, and this was that although many were dying and others were in great danger, yet none asked to be confessed, nor did they speak of Jesus, as is so natu-

* "At the battle of Bussaco, when Massena made the blunder of delivering a front attack on Lord Wellington's army, posted on a height very difficult of access, poor General Simon, wishing to wipe out his fault and recover the time which he had lost to his promotion, dashed forward bravely at the head of his brigade, cleared all the obstacles, climbed the rocks under a hail of bullets, broke the English line, and was the first to enter the enemy's entrenchments. There, however, a shot fired point blank smashed his jaw, just at the moment when the English second line repulsed our troops, who were hurled back into the valley with considerable loss. The unfortunate General was found lying in the redoubt among the dead and dying, with scarcely a human feature left. Wellington treated him with much kindness, and, as soon as he was fit to be moved, sent him as a prisoner of war to England. Later on he was allowed to return to France, but his horrible wound did not permit him to serve again."—*Memoirs of the Baron de Marbot, 1892.*

ral and right for an afflicted Christian to do.

Beresford, whose head-quarters were at Santa Eufemia, slept at night in our library, and the General, who had been taken prisoner, was sent to Coimbra with his wife and secretary. The artillery fire was continued on our side, but the enemy scarcely replied, and there was little bloodshed. Colonel Trant came to confer with Lord Wellington, and it was rumored that he was to take back reinforcements; but this did not prove true, and in the evening he started for some place beyond Agueda, where his militia were encamped.

Toward 11 P.M. the French retired very quietly in the direction of Mortagua, then turned toward Boialro and struck the Oporto road at a point not guarded by our troops. An English officer commanding an outpost noticed the movement, though only by chance, as the night was very dark. On receiving his report, the General instantly got up, and at midnight set out with the whole army for Coimbra. He sent us notice that we should leave at once, and this advice was followed by all except Friars Ignacio, Antonio, and myself. It was very dark, and raining hard, so we put off starting until the morning.

I arose very early to see what the troops were doing, and met several regiments retiring in great haste. When all had passed, we went to look at the French camp; but only some cavalry pickets, scattered at intervals along the road, were to be seen, and these gradually retired, until the last had disappeared. A squadron of English cavalry had remained to watch their movements, and the commander now despatched a small force along the Mortagua road for the same purpose. Shortly after passing Moura this party came upon seventy wounded Frenchmen, who had been abandoned by their comrades, and felt such pity for them that they mounted them on their horses and brought them back to the chapel of All Souls, which lies just outside our wall. This pious work occupied them the whole day.

The English set fire to an immense quantity of powder, and the explosion caused great damage to our property; it knocked down a wall immediately in front, uprooted trees, and broke a large window in the church.

The vedettes retired early next morning, after charging us to give water to the

Frenchmen who were in the chapel, to avoid the peasants who did nothing but rob and murder, and to bring in more wounded who were still lying in the wood.

I started at once to see about these latter, and at my request two Portuguese officers accompanied me; but on arriving at the Sulla gate they let me go on alone, saying it was too far; however, near the village of Moura I met three men who agreed to go with me. A short distance further on we found twelve French soldiers lying close to the roadside. They were so badly hurt that not one of them could raise himself; some had their legs broken, and three of them were dying, worn out with pain and cold, with hunger and thirst. The moment they saw us they raised their hands to Heaven, sobbing and crying out, "Oh, Mother of God! Mother of God! Water, for the love of God!" I asked the peasants who had come with me if they would go for water, and they replied most certainly not—that it was not likely they were going to do good to their enemies. Hurt by their inhumanity, I did all in my power to arouse feelings of compassion in them, but in spite of my efforts they did not move a step, and I declared that as they would not help me I would go for the water myself. Taking some bottles which the men had brought with them I started down the hillside. Seeing how determined I was they began to relent, and one of them went with me. On my return I distributed the water among the wounded, and as they had no food except some maize which grew close by, a peasant gave them a piece of black bread which he had in his pocket. I wished to take one of the soldiers back with me, but he had lost so much blood from a wound in his head, that even when leaning against me he was too weak to walk, and was so overcome by this slight exertion that he fell senseless to the ground. Being unable to render further assistance I returned to the convent, and after midday again set out with a supply of water, bread, wine and fish. I carried one of the wounded on a hand-cart as far as Moura, being helped by a poor old man from Lobão. Two of the villagers had joined us, and I impressed on them that they should give the Frenchmen water, and, if possible, take them to some place of shelter. This they did four days afterward, being driven to it by my constant impor-

tunity ; but by that time three of the unfortunate men had died. I helped to move the survivors to a room where they had abundance of straw to lie on, and were supplied by us with food until they were able to join their comrades in the chapel.

In the early morning of October 1 we were alarmed by the report that the French were at Villariça, a village not more than a quarter of a league distant. While discussing this news with the priest who had remained with me, the latter said he was at a loss to know how to get rid of the two officers I have already mentioned ; these were a captain of Militia and a lieutenant of the Rifles. It was now more than a week since they had introduced themselves, with much show of friendship, and we were supporting them without being either their friends or debtors. After considering the matter, I said, "I see how it can be done without offending them. As the French are at Villariça, let us give out that we wish to shut up the convent and leave this neighborhood, lest we fall into their hands ; we will then take a walk over the hills, and when it seems good to us we will return." He approved of my suggestion, for we had no intention of leaving the convent, having been warned that as soon as we did so it would be plundered by people from the neighboring villages, and possibly even the French might not treat us as badly as that.

I went at once to the officers and told them to fetch whatever belonged to them, as we intended to close the convent and could not allow any one to remain inside. As they did not wish to leave they began to argue the point, saying that the French would not come here, that they were not even at Villariça, and that the boy who had spread the report ought to be well beaten. My reply was that they should get ready immediately, as most decidedly we were going to shut up the convent and take refuge in a safer place. When the farm servants heard this they declared that it was not possible for them to go with us, as they were engaged in baking bread and could not leave it. I told them secretly of my plan, which they applauded, for they also were tired of these officers, who did nothing but collect all the powder and muskets they could lay hands on, while they ate and drank at our expense ; they therefore threw their coats over their shoulders and urged us to depart without

delay. The officers said we must breakfast first, but I replied, "There is no time for that ; take a sip of wine and nothing more. Let us get away from here at once."

While they harnessed an old horse to carry the things they had collected, I went to the cellar to have a drink of wine, but was interrupted by the noise of horses outside. I shut the door quickly and went to the yard gate, whence I saw a number of cavalry soldiers advancing toward me. At first sight I took them for English, but on looking more closely at their shakos I saw they were French. They marched slowly past without addressing a word to me, at which I was much surprised. In the middle of the troop were three officers, who beckoned to me, and when I got near, one of them took off his shako and bowed politely. He then said, "We have come to take charge of the stores of food which the English left behind."

"The English left nothing here but a large quantity of powder, to which they themselves set fire when the last party evacuated the place," I replied.

"At what hour did this take place ?" he inquired.

"At night," I answered ; then they laughed because they saw that I was speaking the truth, for they had heard the explosion. They further asked if there were any troops in the woods and how many friars there were in the convent. I told them that no troops remained, and that there were only three friars here, all the others having left in accordance with orders received from the English General.

They still insisted that there must be large stores of food here, as they had been told so. I assured them that it was not the case and that they had been deceived. On this they remarked, "To-morrow another French officer will come here to find out whether you speak the truth." These words caused me no little uneasiness, and I said to the officer, "If you will dismount I will show you over the whole convent." He was quite pleased, and told me that I need not be in the least anxious, as they had no intention of harming either our persons or property and would give us an official document which would ensure us good treatment in case any more French troops should visit the convent.

My comrade the priest and the two persons we had planned to get rid of now

joined me. The lieutenant was at once made prisoner, but was allowed to retain his sword. The other officer escaped notice, as he was not in uniform, and had torn the gold lace off his cap without being seen.

I was again asked what provisions we had, and replied that the dough was ready to be baked and that there was a little corn and wine, which I showed them. They thereupon asked for sacks, which having been brought, they sent some bushels of corn, a great pitcher of wine, a basket of maize bread and fifty salt codfish to the soldiers who had remained near the chapel where the wounded still lay.

One of the officers chanced to notice a large iron bolt on the door of the oilstore, which he requested should be opened at once, thinking something valuable was hidden there. The first thing he saw inside was a basket of very salt mackerel; of these he gave some to a soldier who was standing by, and ordered others to be cooked with all haste. I told him they were much too salt, and that without being first soaked in water they were not fit to eat. He replied that it did not matter, he wished to have them cooked at once. His attention was so entirely taken up with the fish that, without examining any further, he asked me to show them the way to the dining-room and to send them something to eat. I explained that, as there was not anything ready, they would have to wait until our usual midday dinner. This they declared was quite out of the question, as at that hour they were to meet the General at Coimbra; adding that they preferred their food underdone, like the English.

We gave them maize bread, as the other was not yet baked, wine, eggs, fruit, and the aforesaid mackerel. While at table they asked for port wine, cheese, and preserved fruit, but were satisfied with my assurance that we had none of these luxuries.

As they were finishing their meal an orderly came to say that a number of armed peasants were collecting outside our walls. The officers sent me to reason with them, and recommend them to go home again, cultivate their fields, and leave fighting to be done by soldiers. I begged that the orderly might come with me, and we went together as far as the gate, where he asked me to wait while he spoke to his compan-

ions, who had remained near the chapel. Presently he returned and said it was all a mistake and no peasants were to be seen.

Having made his report to the officers he rejoined me, and begged me to pour a little wine into his bottle; this I consented to do, but immediately the cellar door was opened all the other soldiers crowded in. I ordered them to go out, but they objected to do so until their bottles were also filled. On this I shouted in an angry voice to one of the farm lads, "Call one of the officers to drive out these men!" Hearing this they began to go, but sadly. The Captain came and cleared the place in an instant, and I at once locked the cellar door. Our visitors asked for some food to take with them, and we gave them four fowls and two partridges. They begged us to supply the wounded with bread, wine, and broth; to protect them from the peasants, and that one of us should stay with them at night. A lay brother and a servant slept for two nights in the chapel, but the former did not go any more, because the wounded men themselves said that the servant was sufficient.

On our way to the gate a soldier came to say that he had found arms and ammunition in one of the servants' rooms. He then went back again and broke up six guns, emptied out a keg of powder in the yard, and threw all the cartridges he could find into a bowl of water. Just as the force was about to march some one called out that a certain person among the bystanders was a captain. Hearing this one of the officers asked him if it was true, on which he turned pale, not knowing what to reply. We explained that he really was a captain, but only of Militia, and had no men under his command. They said to him, "We must take you with us." He did all in his power to avoid going, even saying that my companion was his cousin and he could not leave him, but the priest replied, "Go, go; do as these gentlemen wish," so he was obliged to accompany them.

I now begged them to give me the document they had promised, and having been provided with ink and paper, they handed it to me written as follows:

"Au nom de l'humanité.

"Je prie et supplie tous les militaires françois qui viendront au Couvent Bussaco, de ne rien exiger ni des pères ni des pay-

sans des villages voisins. Soixante blessés françois seroient victimes de la moindre violence. Ces pères se sont obligés à fournir des vivres aux blessés jusqu'au moment de l'évacuation.

"Le 1^{er} d'octobre, 1810.

... "off^r au 3^{me} rég^t. d'Hussares."

They asked me for a written declaration which would satisfy the General that we had undertaken the care of the wounded, and I made it out in these words :

"We, the friars of the Convent of Bussaco, hereby certify that sixty wounded French soldiers have been under our care since the retreat of the English troops. We promise to continue to look after them, and to supply them with the best food we possess.

"Bussaco, 1st October, 1810."

After saying that we might expect another detachment next day, they took leave of us with the same courtesy they had shown on their arrival, and returned by the road along which they came, the two prisoners having to accompany them on foot. These French did not demand money from any one, nor were they in the least rude, although they found arms and ammunition in the convent.

Between eight and nine o'clock next morning, as I was standing at the gate of the court-yard, I saw some fifty soldiers slowly ascending the hill. When they came near I advanced to meet them and handed one of the officers the document which had been given to me the previous day. After reading it and speaking to his comrades he returned it, saying that there was no need to be alarmed as they had only come to make a list of the wounded, whom they wished to move to the hospital. Having dismounted, and posted guards at the end of the court-yard and at the door leading to the convent, they accompanied me to where the wounded were lying, and the whole party, consisting of a captain, lieutenant, sub-lieutenant, and a Spanish doctor, conversed with me by the way.

Having examined the sick, the doctor asked for hot water to wash their wounds, and we returned to the convent to get it. On our arrival the lay brother came up to us, looking very pale, and said, "The soldiers have done much damage to the church, and have even torn my waistcoat in looking for money." When the offi-

cers joined us I told them what had occurred and took them to the church to prove my statement. They all appeared very sorry, but said nothing until I had finished ; then they asked me if I could point out the culprits. My companion said that a sergeant who had come to his assistance knew who they were. He was accordingly sent for and ordered to bring them in. After a short delay he returned with three soldiers who were without shakos, arms, or belts. The officers pointed out the damage they had done, and one of them beginning to deny his guilt, the lieutenant seized him by the collar and threw him backward on to the steps of the high altar. A second also tried to excuse himself, but the sub-lieutenant, snatching up a piece of board, gave him such heavy blows on his back that, fearing bloodshed inside the church, I caught hold of his arms and begged him to stop. The third culprit did not say a word and escaped punishment, but he was as white as a sheet. The officers were profuse in their apologies and recommended me to write to the General, who would, without doubt, do all in his power to make amends for the outrage.

After a pause the Captain asked me whether, as a favor, the officers could be given just a little bread and wine. I replied "Certainly, sir," and led them to the dining-room, where we supplied them with the best food we had. One of them mentioned that he had not tasted bread for a month ; and when I inquired what they lived on, he said they were obliged to eat the same grain as was given to the horses, grinding it between their teeth as best they could. When they were ready to start, it was found that the peasant whom they had brought as a guide was lying on the ground and groaning incessantly. On being asked what was the matter he put his hand on his chest and declared that he was in such pain that he could not stand up. I suggested that the doctor should examine him, which he did, and then told me to make an infusion of elder flowers. The other officers mounted, and laughed more and more as the man's groans became louder. The fact was that he did not wish to return with them. Another peasant agreed to show the way, and they promised to send him back as soon as they could find any one to take his place. They then bade us adieu most

politely and took the road which led across the summit of the hill. Scarcely were they out of sight when the sick man jumped up, and asked, "Have those devils gone away? They jeered enough at me. May they have Barabbas for company!" At this we all burst out laughing, and he, having rapidly recovered from his illness, made off without saying good-bye to any one.

The French continued their march to Coimbra, and thence to Lisbon, so that we saw no more of them.

During the time that our army had its head-quarters here we provided beds for most of the officers, and divided all the bedding we possessed among them. A General who slept in the Bishop's chapel was lent a table cloth, two brass lamps, and a great copper pitcher to hold water—all these we lost. Lord Wellington was given our best napkins and four dozen candles; besides which, we supplied the endless demands made by the other officers. Even to the soldiers and fugitives we gave salt and whatever else we could spare. Quantities of our bread, cheese, wine, and oil were consumed by the troops, but when Lord Wellington sent a message that he would pay for it all, and begged to know what sum the prior wished for, the latter replied that the only thing he wished for was the peace of the realm.

The loss and damage suffered by the convent was very great. Almost everything supplied to the officers had disappeared, at least nothing remained that was of any value. Our maize was cut for the horses; the soldiers and other people picked our beans as long as one remained; our cabbages were taken, and the troops and camp followers did not stint themselves in firewood, which they cut in our woods. Doorways were made in our walls, and, besides the plunder taken from

the church by the French soldiers, a chapel was broken into and a chalice and some other things were stolen.

When the French had retired into Spain, the English commander—Wilson—encamped here for two days, and was supplied with everything he required for his bed and board. The soldiers were given bread and much besides; yet, in spite of this, they stole all our oranges, broke into our store-room and helped themselves to more bread, also wine, a basket of eggs, a tin of honey, and many other things to which they took a fancy. In fact, wherever they went they behaved as badly as, or worse than, the French.

These troops were Militia; and whereas their conduct ought to have been better, it was far worse than that of the regulars.

Colonel Trant had the wounded sent to Oporto soon after the capture of Coimbra. During the twenty days they remained here they were supported by us. As there were so many of them we were obliged to give only a small ration to each, so that all might have a share. However, but for us they would, undoubtedly, have died or been murdered by the peasants.

Before Lord Wellington's arrival no English came here, though they passed continually along the road close to the convent; but after the battle the hitherto unknown name of Bussaco became famous all over the country. Not a week now passes without a visit from English officers who are either going to or returning from the front, and all are enchanted with the place. These visits cause us great expense; but if at last we obtain the peace and security which are as necessary and desirable as our very existence, we shall consider the money well spent.

May the God of Hosts grant it to us without delay, for His glory and our joy!
—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE CONDUCT OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

'Tis an intrepid hand that will stir this well-worn theme, or essay to throw fresh light upon a subject which has shared with its congener, love, the attention of the most observant minds since thought first found expression in literature. Yet, inas-

much as friendship and love are the fertilizing streams without which the scene of life is no more than an arid, uninteresting plain—streams in which, unless the traveller can slake his thirst and bathe his limbs, the journey is but a cheerless, ob-

jectless toil, riches are but heaps of dazzling sand, and ambition is a disappointing mirage, it is impossible to reflect upon any human occasion, or estimate any achievement or circumstance of man without acknowledging these relations as the very source of earthly happiness. Charlotte Brontë expressed herself more feebly than was her wont when she put into the mouth of Jane Eyre the sentence, "There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort." It would have been more fully true to say that there is no happiness possible without it, for "what no one with us shares seems scarce our own."

It is far too late in the day to undertake inquiry into the abstract qualities of friendship and love; their analysis and explanation could hardly be carried further than has been done by philosophers in all ages. But it concerns us to watch how their nurture and conduct are affected by the altered conditions of society, its greater wealth, more diffused education, increasing numbers, and ease of locomotion; for, although these two kinds of communion may be held to be of spontaneous origin, and not to be generated by any precision of forethought or sagacity of plan, yet they require constant cultivation to maintain them in vigor. Dr. Johnson observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds: "If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will very soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." To friendship and love alike may be applied the saying of one of Molière's *Précieuses*: "Les choses ne valent que ce qu'on les fait valoir."

This may be held heresy in the matter of love. Turn we then to the consideration of friendship, seeing that it is less hazardous, more deliberate and less fleeting than, alas! the other has so often proved to be. On the other hand, it is, of the two, the more difficult to define; its coloring is less vivid, its outlines less distinct, its approach less perceptible, than those of passion.

Cicero had this vagueness in view when he said that although a man is sure to be able to inform you accurately how many horses, oxen, sheep, he possesses, but question him as to the number of his friends, and his answer will be hesitating

and indefinite: yet his friends might well be supposed to contribute more to his happiness than his cattle. But every man could declare how many women he was in love with: nay, if he were really in love, he would resent as impertinent or ridiculous the suggestion that there could be more than one. Not less absurd the Frenchman's assertion that he was in love, he did not yet know with whom, but he was convinced that he was the victim of *une grande passion*.

There are men, though hardly are there women, who pass through life without friends, and there are men, and women more than men, who have never a sweetheart or lover. There are men, also, who change their friendships, not of design, but because of change in neighborhood or occupation; yet each such successive friendship may be genuine and warm, just as there are those who have been passionately in love with one woman after another. It is a common and fond belief that there can be but one true love in a life; there is a less common, but not less fond, idea that first love is true love, and that all that follow are vain or base. It is more poetic, it ennobles and simplifies our conception of human nature, to hold this faith; but the hard, resistless truth is otherwise: man—let the case against him be stated as harshly as possible—is prone to allow his thoughts and senses to be detached from his first sovereign, and the allegiance exacted from him in later years by her successor is just as complete and devoted as was paid to the other. Would that it were otherwise! for then much suffering would be saved to men and women. As in measles and scarlet fever, they might feel tolerable immunity after the first affliction.

But even friendship—the more sober and rational kind of human intercourse—is not the simple matter it might be supposed to be. It is a holy thing, yet most capricious, and is no more under command of the will than faith.

Montaigne, ruminating in his own deliciously frank and leisurely way over the origin of his intimacy with a dear friend, observes:

"If I am pressed to explain why I loved him, I feel that it can only be expressed by answering 'Because it was he, because it was I' (*parce que c'estoit luy, parce que c'estoit moy*).

They were the complement of each

other, which implied not identity of character or inclination, but more nearly the reverse of it—one mind supplying the deficiency of the other, and recruiting itself from the abundance of that wherein it is conscious of shortcoming.

Nevertheless friendship is largely the outcome of circumstance. The pursuit of a common object, the neighborhood of homes, community of language and environment—if these are not indispensable to friendship, they are at least the accidents by which it is engendered and kept in being: it is, indeed, difficult to imagine living friendship without one or another of these conditions. The instance comes to mind at once of Horace Walpole and Horace Mann, who, although they never met for forty years, maintained a close and constant correspondence. But, perfect as this communion seems in print, one cannot but suspect the literary man of the world to have been posing in these letters as one of a pair of friends. Mann was useful to him as the recipient—the “addressee”—of letters which Walpole intended should be published some day, and spent much time in polishing and correcting long after they had been written. It was an artistic way of keeping a journal, obviating the tiresome egoism of that form of literary monologue and giving a spontaneous air to some of the most self-conscious pages that were ever penned. Walpole found it possible during a long life of abundant leisure to keep up the tone of intimacy which had taken its rise between the two men when they were young; but this is attributable rather to his literary skill than to the depth of his affection.

They remain, these letters, among the most delightful pieces of English literature; but, on the whole, they leave a painful impression on the reader. They are masterly, leisurely sketches of a scheming, sordid society, in which frequent drunkenness and coarse libertinism were reckoned no darker stains on a statesman's private character than bribery and jobbery were on his public fame; and the limner of them was cynically content with the world as he found it, and indifferent whether he should leave it any better.*

* There is almost as much truth as exaggeration in Walpole's summary of the state of things in the best society of his day: “There is no living in this country under £20,000 a

Nevertheless, let us not do injustice to the “uncle of the late Earl of Orford.” The solicitude he showed in exchanging thoughts with his friend deserves all admiration: it was the only means by which the warm tide of affection could have been kept flowing between those who had been so long parted, without which it must have soon slackened and cooled. For friendship, though in its origin involuntary, will not endure without conscious cultivation. If the bond is to survive changes of circumstance, of proximity, of pursuit, of station in life, it must be sedulously lengthened or strengthened in adaptation to them. “I am a bad correspondent,” says one, and thinks he thereby excuses himself for not writing regularly to an absent friend; but, in truth, that is no palliation for neglect of the only known means by which friendship may be made independent of separation. If friendship is silent, rest assured that it is dead. If two friends travel together, dine together, or are in any way associated, they *must* talk; the very fact that they are friends ensures effortless conversation—the effort would be caused by attempting to keep silence, and, if successful, would very soon put an end to their friendship. It is true that when these two are at a distance from each other, a conscious effort is necessary to maintain communion; but, inasmuch as the best correspondence is no more than written conversation, how slight is the effort required, how unpardonable, yet how frequent, is its neglect! The exertion of sitting down to write a sentence is certainly greater than that of uttering it, inasmuch as literature is a weightier matter than speech; but the habit is easily acquired by Englishmen, who excel more often as writers than as orators. The secret of good letter writing is the same as that of all good literature—the writer speaks because he has something to say, not because he has to say something; and who can have a friend without having something to say to him, and a constant wish to say it?

Novantes said that every Englishman was an island, and it is open to some Irishmen to add that every Scotchman is a cross between an island and a hedgehog. There are two causes which chiefly deter

year; not that that suffices, but it entitles one to ask for a pension for two or three lives.”

our countrymen from correspondence: first, their innate dread of *épanchement* (we have no exact equivalent for this term except the derisive slang "gush"), and, second, their habitually careless and inaccurate speech. Slipshod expressions pass muster in familiar conversation, but they do not afford agreeable reading. The greater the pity, for there is no people on earth who habitually entertain loftier thoughts, or are more capable of disinterested attachment, than the English.

But there is another circumstance, peculiar to modern society, which tends as much as the extraordinary reserve of Englishmen to make the duration of friendship precarious—namely, the numerical increase of acquaintanceship. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a vast concourse of human beings as exist in and about London. A man's acquaintance is numbered now-a-days not by the score, but by the hundred; and not only does the presence of such a multitude encourage the idea that if he loses one friend he can surely pick up two or three more, but it increases the effort necessary to retain the friends he has. The ceremony, once so scrupulously observed, of paying and receiving calls has been mightily relaxed; indeed there are some people who affect to be smart in virtue of having forsworn altogether the time-honored custom. The decay of morning calls as a source of social enjoyment may not be cause for regret, but it is a sign that society is becoming so huge that additional care is required to preserve acquaintanceship and even friendship. There is an amusing exaggeration of the ease of finding new friends related in the life of the author of *Friends in Council*. Sir Arthur Helps, than whom no one ever cared less for the pleasures of the table, observed one day to C. V. Bayley, a noted *bon vivant*, that he thought dinners were a bore. "My dear Helps," replied Bayley, "I entirely disagree; I would rather lose a friend than a dinner, for if I lose a friend, I can go down to the club and get another; whereas if I lose a dinner, the misfortune is irreparable, for nobody can eat two dinners on the same day."

In these observations it will be observed that reference is chiefly made to persons of the wealthier and leisurely class, because it is they who have the best opportunities

of selecting and cultivating friendships. It is not that they are endowed with finer feelings or capable of more intense affection—nothing can be further from the truth; but a life of toil absorbs so much physical energy as to leave little more than a capacity for fellowship, which is rarely intense enough to rank as friendship. The chances of employment expose all acquaintanceship among the working classes to sudden rupture; to maintain close correspondence thereafter is forbidden alike by habit and want of leisure; and in the evening of life, when the drooping frame brings a man to involuntary, unwelcome repose, too often it is the case that the vital powers have run so low as to be incapable of expansion in intercourse with those who might have been his friends; all he wants is to be let alone. A Royal Commission was appointed lately to inquire into the condition of the aged poor, and devise means, if possible, to improve it. Among other subjects, evidence was taken on the practice of Boards of Guardians in dealing with old married couples who find their way into the workhouse. Under the law as it used to be, husband and wife were placed in separate wards; but, as this seemed a harsh proceeding, the law was amended not long ago so as to give the Guardians power to lodge aged couples together. A witness of long experience in the administration of the Poor Law was asked if the poor folk valued the privilege of living together in the workhouse.

"In the case of an aged man and wife entering the workhouse" (was the question), "do you find that they prefer to live together or to live separate?"

"As a rule, they prefer to live separate. When an aged married couple come into the workhouse I desire the master to let me know . . . and I will go and see them. 'Well,' I will say, 'you are not in the rooms which are specially built, furnished, and everything else for you.' The answer of the woman probably is, 'I have had enough o' he;' and very often it is the other way, 'I have had enough o' she.' It is more often on that side."

There is a pathetic lesson in such an experience. Friendship, even between husband and wife, must be cultivated, and cultivation implies leisure—a luxury denied to the lower working classes. Comrades as these people have been in the long battle of life, the hardships of conflict seem to have strained out of their nature all capacity for the sweetness of fellow-

ship, all desire save to get rid of worry and be at rest. They remain to one another but a surly, stupid old man, and a querulous, ugly old woman; in neither case the kind of associate one would choose for relaxation. Yet had their lot been less hard—had there been intervals of drudgery when they could have talked over bygone days and devised plans for their common future, such pauses would have been links in a long chain, leading them back in memory to the dewy evenings when they used to meet in the green loaning and wander arm-locked through half the summer night. Truly we are creatures of circumstance, and the playthings of fate; truly Dives receives good things in his life-time and Lazarus evil things, and it is hard to believe in the justice which not only awards purple and fine linen and sumptuous daily fare to one and fallen crumbs to the other, but also denies to the poor man the opportunity of cherishing that kind of intercourse which sweetens the harshest fortune. "The gods are just," insisted Dryden.

But how can finite measure infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not show itself.
Yet man, vain man, would with his short lined
plummet
Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice.
Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate. But purblind
man
Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest links,
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.

The parable of the Sower, like many of the poignant illustrations used by Christ to bring home doctrine to his hearers, has a far wider application than merely to the preaching of the Word. All acquaintance-ship carries in it the seed of lasting friendship, but very little of it reaches good soil, where, favored by the seasons, it may bring forth fruit. The most familiar friendships in a man's life are those sown in the natural seed-time—boyhood and youth—but though his schoolfellows may have been numbered by the hundred, those of them that become his fast friends may be counted on his fingers—most often on the fingers of one hand. The seeds of friendship scattered by the poor man fall, for the most part, "upon stony places where they have not much earth." The young growth flourishes apace, but when the sun is up—when the daily task is set and the whole strength of the man

is wanted to keep body and soul together—it withers away. Political economists shake their heads at the agitation for an eight hours' day; but, looked at from the workman's point of view, it has aspects which are worthy of consideration. People are never done extolling the blessedness of work, and within reasonable limits it is undoubtedly a priceless medicine: but beyond these limits it is a curse, for it deprives a man of the power of cultivating friendship. Bacon's aspiration was probably not far amiss, for a life of leisure without loitering. That seems to define the lot most favorable to the development and endurance of friendship, affording opportunity to cultivate acquaintance, the chance of common employment, the indulgence of like tastes, the pursuit of a common aim, without the lassitude and petulance sure to spring from idleness. Love may be—nay, must be, idle, at least on one side; but friendship shall be ever stirring and active: love, irrational and wayward, may be content with faith, but friendship cries, "Show me thy works!"

If the poor man's crop of friendship is burned up because it has "no deepness of earth," the leisured man's seedlings often fare no better, because of the thorns which spring up and choke them. The very multitude of his acquaintance, as has been shown, is a hindrance to close friendship, so that Charles Lamb spoke truly of the rarity of early friendship enduring into middle age:—

Oh! it is pleasant as it is rare to find the same arm linked in yours at forty which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero de Amicitia*, or some other tale of antique friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate.

Yet it might be otherwise. There are many thousands of young men of means in this country with nothing to do, or, at any rate, who do nothing, because they are not compelled to earn a living. They are, for the most part, amiable, good to look on, well-bred, well-groomed, fairly well-mannered, and capable, if the necessity arose, of doing brave service in the field. They have been at schools selected as the likeliest to afford them—not the best education, but the best set of friends for life. What are they doing to secure friendship? Nothing—it is said advisedly, nothing. Take one of them who is devoted to fox-hunting. In most cases, that

takes him out of his own county for at least half the year, another quarter of the year is spent in London ; then a month or two in Scotland or a few weeks at Monte Carlo leave him little time to cultivate the acquaintance of those who would be his country neighbors if he were ever at home. But, after all, perhaps that matters the less because, as every one knows, there are no friendships so intimate as those of hunting men. His lot is surely one of the brightest that can befall a young fellow.

Presently there comes a change ; he falls in love and marries, or he loses his nerve, or some of his money, gives up hunting and sells his horses. What becomes then of his hunting friends ? For a time he may keep on with the old set, but neither he nor they know what it is to exert themselves for one another ; they find less and less in common ; a vacant place is soon filled up, and when he arrives at middle age he finds himself " out of it," and perhaps becomes a bit of a bore. Unless he is lucky enough to find domestic consolation, it is strange if there does not come home to him the reflection of the *Princesse de Belgiojoso* : " I cannot imagine what joy there can be in living when the eyes of others no longer look love into ours."

This is perhaps an extreme case, but most of us will have no difficulty in remembering plenty of men on the down grade of years, who own not a single friend for whom they would make a sacrifice, or who would make a sacrifice for them. In friendship, as in love, the test of reality is the readiness to sacrifice—sacrifice of time, of money, of exertion, or whatever else. Sacrifice lies at the root of the primitive idea of devotion. Fashionable hospitality has travelled a long way from the original scheme ; modern hosts fill their houses with those who are likely to amuse them or be useful to them, but of old no sacrifice was considered too costly to make for a guest. A traveller, so the story runs, arriving late at an Irish harper's cabin, asked for supper and shelter. There was no fuel in the house and outside all was drenched with rain : the only dry combustible was the poor man's beloved harp—his only means of living, but he did not hesitate to condemn it to the flames in order to cook a meal for the wayfarer. Imagine one of our

Amphitryons making a bonfire of his Erard or Steinway grand for a like purpose.

But whatever may be the cost of friendship to one side or the other, it is of its very nature that a debtor and creditor account is out of the question, and this not the less because in friendship, as in love, *il y a toujours l'un qui embrasse, et l'autre qui tend la joue.*

The pursuit of literature is sometimes supposed to be more productive of friendship than other occupations ; but that is probably because quill-drivers prattle more about their affairs than is the fashion of other folk, and it is their business to give a dramatic or romantic cast to things which in reality are sober and even tedious. The coffee-house wits of the eighteenth century, though they depicted each other sweetly enough in literary miniatures, were often bored with their own society, and the narrative of their intercourse, which sparkles so brightly on their pages, is but the reflection of their happier moments enhanced by the kindly office of memory. The quarrels of authors are at least as conspicuous as their friendships. The fact is, that literary men as a class are less dependent on friendship than almost any other ; they are patient of solitude, for their occupation is a solitary one ; and there are not many natures so elastic as Sir Walter Scott's, who was as much at home to living men and women as he was among his library shelves, and coveted companionship of flesh and blood not less ardently than he did the luxury of study. Sydney Smith spoke impatiently of Macaulay as " a book in breeches." There is a quaint passage in a very quaint book by Anatole France—*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*—in which one of the characters who frequent that house of modest entertainment and motley intercourse prescribes letters as a remedy for afflicted love ; and another, while admitting that may be true enough, doubts if they are any cure for an empty belly.

" Ainsi donc " (répliqua l'abbé). " le faut-il former aux bonnes lettres, qui sont l'honneur de l'homme, la consolation de la vie et le remède à tous les maux, même à ceux de l'amour, ainsi que l'affirme le poète Théophile ? "

" Tout rôtisseur que je suis, " répondit mon père, " j'estime le savoir et je veux bien croire qu'il est, comme dit Votre Grâce, un remède à l'amour. Mais je ne crois pas qu'il soit un remède à la faim. "

The literary, like the artistic, temperament is prone to jealousy and its ancillary, suspicion. Where there is suspicion there is no place for confidence, and without confidence there can be no true friendship. Hence the most memorable literary friendships are those where one was content to be beyond question subordinate to the other. There be those who profanely hold that the delight of lovers arises entirely from the flattery of mutual preference; and this is undoubtedly one of the legitimate gratifications of friendship. I am pleased that my friend should prefer my society to that of many other men, and it is extremely pleasant to me when he shows that it is so. So in the case of the historic friendship of Johnson and Boswell, each was agreeably flattered by the attention of the other. Johnson's appetite for admiration was insatiable; Boswell had an inexhaustible supply at the disposal of his hero, and felt amply repaid by the credit of associating with one whom he invested with the attributes of a demigod. How savagely, yet eloquently, the great man resented indifference to his talents was shown in his memorable letter to Lord Chesterfield:—

The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Johnson never forgave the slight he had received, or fancied he had received, and years afterward when Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son* were published, he condemned them as teaching "the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master."

Johnson used often to deplore the neglect to nourish affection between those who ought to be and might be the closest friends. In a letter to Mr. Bennet Langton he said:—

You are busy in acquiring and in communicating knowledge, and while you are studying, enjoy the end of study by making others wiser and happier. I was much pleased with the tale you told me of being tutor to your sisters. I, who have no sisters nor brothers, look with some degree of innocent envy on those who may be said to be born to be friends, and can-

not see without wonder how rarely that native union is afterward regarded. It sometimes happens, indeed, that some supervenient cause of discord may overpower the original amity, but it seems to me more frequently thrown away with levity, or lost by negligence, than destroyed by injury or violence.

Perhaps the most comprehensive analysis of friendship would be, after all, no more than an expansion of one of the most eloquent essays ever penned—one of which constant repetition through nearly two thousand years has not prevailed to smirch the freshness, nor the changed conditions of human society to darken the significance—that part of his Epistle to the Corinthians in which St. Paul explains the attributes of charity. Our ears have become enamored of its rhythm, which is lost in replacing the Latin word "charity" by the more literal, yet ambiguous, English monosyllable "love;" but indeed the sense is hardly less full if friendship be read throughout this chapter. What can be said of friendship more than that it suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Of all the pieces of political pedantry that ever have been perpetrated, none has exceeded that clause in the code of St. Just which abolished marriage as a sacrament and substituted friendship, ordaining it a public institution. Every citizen on coming of full age was to be bound to make legal declaration of his friends, and if he had none he was to suffer banishment; on the other hand, those whom he proclaimed his friends were to be held responsible for his conduct, and if he committed a crime then they were to be banished. Thus was every citizen to be placed between the devil and the deep sea: if he could announce no friendships, he would be punished; if one of those who claimed his friendship were to break the law, the punishment would fall upon himself.

Hitherto account has been taken only of friendship between man and man, and an attempt has been made to show that it is of a profound, yet delicate nature; much greater are the hazards besetting that of man and woman. The difference of sex, in itself a well-nigh insuperable hindrance to disinterested attachment between persons of nearly the same age, is

accentuated in youth by difference of education, and in maturity by limitation of aim and scope. How far the first is necessary may be matter for reflection, and the last opens up a disputed field on which one may have neither the occasion nor the wish to enter. Let it be granted for the sake of peace that it is no more reasonable to forbid a woman to sit in Parliament because she is born to have children than it would be to forbid a man because he is born to have the gout. The kind of woman who shows herself aggrieved because the present laws prevent her entering Parliament or the County Council may have just cause of complaint, but in proportion as she is earnest in making it known she parts with her indefinable charm and becomes an individual with whom a man is more likely to find himself in competition than in intimacy. The problem of friendship between them is not one that will probably arise for settlement.

Nevertheless, this exclusion, for good or ill, of women from public life, from politics and commerce—from the arena, namely, wherein men most often measure their strength—shears away, as between man and woman, a great province of employment in which the woman's interest can never be other than altruistic. Of course there is much literal truth in the apparently cynical saying that most men who enter Parliament do so to please their wives, who want to go to London. It is as true now as when Horace Walpole wrote to Horace Mann—"I revive after being in London for an hour or two like a member of Parliament's wife," and it derives support from the well known fact that there is a smaller proportion of bachelors in the House of Commons than in any other profession or assembly of men. In that sense, indeed, a wife's interest in her husband's occupation is not pure altruism, but then the matter under consideration is not the close fellowship which ought to and often does unite the aims of husband and wife, but the possibility of friendship between unattached men and women, and the extent to which it is interfered with by the exclusion of women from those occupations which men pursue with most ardor. Husband and wife naturally have many common material interests, it is an unnatural state of matters when they have not, and if, in addition, they share intellectual or spiritual

views, so much the better; they will be bound by a closer tie.

But it is otherwise with man and woman who, though not in wedlock, feel that mutual attraction which sometimes proves strong enough between persons of the same sex to overcome the obstacles of difference in education and object in life. The difficulty of education lies on the threshold, though its force is not generally felt till after some length of acquaintance. In the early days a man and woman who suit each other will find plenty of suggestion for the exchange of thought in the outward aspect of things; the glow of summer suns, the changeful moods of Nature, the simpler impressions of art, the doings of other people, fondness for animals; but as they are longer acquainted, one or other, or both of them, will seek further into the nature of things and speculate about the hidden springs of motive, the range of understanding, the laws of the physical and spiritual world. When these are reached the friends are very apt to part company; either they take diverging paths or else one lags too far behind the other to keep up companionship.

The man, so far as he has retained anything of his schoolboy tasks, is conscious of a voice in inanimate things which finds no sympathetic echo in the woman, for from her the Greek poets have been sedulously sealed away. His deepest thoughts have a tinge of classical melancholy, which is as far as possible from the tone imparted by a girl's education; she cannot comprehend his allusions, for indeed such sentiment is inexplicable except by common understanding, and she is apt to be shocked by the semi-paganism of such lines as these:

*Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs as heretofore,
Ah! singing birds, your happy music pour;
Ah! poets, leave the sordid earth awhile,
Fill to those ancient gods we still adore,
It may be we shall touch the happy isle.*

The whole scheme of a boy's education (as distinct from instruction) has been laid apart from the girl's; except some recollection of arithmetic and grammar, they retain no common impression of what they have learned; their heads have been differently handled, their thoughts run in a different mould—what wonder, then, if there is found to be a centrifugal force in their intercourse—a lack of harmony without which friendship is not?

Failing education, some help may be derived from instruction in the same subjects. It is still the case that in this country it is the rule that girls—the exception that boys—should be instructed in music. A man and woman equally accomplished in this art, and understanding music enough to be capable of thoroughly enjoying it, have a common ground on which lasting friendship may be, and often has been, established; but, failing some such convenient excuse for intercourse, the young growth is very apt to wither away because “there is no deepness of earth.”

But there is another respect in which the training of young people of the wealthier class not only builds up a barrier between their lives, but sends the whole current of their thoughts into separate channels. From the day a boy goes to school he is aware of the existence of a certain kind of evil of which a girl never suspects the existence until she has grown up. The boy knows it is evil, but he learns also that in the eyes of the world there is no disgrace incurred if it is yielded to; that, on the contrary, public opinion condones it. It is the subject of constant conversation among the young, and often of arch allusion among older men, and thus, unless he is of peculiar constitution, it occupies a great deal of his thoughts. The finger cannot be laid on any circumstance of modern society which so completely severs the outset in life and separates the tone of mind of the two sexes. And it endures through life; for though a woman's purity is acknowledged to be beautiful and worthy of worship, it is held to be inevitable—looked for as a matter of course, like the purity of a crystal. We prize it, but we do not wonder at it, for it is secured by sedulous training and the habit of watchfulness; it implies no mortal encounter with evil. But a man's purity does stir our marvel, for it means a living martyrdom. It is like a soaring Alp, now gleaming cold and wan above us, through rifts of cloud, and anon glistening far, very far off, on the sunlit horizon.

What wonder, then, if lives thus set moving upon different planes and fenced off by different social codes of morality, should very rarely link themselves in the golden band of friendship? The chances against this happening would probably not be lessened by the plan advocated by some people of letting women compete with

men in the professions. There is some truth in the French philosopher's observation: “*Les femmes doivent la moitié de leur supériorité à cet avantage de n'avoir point de profession.*”

But it must be admitted that one great difficulty in the way of friendship between man and woman would be got over if women took part in the business of the law, politics, and commerce. A recent decision of the Geographical Society, whereby women were excluded from Fellowships in that learned body, does not point to any innovation in this respect, or to a state of things in which the two sexes would meet in natural intercourse day by day. As matters stand now, in order to cultivate friendship with a woman, a man has to make special arrangements to meet her—at least they would be called arrangements if they were made with another man, but being made with a woman they are spitefully classed as assignations—a term of sinister meaning. “One must often consider,” said Helps, “not what the wise think, but what the foolish will say.”

It is only fair to admit, however, that the wise and foolish would very likely come to the same conclusion in this matter—namely, that in attempting to lay the foundations of friendship by these means, a man and woman stand in imminent peril of a far more serious state of affairs. A woman's beauty is, after all, the most formidable of all barriers to disinterested friendship.

Beauty, my lord, 'tis the worst part of woman,
A poor weak thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies, which each breath of care
Blasts off, and every humorous stream of grief
Washeth away as rain doth winter snow.

When love comes in at the door, friendship flies out of the window, and seldom finds its way back. Not often from the ashes of a dead love will the phoenix of friendship arise; commonly the only form that stirs there is the pale brooding ghost of departed bliss—the only sound that moves, the sigh of shattered faith. “Nay but,” says one, “there are many instances in disproof of that. Take Madame Récamier, for instance; did she not turn many of her lovers into friends, and did they not live for years in perfect amity?” Well, she *claimed* to have done so, but it is difficult to believe that she did not feed their attachment with thin, delusive hopes.

It costs so little effort to send a tender glance from eyes so eloquent as hers ; and though *la belle Juliette* affected to ignore the source of her power, none knew better than she that it lay in her beauty. She inadvertently betrayed that, when, one day in her declining years, somebody complimented her on retaining her good looks so long :—

Oh, ma chère amie (she said), il n'y a plus d'illusion à se faire. Du jour où j'ai vu que les petits Savoyards dans la rue ne se retournaient plus, j'ai compris que tout était fini.

Madame Récamier—beautiful, accomplished, gentle and sympathetic, was absolutely passionless,* but had a never resting desire to please. Witness her behavior with Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great, during his imprisonment at Geneva in 1807. He was then nine-and-twenty. Fourteen years previously she had entered into the ghost of a marriage with a man twenty-seven years older than herself, and they had never thereafter lived together as husband and wife. For three months she permitted the Prince to pay ardent court to her, and at length yielded so far as to write and ask her husband's consent to a divorce in order that she might marry her lover. And then when this husband, who had never suffered his marriage to interfere with his business, his pleasures, his punctual attendance at the incessant guillotine orgies of the Reign of Terror, a husband who had exercised none of a husband's rights or duties, whom she had not seen for years—when this nominal husband wrote a cold assent, coupled with a whining remonstrance on the ground of his own kindness to her as a child, and reminding her that it was her own susceptibilities and repugnance that had prevented him making their marriage indissoluble, and caused the peculiar nature of the relations between them, she drew back in terror from the

only course which could have brought happiness to the Prince and honor to herself, and at last, after keeping him in suspense for more than a year, wrote him a letter intended to extinguish his hope.*

There is something almost forbidding in the cool calculation with which she counted the debit and credit of the Prince's proposal. One is not disposed to judge a woman harshly in the matter of flirtation—when the account comes to be reckoned up between the two sexes, there will be found a heavy balance of reparation due by man—but the history of these spring months at Geneva is not pleasant reading ; one watches this pair in their daily excursions along the shores of the lake, or floating on its limpid waters, one of them paying the tribute of a warm, generous nature, the other content to receive it, but unready to give anything in exchange. The story goes on too long not to have a different ending ; it cannot be right that a noble nature should be encouraged to prostrate itself so entirely before another, and be cheated of its legitimate reward.

Madame Récamier was incapable of love, and, graceful figure though she be, moving among the blood-steeped personalities of that woeful time, she is too careful in preserving her balance, too little forgetful of herself, to suffer us to dwell affectionately on her memory.† David's por-

* “ Le Prince Auguste, boursé d'inquiétudes, tomba malade ; une affection grave, la rougeole, le mit dans un grand danger. Madame Récamier, de son côté, revenue dans sa famille, pesait avec plus de sang-froid et une raison plus libre toutes les chances, toutes les séductions, tous les inconvénients de l'avenir qui lui était offert. Pénétrée de la plus profonde reconnaissance pour la loyale tendresse et le dévouement du Prince Auguste, elle sentait bien, en sondant son propre cœur, qu'elle ne répondrait qu'imparfaitement à l'ardeur des sentiments qu'elle inspirait, et sa délicatesse se troublait à la pensée d'accepter un aussi considérable sacrifice d'un homme auquel elle ne rendrait pas en échange un attachement égal au sien. Ses scrupules religieux, que le langage d'une passion profonde ne faisait point taire en présence du prince, s'étaient fortifiés par la réflexion ; l'effet de la rupture de son mariage sur le public l'épouvantait, et l'idée de quitter à jamais son pays ne lui causait pas moins d'effroi. Elle écrivit donc au Prince Auguste une lettre qui devait lui ôter toute espérance.”—*Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Récamier*, i. 145.

† “ Je poserais donc la question, ou plutôt elle se pose d'elle-même malgré moi pour Madame Récamier, et pour elle comme pour Ma-

* “ Tandis que la femme aimée, au cœur pudique, confiante et sans désir, est assez comblée de voir à côté d'elle son ami, de lui abandonner au plus sa main pour un instant, et de le traiter comme une sœur, sa sœur chérie, l'homme, fut-il doué du ciel comme Abel ou Jean, souffre inévitablement en secret de sa position incomplète et fautive ; il se sent blessé dans sa nature secondaire, sourdement grondante, agressive ; les moments en apparence les plus harmonieux lui deviennent vite une douleur, un péril, une honte ; de là les retours irrités et cruels.”—*Volupté* : Sainte-Beuve.

trait has faithfully preserved that charm which drew so many men toward her, but it would move us more deeply if we knew that she had lived for another rather than for herself.

Nevertheless there is another and a nobler aspect of this woman's character and conduct—a judgment on her motives under which, though her treatment of Prince Augustus cannot be condoned, it appears in painful contrast with her usual integrity. It is clear that she wished to form with the men whom her beauty brought to her feet—with Ballanche, the Montmorencis, Chateaubriand, and others—a durable friendship, over which the clouds of passion should cast no shade, to breathe with them a rarer atmosphere than masculine nature can commonly endure. Ballanche, in one of his early letters to Madame Récamier, showed that he had penetrated the secret of her relations with his own sex :—

Vous étiez primitivement une Antigone, dont on a voulu, à toute force, faire une Armade. On y a mal réussi : nul ne peut mentir à sa propre nature.

Not the less keen was the anguish she inflicted on those men than if she had been a heartless coquette. She was an old woman when Chateaubriand moaned in language far more sincere than compliment :—

Gardez-vous bien mon souvenir. Je n'ai qu'un seul espoir gravé dans mon cœur—c'est de vous revoir.

So it is probably just to credit Madame Récamier with a degree of success in an attempt, which many others have tried ineffectually, to convert lovers into friends—an attempt which is far less hopeful when the passion has been mutual. When one of a pair of lovers grows cold, the other feels the solid earth melt away beneath his feet. Confidence, as essential to friendship as it is inseparable from love, is utterly destroyed for the time, and it is rare indeed that the temper of the discard-

ed one is so plastic as to admit of its restoration. Let it be supposed that it is the woman who has changed ; like Madame Récamier she may wish to retain her old lover as a friend, but how great are the difficulties to be surmounted—how rarely is it possible for the pair to settle down into new relations ! Even if she has not deserted him for another, the man's confidence has sustained a shock which most often proves a death-blow. There seems to be no foothold for trust, no material left out of which to construct friendship. His sorely wounded vanity also embitters him ; for a man is a sensitive vain animal, and it testifies strangely to the peculiar nature of his vanity that you shall hardly find a man with so mean a body or so exalted a mind, that he will prefer that a woman should distinguish him more for his mental than his physical qualities. There is no man, in short, who, being in love and therefore anxious to appear at his best, will not be at greater pains to conceal his baldness than display his intellectual powers. Yet it is rare for an Englishwoman to consider a man's person as anything more important than an envelope for the mind.

On the whole, however, it is perhaps more often the one who has been deceived than the deceiver who will remain most anxious to make friends.

*Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.*

The discarded one will be only too ready for reconciliation, for hope dies hard, and it is long before he can persuade himself that things may not be again as they have been before.

But we are insensibly being drawn into a dissertation on love, which only concerns our present purpose in so far as it affects the prospects of friendship.

Happy are they (and they are many) whom circumstances have allowed to slip imperceptibly from the relation of lovers into that of friends, to whom sadness only comes from the thought expressed by Hartley Coleridge :—

*We only meet on earth
That we may know how sad it is to part.*

Man cannot enjoy supreme happiness here without running the terrible risk of surviving it. "It is a hazardous kind of happiness," Mr. Andrew Lang has writ-

dame de Maintenon, comme pour Madame de Sévigné (la Madame de Sévigné non encore mère) ; je répondrai hardiment : Non. Non, elle n'a jamais aimé de passion et de flamme ; mais cet immense besoin d'aimer que porte en elle toute âme tendre se changeait pour elle en un infini besoin de plaire, ou mieux d'être aimée, et en une volonté active, en un fervent désir de payer tout cela en bonté."—Sainte-Beuve.

ten, "that attends great affection. Your capital is always at the mercy of failures, of death, of jealousy, of estrangement."

Circumstances may prove too strong for us, and we may lose that which we rightly prize most highly. But let us not earn the bitterness of losing it through neglect of the simple means which tend to secure it, for that is what brings some of us to long to pass a sponge over the record: ay, or to lay a cloth wet with tears so closely over the features of the past that it shall never breathe again. Yet we cannot afford to look no more on the depart-

ed: we shall never see the like of it again here below.

Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more;
No after friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days,

If we were to forget them, what sweetness would be left in life? We profess our belief in a Sun of Righteousness, but all that is known of the sunrise to many of us in this murky valley of the Shadow of Death is the brightness reflected from the faces of those who have reached a higher standing than it seems possible for us ever to do.—*Nineteenth Century*.

COMPARATIVE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the month of February, 1665, there was assembled at Ragley Castle as curious a party as ever met in an English country-house. The hostess was the Lady Conway, a woman of remarkable talent and character, but wholly devoted to mystical speculations. In the end, unrestrained by the arguments of her clerical allies, she joined the Society of Friends, by the world called Quakers. Lady Conway at the time, when her guests gathered at Ragley, as through all her later life, was suffering from violent chronic headache. The party at Ragley was invited to meet her latest medical attendant, an unlicensed practitioner, Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, or Greatorex; his name is spelled in a variety of ways. Mr. Greatrakes was called "The Irish Stroker" and "The Miraculous Conformist" by his admirers, for, while it was admitted that Dissenters might frequently possess, or might claim powers of miracle, the gift, or the pretension, was rare among members of the Established Church. The person of Mr. Greatrakes, if we may believe Dr. Henry Stubbe, physician at Stratford-on-Avon, diffused a pleasing fragrance as of violets. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, it will be remembered, tells the same story about himself, in his *Memoirs*. Mr. Greatrakes "is a man of graceful personage and presence, and if my phantasy betrayed not my judgment," says Dr. Stubbe, "I observed in his eyes and meene a vivacitie and spritelinesse that is nothing common." This

Miraculous Conformist was the younger son of an Irish squire, and a person of some property. After the Restoration—and not before—Greatrakes felt "a strong and powerful impulse in him to essay" the art of healing by touching or stroking. He resisted the impulse, till one of his hands having become "dead" or numb, he healed it by the strokes of the other hand. From that moment Greatrakes practised, and became celebrated; he cured some diseased persons, failed wholly with others, and had partial and temporary success with a third class. The descriptions given by Stubbe, in his letter to the celebrated Robert Boyle, and by Foxcroft, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, leave little doubt that "The Irish Stroker" was most successful with hypochondriacal and hysterical patients. He used to chase the disease up and down their bodies, if it did not "fly out through the interstices of his fingers," and if he could drive it into an outlying part, and then forth into the wide world, the patient recovered. So Dr. Stubbe reports the method of Greatrakes.* He was brought over from Ireland, at a charge of about £155, to cure Lady Conway's headaches. In this it is confessed that he entirely failed; though he wrought a few miracles of healing among rural invalids. To meet this

* "The Miraculous Conformist." A Letter to the Honorable Robert Boyle, Esq. Oxford: University Press. 1666.

fragrant and miraculous Conformist, Lady Conway invited men worthy of the privilege, such as the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S., the author of "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*," his friend Dr. Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, and other persons interested in mystical studies. Thus at Ragley there was convened the nucleus of an unofficial but active Society for Psychical Research, as that study existed in the seventeenth century.

The object of this article is to compare the motives, methods, and results of Lady Conway's circle, with those of the modern Society for Psychical Research. Both have investigated the reports of abnormal phenomena. Both have collected and published narratives of eye-witnesses. The moderns, however, are much more strict on points of evidence than their predecessors. They are not content to watch, but they introduce "tests," generally with the most disenchanting results. The old researchers were animated by the desire to establish the tottering faith of the Restoration, which was endangered by the reaction against Puritanism. Among the fruits of Puritanism, and of that frenzied state of mind which accompanied the Civil War, was a furious persecution of "witches." In a rare little book, "*Select Cases of Conscience, touching Witches and Witchcraft*, by John Gaule, Preacher of the Word at Great Staughton in the county of Huntingdon" (London, 1646), we find the author not denying the existence of witchcraft, but pleading for calm, learned, and judicial investigation. To do this was to take his life in his hand, for Matthew Hopkins, a fanatical miscreant, was ruling in a Reign of Terror through the country. The clergy of the Church of England, as Hutchinson proves in his "*Treatise of Witchcraft*" (second edition, London, 1720), had been comparatively cautious in their treatment of the subject. Their record is far from clean, but they had exposed some impostures, chiefly, it is fair to say, where Nonconformists, or Catholics, had detected the witch. With the Restoration the general laxity went so far as to scoff at witchcraft, to deny its existence, and even, in the works of Wagstaff and Webster, to minimize the leading case of the Witch of Endor. Against the "drollery of Sadducism," the Psychical Researchers, within the English Church, like Glanvil and Henry More, or beyond

its pale, like Richard Baxter and many Scotch divines, defended witchcraft and apparitions as outworks of faith in general. The modern Psychical Society, whatever the predisposition of some of its members may be, explores abnormal phenomena, not in the interests of faith, but of knowledge. Again, the old inquirers were dominated by a belief in the devil. They saw witchcraft and demoniacal possession, where the moderns see hysterics and hypnotic conditions.

For us the topic is rather akin to mythology, and "*Folk-Psychology*," as the Germans call it. We are interested, as well be shown, in a most curious question of evidence, and the value of evidence. It will appear that the phenomena reported and discussed by Glanvil, More, Sinclair, Kirk, Telfair, Bovet, are identical with those examined by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, Kellar (the American professional conjurer), and many others. The differences, though interesting, are rather temporary and accidental than essential.

A few moments of attention to the table talk of the party assembled at Ragley will enable us to understand the aims, the methods, and the ideas of the old informal society. By a lucky accident, fragments of the conversation may be collected from Glanvil's "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*,"* and from the correspondence of Glanvil, Henry More, and Robert Boyle. Mr. Boyle himself, among more tangible researches, devoted himself to collecting anecdotes about the Second Sight. These manuscripts are not published in the six huge quarto volumes of Boyle's works; on the other hand, we possess Lord Tarbet's answer to his questions.† Boyle, as his letters show, was a rather chary believer in witchcraft and possession. He referred Glanvil to his kinsman, Lord Orrery, who had enjoyed an experience not very familiar; he had seen a gentleman's butler float in the air!

Now, by a great piece of good fortune, Mr. Greatrakes, the fragrant and miraculous, had also been an eye-witness of this miracle, and was able to give Lady Conway and her guests the fullest information. As commonly happened in the seventeenth century, though not in ours, the marvel of

* Fourth edition, London, 1724.

† In Kirk's "*Secret Commonwealth*," 1691. London: Nutt. 1893.

the butler was mixed up with ordinary folklore. In the records and researches of the existing society for Psychical Research, folklore and fairies hold no place. The Conformist, however, had this tale to tell: the butler of a gentleman unnamed, who lived near Lord Orrery's seat in Ireland, fell in, one day, with the good people, or fairies, sitting at a feast. The fairies, therefore, endeavored to spirit him away, as later they carried off Mr. Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, in 1692. Lord Orrery, most kindly, gave the butler the security of his castle, where the poor man was kept, "under police protection," and watched, in a large room. Among the spectators were Mr. Greatrakes himself, and two bishops, one of whom may have been Jeremy Taylor, an active member of the Society. Late in the afternoon, the butler was "perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr. *Greatrix* and another lusty man clapt their hands over his shoulders, one of them before, and the other behind, and weighed him down with all their strength, but he was forcibly taken up from them; for a considerable time he was carried in the air to and fro, over their heads, several of the company still running under him, to prevent him receiving hurt if he should fall;" so says Glanvil. Faithorne illustrates this pleasing circumstance by a picture of the company standing out, ready to "field" the butler, whose features display great concern.

Now we know that Mr. Greatrakes told this anecdote, at Ragley, first to Mrs. Foxcroft, and then to the company at dinner. Mr. Alfred Wallace, F.R.S., adduces Lord Orrery and Mr. Greatrakes as witnesses of this event in private life. Mr. Wallace, however, forgets to tell the world that the fairies, or good people, were, or were believed to be, the agents.* Glanvil admits that Lord Orrery assured Lady Roydon, one of the party at Ragley, that the tale was true: Henry More had it direct from Mr. Greatrakes.

Here is a palpably absurd legend, but the reader is requested to observe that the phenomenon is said to have occurred in all ages and countries. We can adduce the testimony of modern Australian blacks, of Greek philosophers, of Peru-

vians just after the conquest by Pizarro, of the authors of Lives of the Saints, of living observers in England, India, and America. The phenomenon is technically styled "levitation," and in England was regarded as a proof, either of witchcraft or of "possession;" in Italy was a note of sanctity; in modern times is a peculiarity of "mediumship;" in Australia is a token of magical power; in Zululand of skill in the black art; and, in Ireland, was attributed to the guile of the fairies. Here are four or five distinct hypotheses. Part of our business, therefore, is to examine and compare the forms of a fable current in many lands, and reported to the circle at Ragley by the Miraculous Conformist.

Mr. Greatrakes did not entertain Lady Conway and her friends with this marvel alone. He had been present at a trial for witchcraft, in Cork, on September 11, 1661. In this affair evidence was led to prove a story as common as that of "levitation"—namely, the mysterious throwing or falling of stones in a haunted house, or around the person of a patient bewitched. The patient was Mary Longdon, the witch was Florence Newton of Youghal. Glanvil prints the trial from a document which he regards as official, but he did not take the trouble to trace Mr. Aston, the recorder or clerk (as Glanvil surmises), who signed every page of the manuscript. Mr. Alfred Wallace quotes the tale, without citing his authority. The witnesses for the falling of stones round the bewitched girl were the maid herself, and her master, John Pyne, who deposed that she was "much troubled with little stones that were thrown at her wherever she went, and that, after they had hit her, would fall on the ground, and then vanish, so that none of them could be found." Objects in the maid's presence, such as Bibles, would "fly from her," and she was bewitched, and carried off into odd places, like the butler at Lord Orrery's. Nicholas Pyne gave identical evidence. At Ragley, Mr. Greatrakes declared that he was present at the trial, and that an awl would not penetrate the stool on which the unlucky enchantress was made to stand: a clear proof of guilt.

Here, then, we have the second phenomenon which interested the circle at Ragley; the flying about of stones, of Bibles, and other movements of bodies.

* "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 7. London: Burns, 1875.

Though the whole affair was doubtless an hysterical imposture by Mary Longdon (who vomited pins, and so forth, as was customary), we shall presently trace the reports of similar events, among people of widely remote ages and countries, "from China to Peru."

Among the guests at Ragley, as we said, was Dr. Joseph Glanvil, who could also tell strange tales at first-hand, and from his own experience. He had investigated the case of the disturbances in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth, which began in March, 1661. These events, so famous among our ancestors, were precisely identical with what is reported by modern newspapers, when there is a "medium" in a family. The troubles began with rappings on the walls of the house, and on a drum taken by Mr. Mompesson from a vagrant musician. This man seems to have been as much vexed as Parolles by the loss of his drum, and the Psychical Society at Ragley believed him to be a magician, who had bewitched the house of his oppressor. While Mrs. Mompesson was adding an infant to her family the noise ceased, or nearly ceased, just as, at Epworth, in the house of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, it never vexed Mrs. Wesley at her devotions. Later, at Tedworth, "it followed and vexed the younger children, beating their bedsteads with that violence, that all present expected when they would fall in pieces." . . . It would lift the children up in their beds. Objects were moved: lights flitted around, and the Rev. Joseph Glanvil could assure Lady Conway that he had been a witness of some of these occurrences. He saw the "little modest girls in the bed, between seven and eight years old, as I guessed." He saw their hands outside the bed-clothes, and heard the scratchings above their heads, and felt "the room and windows shake very sensibly." When he tapped or scratched a certain number of times, the noise answered, and stopped at the same number. Many more things of this kind Glanvil tells. He denies the truth of a report that an imposture was discovered, but admits that when Charles II. sent gentlemen to stay in the house, nothing unusual occurred. But these researchers stayed only for a single night. Glanvil told similar tales about a house at Welton, near Daventry, in 1658. Stones were thrown, and all the furniture joined

in an irregular corroboree. Too late for Lady Conway's party was the similar disturbance at Gast's house of Little Burton, June, 1677. Here the careful student will note that "they saw a hand holding a hammer, which kept on knocking." This *hand* is as familiar to the research of the seventeenth as to that of the nineteenth century. We find it again in the celebrated Scotch cases of Rerrick (1695), and of Glenluce, while "the Rev. James Sharpe" (later Archbishop of St. Andrews), vouched for it, in 1659, in a tale told by him to Lauderdale, and by Lauderdale to the Rev. Richard Baxter.* Glanvil also contributes a narrative of the very same description about the haunting of Mr. Paschal's house in Soper Lane, London: the evidence is that of Mr. Andrew Paschal, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. In this case the trouble began with the arrival and coincided with the stay of a gentlewoman, unnamed, "who seemed to be principally concerned." As a rule, in these legends, it is easy to find out who the "medium" was. The phenomena here were accompanied by "a cold blast or puff of wind," which blew on the hand of the Fellow of Queen's College, just as it has often blown, in similar circumstances, on the hands of Mr. Crookes, and of other modern amateurs. It would be tedious to analyze all Glanvil's tales of rappings, and of volatile furniture. We shall see that, before his time, as after it, precisely similar narratives attracted the notice of the curious. Glanvil generally tries to get his stories at first-hand and signed by eye-witnesses.

Lady Conway was not behind her guests in personal experiences. Her ladyship was concerned with a good old-fashioned ghost. We say "old-fashioned" of set purpose, because while modern tales of "levitation" and flighty furniture, of flying stones, of rappings, of spectral hands, of cold psychical winds, are exactly like the tales of old, a change, an observed change, has come over the ghost of the nineteenth century. Readers of the Proceedings of the Psychical Society will see that the modern ghost is a purposeless creature. He appears nobody knows why; he has no message to deliver, no secret crime to reveal,

* The anecdote is published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in a letter of Lauderdale's, affixed to Sharpe's edition of Law's "Memoirs."

no appointment to keep, no treasure to disclose, no commissions to be executed, and, as an almost invariable rule, he does not speak, even if you speak to him. The recent inquirers, notably Mr. Myers, remark with some severity on this vague and meaningless conduct of apparitions, and draw speculative conclusions to the effect that the ghost, as the Scotch say, "is not all there." But the ghosts of the seventeenth century were positively garrulous. One remarkable specimen indeed behaved, at Valogne, more like a ghost of our time than of his own. But, as a common rule, the ghosts in whom Lady Conway's friends were interested had a purpose: some revealed the spot where a skeleton lay; some urged the payment of a debt, or the performance of a neglected duty. One modern spectre, reported by Mr. Myers, wandered disconsolate till a debt of three shillings and tenpence was defrayed.* This is, perhaps, the lowest figure cited as a pretext for appearing. The ghost vouched for by Lady Conway was disturbed about a larger sum, twenty-eight shillings. She, an elderly woman, persecuted by her visits David Hunter, "neat-herd at the house of the Bishop of Down and Connor, at Portmore, in 1663." Mr. Hunter did not even know the ghost when she was alive; but she made herself so much at home in his dwelling that "his little dog would follow her as well as his master." The ghost, however, was invisible to Mrs. Hunter. When Hunter had at last executed her commission, she asked him to lift her up in his arms. She was not substantial, like fair Katie King, when embraced by Mr. Crookes, but "felt just like a bag of feathers; so she vanished, and he heard most delicate music as she went off over his head." Lady Conway cross-examined Hunter on the spot, and expressed her belief in his narrative in a letter, dated Lisburn, April 29, 1663. It is true that contemporary sceptics attributed the phenomena to *potheen*, but, as Lady Conway asks, how could potheen tell Hunter about the ghost's debt, and reveal that the money to discharge it was hidden under her hearthstone? The scope of the Ragley inquiries may now be understood. It must not be forgotten that witchcraft was a topic of deep interest to these students. They

solemnly quote the records of trials in which it is perfectly evident that girls and boys, either in a spirit of wicked mischief, or suffering from hysterical illusions, make grotesque charges against poor old women. The witches always prick, pinch, and torment their victims, being present to them, though invisible to the bystanders. This was called "spectral evidence;" and the Mathers, during the fanatical outbreaks at Salem, admit that this "spectral evidence," unsupported, is of no legal value. Indeed, taken literally, Cotton Mather's cautions on the subject of evidence may almost be called sane and sensible. But the Protestant inquisitors always discovered evidence confirmatory. For example, a girl is screaming out against an invisible witch; a man, to please her, makes a snatch at the empty air where she points, and finds in his hand a fragment of stuff, which again is proved to be torn from the witch's dress. It is easy to see how this trick could be played. Again, a possessed girl cries that a witch is tormenting her with an iron spindle, grasps at the spindle (visible only to her), and, lo, it is in her hand, and is the property of the witch. Here is proof positive! Again, a girl at Stoke Trister, in Somerset, is bewitched by Elizabeth Style, of Bayford, widow. The rector of the parish, the Rev. William Parsons, deposes that the girl, in a fit, pointed to different parts of her body, "and where she pointed, he perceived a red spot to arise, with a small black in the midst of it, like a small thorn;" and other evidence was given to the same effect. The phenomenon is akin to many which, according to medical and scientific testimony, occur to patients in the hypnotic state. The so-called *stigmata* of Louise Lateau are a case in point. But Glanvil, who quotes the record of the trial (January, 1664), holds that witchcraft is proved by the coincidence of the witch's confession that she, the devil, and others made an image of the girl and pierced it with thorns! The confession is a piece of pure folklore: poor old Elizabeth Style merely copies the statements of French and Scotch witches. The devil appeared as a handsome man, and as a black dog! Glanvil denies that she was tortured, or "watched"—that is, kept awake till her brain reeled. But his own account makes it plain that she was "watched" after her confession at least,

* "Proceedings S. P. R.," part xv. p. 33.

when the devil, under the form of a butterfly, appeared in her cell.

This rampant and mischievous nonsense was dear to the psychical inquirers of the Restoration; it was circulated by Glanvil, a Fellow of the Royal Society; by Henry More; by Sinclair, a professor in the University of Glasgow; by Richard Baxter, that glory of Nonconformity, who revels in the burning of an "old reading parson"—that is, a clergyman who read the Homilies, under the Commonwealth. This unlucky old parson was tortured into confession by being "walked" and "watched"—that is, kept from sleep till he was delirious. Archbishop Spottiswoode treated Father Ogilvie, S.J., in the same abominable manner, till delirium supervened. Church, Kirk, and Dissent have no right to throw the first stone at each other.

Taking levitation, haunting, disturbances, and apparitions, and leaving "telepathy" or second sight out of the list for the present, he who compares psychical research in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries finds himself confronted by the problem which everywhere meets the student of institutions and of mythology. The anthropologist knows that, if he takes up a new book of travels in the remotest lands, he will find mention of strange customs perfectly familiar to him in other parts of the ancient and modern world. The mythologist would be surprised if he encountered in Papua or Central Africa, or Sakhal'n, a perfectly new myth. These uniformities of myth and custom are explained by the identical workings of the uncivilized intelligence on the same materials, and, in some cases, by borrowing, transmission, imitation.

Now, some features in witchcraft admit of this explanation. Highland crofters, even now, perforate the image of an enemy with pins; broken bottle-ends or sharp stones are put, in Russia and in Australia, in the footprints of a foe, for the purpose of laming him; and there are dozens of such practices, all founded on the theory of sympathy. Like affects like. What harms the effigy hurts the person whose effigy is burned or pricked. All this is perfectly intelligible. But, when we find savage "biraarks" in Australia, fakirs in India, saints in Mediæval Europe, a gentleman's butler in Ireland, boys in Somerset and Midlothian, a young warrior in

Zululand, Miss Nancy Wesley at Epworth in 1716, and Mr. Daniel Home in London in 1856-70, all triumphing over the law of gravitation, all floating in the air, how are we to explain the uniformity of stories palpably ridiculous?

The evidence, it must be observed, is not merely that of savages, or of persons as uneducated and as superstitious as savages. The Australian biraark, who flies away over the trees, we may leave out of account. The saints, St. Francis and St. Theresa, are more puzzling, but miracles were expected from saints.* The levitated boy was attested to in a court of justice, and is designed by Faithorne in an illustration of Glanvil's book. He flew over a garden! But witnesses in such trials were fanciful people. Lord Orrery and Mr. Greatrakes may have seen the butler float in the air—after dinner. The exploits of the Indian fakirs almost, or quite, overcome the scepticism of Mr. Max Müller, in his Gifford "Lectures on Psychological Religion." Living and honorable white men aver that they have seen the feat, examined the performers, and found no explanation; no wires, no trace of imposture. (The writer is acquainted with a well-vouched-for case, the witness an English officer.) Mr. Kellar, an American professional conjurer, and exposé of spiritualistic pretensions, bears witness, in the *North American Review*, to a Zulu case of "levitation," which actually surpasses the tale of the gentleman's butler in strangeness. Cieza de Leon, in his "Travels," translated by Mr. Markham for the Hakluyt Society, brings a similar anecdote from early Peru, in 1549.† Miss Nancy Wesley's case is vouched for (she and the bed she sat on both rose from the floor) by a letter from one of her family to her brother Samuel, printed in Southey's "Life of Wesley." Finally, Lord Lindsay and Lord Adare published a statement that they saw Home float out of one window and in at another, in Ashley Place, S.W., on December 16, 1868. Captain Wynne, who was also present, "wrote to the *Medium*, to say I was present as a witness."‡ We need not heap up more examples, drawn from classic Greece, as in

* See many examples in "Li Fioretti de Misser Santo Francesco."

† Ch. cxviii.

‡ "D. D. Home; his Life and Mission," p. 307. London. 1888.

the instances of Abaris and Plotinus. We merely stand speechless in the presence of the wildest of all fables, when it meets us, as identical myths and customs do—not among savages alone, but everywhere, practically speaking, and in connection with barbarous sorcery, with English witchcraft, with the saintliest of mediæval devotees, with African warriors, with Hindoo fakirs, with a little English girl in a quiet old country parsonage, and with an enigmatic American gentleman. Many living witnesses, of good authority, sign statements about Home's levitation. In one case, a large table on which stood a man of twelve stone weight, rose from the floor, and an eye-witness, a doctor, felt under the castors with his hands.

There are dozens of such depositions, and here it is that the student of testimony and of belief finds himself at a deadlock. Believe the evidence we cannot, yet we cannot doubt the good faith, the veracity of the attesting witnesses. Had we only savage, or ancient and uneducated testimony, we might say that the uniformity of myths of levitation is easily explained. The fancy wants a marvel, it readily provides one by positing the infraction of the most universally obvious law, that of gravitation. Men don't fly; let us say that a man flew, like Abaris on his arrow! This is rudimentary, but then witnesses whose combined testimony would prove almost anything else, declare that they saw the feat performed. Till we can find some explanation of these coincidences of testimony, it is plain that a province in psychology, in the relations between facts as presented to and as represented by mankind, remains to be investigated. Of all persons who have been levitated since St. Francis, a medium named Eglinton was most subject to this infirmity. In a work, named "There is no Death," by Florence Marryat, the author assures us that she has frequently observed the phenomenon. But Mr. Eglinton, after being "investigated" by the Psychical Society, "retired," as Mr. Myers says, "into private life." The tales told about him by spiritualists are of the kind usually imparted to a gallant, but proverbially confiding, arm of Her Majesty's service. As for Lord Orrery's butler, and the others, there are the hypotheses that a cloud of honorable and sane witnesses lied; that they were uniformly hallucinated, or hypno-

tized, by a glamour as extraordinary as the actual miracle would be; or again, that conjuring of an unexampled character could be done, not only by Home, or Eglinton, in a room which may have been prepared, but by Home, by a Zulu, and by naked fakirs, in the open air. Of all these theories that of glamour, of hypnotic illusion, is the most specious. Thus, when Ibn Batuta, the old Arabian traveler, tells us that he saw the famous rope-trick performed in India—men climbing a rope thrown into the air, and cutting each other up, while the bodies revive and reunite—he very candidly adds that his companion, standing by, saw nothing out of the way, and declared that nothing occurred.* This clearly implies that Ibn Batuta was hypnotized, and that his companion was not. But Dr. Carpenter's attempt to prove that one witness saw nothing, while Lord Lindsay and Lord Adare saw Home float out of one window, and in by another, turns out to be erroneous. The third witness, Captain Wynne, confirmed the statement of the other gentlemen.

We now approach the second class of marvels which regaled the circle at Ragley, namely, "Alleged movements of objects without contact, occurring *not* in the presence of a paid medium," and with these we shall examine rappings and mysterious noises. The topic began to attract modern attention when table-turning was fashionable. But in common table-turning there *was* contact, and Faraday easily demonstrated that there was conscious or unconscious pushing and muscular exertion. In 1871 Mr. Crookes made laboratory experiments with Home, using mechanical tests.† He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, that in the presence of Home, even when he was not in physical contact with the object, the object moved: *e pur si muove*. He published a reply to Dr. Carpenter's criticism, and the common sense of ordinary readers, at least, sees no flaw in Mr. Crookes's method and none in his argument. The experiments of the modern Psychical Society, with paid mediums, produced results, in Mr. Myers's opinion, "not wholly unsatisfactory," but far from leading to an affirmative conclusion, if by "satisfactory" Mr.

* See Colonel Yule's "Marco Polo."

† *Quarterly Journal of Science*, July, 1871.

Myers means "affirmative." * The investigations of Mrs. Sidgwick were made under the mediumship of Miss Kate Fox (Mrs. Jencken). This lady began the modern "Spiritualism" when scarcely older than Mr. Mompesson's "two modest little girls," and was accompanied by phenomena like those of Tedworth. But, in Mrs. Sidgwick's presence the phenomena were of the most meagre; and the reasoning faculties of the mind decline to accept them as other than perfectly normal. The Society tried Mr. Eglinton, who once was "levitated" in the presence of Mr. Kellar, the American conjurer, who has publicly described feats like those of the gentleman's butler.† But, after his dealings with the Society, Mr. Eglinton has "retired into private life."‡ The late Mr. Davey also produced results like Mr. Eglinton's by confessed conjuring. Mr. Myers concludes that "it does not seem worth while, as a rule, to examine the testimony to physical marvels, occurring in the presence of professional mediums." He therefore collects evidence in the article quoted, for physical marvels occurring where there is no paid medium. Here, as in the business of levitation, the interest of the anthropologist and mythologist lies in the uniformity and identity of narratives from all countries, climates, and ages. The earliest rappings with which we chance to be familiar are those reported by Froissart in the case of the spirit Orthon, in the fourteenth century. The tale has become almost a *fabliau*, but any one who reads the amusing chapter will see that it is based on a belief in disturbances like those familiar to Glanvil and the Misses Fox. Cieza de Leon (1549) in the passage already quoted, where he describes the levitated Cacique of Pirza, in Popyan, adds that "the Christians saw stones falling from the air" (as in the Greatrakes tale of the Youghal witch), and declares that, "when the chief was sitting with a glass of liquor before him, the Christians saw the glass raised up in the air and put down empty, and a short time afterward the wine was again poured into the cup from the air." Mr. Home once equalled this marvel, and Ibn Batuta reports similar occurrences, earlier, at the court of

the King of Delhi. There is another case in "*Histoire Prodigueuse d'une jeune Fille agitée d'un Esprit fantastique et invisible*." * A *bourgeois* of Bonneval was beset by a rapping rattle of a spite. "At dinner, when he would lay his hand on a trencher, it was carried off elsewhere, and the wine-glass, when he was about drinking, was snatched from his hand." So Mr. Wesley's trencher was set spinning on the table, when nobody touched it! In such affairs we may have the origin of the story of the Harpies at the court of Phineus.

In China, Mr. Dennys tells how "food placed on the table vanished mysteriously, and many of the curious phenomena attributed to ghostly interference took place," so that the householder was driven from house to house, and finally into a temple, in 1874, and all this after the death of a favorite but aggrieved monkey! † "Throwing down crockery, trampling on the floor, etc.—such pranks as have attracted attention at home, are not unknown. . . . I must confess that in China, as elsewhere, these occurrences leave a *bonâ fide* impression of the marvelous which can neither be explained nor rejected." ‡

We have now noted these alleged phenomena, literally "from China to Peru." Let us next take an old French case of a noisy sprite in the nunnery of St. Pierre de Lyon. The account is by Adrien de Montalembert, Almoner to Francis I. § The nunnery was reformed in 1516. A pretty sister, Alis de Telieux, fled with some of the jewels, lived a "gay" life, and died wretchedly in 1524. She it was, as is believed, who haunted a Sister named Anthoinette de Grolée, a girl of eighteen. The disturbance began with a confused half-dream. The girl fancied that the sign of the cross was made on her brow, and a kiss impressed on her lips, as she wakened one night. She thought this was mere illusion, but presently, when she got up, she heard, "*comme sous ses pieds frapper aucuns petis coups*," "rappings," as if at the depth of four inches underground.

* À Paris, chez la Veuve du Carroy. 1621.

† "Folklore of China," 1876, p. 79.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 74.

§ Paris, Quarto, Black Letter, 1528. The original is extremely rare. We quote from a copy once in the Tellier collection, reprinted in "*Recueil de Dissertations Anciennes et Nouvelles sur les Apparitions*," Leloupe: Avignon, 1751. Vol. ii. pp. 1-87.

* "Proceedings S. P. R.," xix, p. 146.

† *North American Review*, 1893.

‡ "Proceedings, S. P. R.," iv. pp. 45-100; xix, p. 147.

This was exactly what occurred to Miss Hetty Wesley, at Epworth, in 1716, and at Rio de Janeiro to a child named "C.," in Professor Alexander's narrative.* Montalembert says, in 1528, "I have heard these rappings many a time, and, in reply to my questions, so many strokes as I asked for were given." Montalembert received information (by way of raps) from the "spirit," about matters of importance, *qui ne pourroient estre cogneus de mortelle créature*. "Certainly," as he adds, "people have the best right to believe these things who have seen and heard them."

The rites of the Church were conferred in the most handsome manner on the body of Sister Alis, which was disinterred and buried in her convent. Exorcisms and interrogations of the spirit were practised. It merely answered questions by rapping "Yes," or "No." On some occasions Sister Anthoinette was "levitated." Finally, the spirit appeared bodily to her, said farewell, and disappeared after making an extraordinary *fracas* at matins. Montalembert conducted the religious ceremonies. One case of hysteria was developed; the sufferer was a novice. Of course it was attributed to diabolical possession. The whole story, in its pleasant old French, has an agreeable air of good faith. But what interests us is the remarkable analogy between the Lyons rappings and those at Epworth, Tedworth, and countless other cases, old or of yesterday. We can now establish a *catena* of rappings, and *pour prendre date*, can say that communications were established, through raps, with a so-called "spirit," more than three hundred years before the "Rochester knockings" in America. Very probably wider research would discover instances prior to that of Lyons.

It is usual to explain the raps by a theory that the "medium" produces them through cracking his, or her, knee-joints. It may thus be argued that Sister Anthoinette discovered this trick, or was taught the trick, and that the tradition of her performance, being widely circulated in Montalembert's quarto, and by oral report, inspired later rappers, such as Miss Kate Fox, Miss "C." Davis, Miss Hetty

Wesley, the gentlewoman at Mr. Paschal's, Mr. Mompesson's "modest little girls," Daniel Home, and Miss Margaret Wilson of Galashiels. Miss Wilson's uncle came one day to Mr. Wilkie, the minister, and told him the devil was at his house, for, said he, "there is an odd knocking about the bed where my niece lies." Whereupon the minister went with him, and found it so. "She, rising from her bed, sat down to supper, and from below there was such a knocking up as bred fear to all that were present. This knocking was just under her chair, where it was not possible for any mortal to knock up." When Miss Wilson went to bed, and was in a deep sleep, "her body was so lifted up that many strong men were not able to keep it down."* The explanation about cracking the knee-joints hardly covers the levitations, or accounts for the tremendous noise which surrounded Sister Anthoinette at matins. Margaret Wilson was about twelve years of age. If it be alleged that little girls have a traditional method of imposture, even that is a curious and interesting fact in human nature. As regards imposture, there exists a singular record of a legal process in Paris, 1534.†

In this affair it is by no means certain that the right persons were punished. The Franciscans of Orleans, on the first Sunday of Lent, 1533 (old style), examined and exorcised an *esprit tumultuant*. This being manifested itself—beginning by scratching and going on with raps—round the beds of the children of François de Saint-Mesmin, Prevost d'Orleans. The children were Catherine, Anne, and Nicolas, whose ages are not given. Father Pierre d'Arras was the exorcist. By the system of raps, so many knocks counting as "Yes," so many as "No," the Friar elicited from the spirit that she was the dead mother of the children, and was damned for the Lutheran heresy—and for love of dress! On Monday he returned to the charge, but the Assistants Seculiers placed one of themselves "au dessus du lieu où le dit esprit frappoit." After this there was no more rapping. M. de Saint-Mesmin therefore accused about a dozen

* "Proceedings S. P. R." xix. p. 186. "C." is a Miss Davis, daughter of a gentleman occupying "a responsible position as a telegraphist." The date was 1888.

* "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," Edinburgh: Reid, 1685. Pp. 67-69.

† Manuscript 7170 A. de la Bibliothèque du Roi. Dissertations, *ut supra*. Vol. i. pp. 95-129.

friars of libelling his late wife; they were shut up in prison, enduring hardness; after long detention the case was heard, and they were condemned to penance and exile for the libels. It is interesting to note that the noises haunted the beds of the children, as at Epworth, Tedworth, and Rio Janeiro. If the Franciscans were the impostors, and not imposed upon, they probably followed some tradition which connected rapping spirits with the beds of children. But the record of the trial is deficient in detail.

A large book might easily be filled with old stories of mysterious flights of stones, and volatile chairs and tables. In the presence of Home, even a bookcase is said to have forgotten itself, and committed the most deplorable excesses. In the article of Mr. Myers, already cited, we find a table which jumps by the bedside of a dying man.* A handbag of Miss Power's flies from an arm-chair, and hides under a table; raps are heard; all this when Miss Power is alone. Mr. H. W. Gore Graham sees a table move about. A heavy table of Mr. G. A. Armstrong's rises high in the air. A tea-table "runs after" Professor Alexander, and "attempts to hem me in," this was at Rio Janeiro, in the Davis family, where raps "ranged from hardly perceptible ticks up to resounding blows, such as might be struck by a wooden mallet." A Mr. H. falls into convulsions, during which all sorts of things fly about. All these stories closely correspond to the tales in Increase Mather's "Remarkable Providences in New England," in which the phenomena sometimes occur in the presence of an epileptic and convulsed boy, about 1680. To take one classic French case, Segrais declares that a M. Patris was lodged in the Château d'Egmont. At dinner-time, he went into the room of a friend, whom he found lost in the utmost astonishment. A huge book, Cardan's "De Subtilitate," had flown at him across the room, and the leaves had turned, under invisible fingers! M. Patris laughed at this tale, and went into the gallery, when a large chair, so heavy that two men could scarcely lift it, shook itself and came at him. He remonstrated, and the chair returned to its usual

position. "This made a deep impression on M. Patris, and contributed in no slight degree to make him a converted character"—*à le faire devenir devot.**

Tales like this, with that odd uniformity of tone and detail which makes them curious, might be collected from old literature to any extent. Thus, among the sounds usually called "rappings," Mr. Crookes mentions, as matter within his own experience, "a cracking like that heard when a frictional machine is at work." Now, as may be read in Southey's "Life of Wesley," and in Clarke's "Memoirs of the Wesleys," this was the very noise which usually heralded the arrival of "Jeffrey," as they called the Epworth "spirit."† It has been alleged that the charming and ill-fated Hetty Wesley caused the disturbances. If so (and Dr. Salmon, who supports this thesis, does not even hazard a guess as to the *modus operandi*), Hetty must have been familiar with almost the whole extent of psychical literature, for she scarcely left a single phenomenon unrepresented. It does not appear that she supplied visible "hands." We have seen Glanvil lay stress on the apparition of a hand. In the case of the devil of Glenluce, "there appeared a naked hand, and an arm from the elbow down, beating upon the floor till the house did shake again."‡ At Rerrick, in 1695, "it knocked upon the chests and boards, as people do at a door." "And as I was at prayer," says the Rev. Alexander Telfair, "leaning on the side of a bed, I felt something thrusting my arm up, and casting my eyes thitherward, perceived a little white hand, and an arm from the elbow down, but it vanished presently."§ The hands viewed, grasped, and examined by Home's *clientèle*, are innumerable, and the phenomenon, with the "cold breeze," is among the most common in modern narratives.

Here we close a review which might

* "Segraisiana," p. 213.

† Crookes' "Notes of an Enquiry into the Phenomena usually called Spiritual," p. 86. London: Burns. (Second edition.)

‡ "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," p. 85.

§ "A New Confutation of Sadducism," p. 5. Writ by Mr. Alexander Telfair. London. 1696.

* Witness, Rev. E. T. Vaughan, King's Langley. 1884.

easily be produced to any length, without entering on the reports of apparitions, and of second sight. These are no less curious, in their uniformity of incident and character (with the differences already alluded to), than the physical "manifestations." Our only conclusion is that the psychological conditions which begat the ancient narratives produce the new legends. These surprise us by the apparent good faith in marvel and myth of many otherwise credible narrators, and by the coincidence, accidental or designed, with old stories not generally familiar to the modern public. Do impostors and credulous persons deliberately "get up" the subject in rare old books? Is there a method of imposture handed down by one generation of bad little girls to another? Is there such a thing as persistent identity of hallucination among the sane? This was Coleridge's theory, but it is not without difficulties. These questions are the pres-

ent results of Comparative Psychological Research.

[NOTE.—Since writing this article the author has read D. D. Home's "Incidents in My Life" (1863). In vol. i. pp. 170, 171, Home tells, as an occurrence at a *séance* of his own, how a glass full of brandy and water was lifted by the spirits, set down empty, and refilled! This is one of the phenomena reported by Cieza de Leon as occurring in Peru (ch. cxviii.) in 1549. It is unlikely that Home had read Cieza. Have we here Transmission, or independent invention? The writer finds that, in an unsigned appendix to Home's book, Dr. Robert Chambers, himself a folk-lorist, has collected some of the ancient instances given above, with others. He neglects Mather's cases from New England, which are very remarkable.]—*Contemporary Review*.

"SAINT IZAAK."

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

My humble library boasts a treasure in the knowledge of which I am able to contemplate more lordly collections without envy, nay, with positive serenity of mind. It came to me in a pretty romantic fashion, as though we were born for each other. Long had it lain unknown for the precious thing it is in an old country garret, and nightly for many years through the dust and darkness came the sound of the sharp little teeth of bibliomaniac rats picking clean the bones of many a mastodon of letters; for years had damp and mould stealthily soaked their way across many a sumptuous page; but this little octavo of mine remained, by some form of special providence, unscathed and unstained. At last, one pleasant summer evening, the hour of its deliverance had come, for as I sat with print-clad Phyllis beneath the apple trees, Phyllis, who loved books not at all, dropped a word of that musty garret and its musty contents, a word which, to quote the graceful image of a modern poet, "was to me as sparks to tow." Was it to be expected that I could wait till the morrow, pout Phyllis never so prettily? So presently, taking

lamp and chair, we climbed together into that Aladdin's cave of possible Caxtons and First Folios. You should have seen how pretty Phyllis looked sitting there holding the lamp aloft for me, making such dainty contrast in her blouse and bloom to the cobwebs and general "nigritude" of the place. I compared her soothingly to a flower upon a dusty road. But, on the whole, I fear I paid her scant attention, for such a feast of cobwebbed treasures was before me as eye of bookman has seldom seen. There seemed no possibility that might not lurk within that Black Sea. But I must not weary the reader with purely personal raptures. Suffice it that, though luck blessed me with several interesting captures, the memorable capture of that halcyon night was a thickish octavo bound in homely old calf, a first edition of "*The Life of Dr. Sunder-son, late Bishop of Lincoln*", written by Izaak Walton. London: Printed for Richard Marriott, 1678,"—a presentation copy from the author! Yes, in the right-hand top corner of the title-page, in the unmistakable handwriting—"quaint twigs of antique penmanship"—ran "*For Mis.*

Anne King. I. W." "Wonderful moment! The old prophecy seemed to be realized for me, and all the world, including Phyllis, seemed to wither up like a parched scroll, leaving me alone with my little brown octavo. For, as I ventured afterward to relieve my emotion in rhyme—

"Izaak's own hand! own pen, own ink!
Izaak's own eyes dreamed, bookman, think,
Izaak's own body—can it be!—
Once bent above the page we see."

I hope no one has read this relation without emotion, for that *Bishop Sanderson*—with several errors escaped the press corrected in Izaak's own hand—is among all my books the touchstone of the friendly visitor. If on beholding it he does not glow with answering ardors, does not become incontinently aflame with all the bad passions of envy and hatred, I feel he is no true man. There is something wrong with the man who does not love Walton. Never trust him.

My first thought, of course, was to identify Mistress Anne King. Evidently she was some connection of Bishop King, of Chichester, one of Walton's many friends among the clergy, and he who first of all dubbed him "Honest Izaak." My not very difficult surmise was, of course, correct, for among the friends mentioned in his will to whom Walton leaves funeral rings, occurs the name of "Mrs. King, Dr. Philip's wife," whom Sir Harris Nicolas conjectures to have been the daughter of Sir Richard Hobart, and widow of Dr. Philip King, the brother of the Bishop of Chichester. Thus the inscription has something more than a shadowy association.

Moreover, there seemed to me a special sentimental value attaching to this life of Sanderson, beyond any other of the "Lives," because of that charming anecdote which it contains of Walton once meeting Sanderson by chance in Little Britain, and of their sheltering together from the rain in a neighboring inn. But the reader may care to be reminded of the anecdote in Walton's own words. "About the time of his printing this excellent Preface," says Walton, referring to a tract by Sanderson against the Parliament (1655), "I met him accidentally in *London* in sad-colored clothes, and God knows, far from being costly: the place of our meeting was near to *Little Britain*, where

he had been to buy a Book, which he then had in his hand: we had no inclination to part presently; and therefore turn'd to stand in a corner under a Penthouse (for it began to rain), and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had *Bread, Cheese, Ale*, and a *Fire* for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage. . ."

From the first, chance seems to have marked me out for a Waltonian, for one of my earliest memories is of an old ruined gateway, standing solitary among the meadows a mile or so from the quaint Staffordshire village of Madeley. The villagers know it as "Manor Moat," and tell of hidden treasure thereabouts. This I afterward came to realize is all that remains of the fine country house once inhabited by Sir John Odley, the friend to whom Walton dedicated the *Compleat Angler*. You may see a picture of it in its pride in Sir Harris Nicolas' noble edition of the latter. With "The Odley Arms" I had been acquainted before I knew my Walton, or had realized the significance of the name on its swinging sign. That sign swings in front of a fine mill dam, a good quarter of a mile long, not without its legends, you may be sure, of marvellous great pike, but distinguished by the less common tradition that Izaak himself once fished in its waters. An old villager told me of a stone which used to be at the corner of the dam, on which Izaak had scratched his initials, after his favorite manner, but the precious stone had long been missing. It became my task to seek it far and near, poking about farmyards, and peering into stone gateposts, but I might as well have sought the philosopher's stone at once. Perhaps some worthier disciple may one day be more fortunate.

This veneration for Walton, of which the reader very likely thinks I have struck the extreme note in this gossip, is one of the curious phenomena of literature. Perhaps no other writer, unless it be Charles Lamb, has inspired quite the same kind of devotion. For it is not mere hero-worship, it is an actually religious sentiment on the part of the Waltonian. In his loving imagination Saint Izaak is as truly a

saint as any in the Calendar. We can observe the same process of canonization going on in the case of Lamb.

Dr. Johnson considered "the preservation and elucidation of Walton" "a pious work," and was near being the editor of the "Lives," of which he was a great admirer, the Life of Donne being his favorite. But though Walton has had a great cloud of lovers, Thomas Westwood, of all Waltonians, has given most charming expression to what, as I have said, is really nothing less than a religion. His *Chronicle of the Compleat Angler*, a record of ninety-seven editions (in 1883), is a model of what one might call devotional bibliography; and his tribute of *Twelve Sonnets and an Epilogue*, on the occasion of the bi-centenary of Walton's death (December 15th, 1683), is one of the most touching of those pathetic offerings by which a living man passionately seeks to reach the ears of those dead from whom a mere accident of birth has divided him. As the book is not of common occurrence, I shall venture to quote one of the sonnets, that to Izaak's sacred "angle-rod" in which Westwood, so to say, reached the moment of ecstasy:—

"We have his books—we have this relic rare—
Where hides his Angle-rod? . . . My fancy
wings

Its way to limbos of forgotten things,
And gropes, craves, questions, vainly, for it
there.

Our Izaak's Angle-rod—a priceless prize!
At his death-hour, be sure he must have
turned

To where it stood, a lingering look that
yearned,

With the last effort of his glazing eyes,
Our Izaak's Angle-rod! A pearl, a crown
Of preciousness, meet for some noble board,
Enriched with painter's pencil, hero's sword,
Relics of Love and Worship and Renown,—
Vanished from earth—O Angle-rod, wert
given

In Izaak's hand to hold by streams of
Heaven?"

Here is the note of saint-worship, of Izaakolatry, most naked and unashamed, yet I venture to think saved from absurdity, nay, made absolutely touching, by the convincing quaintness of Westwood's fancy. The closing *pensée* is a genuine inspiration.

Besides, actually, this devotion to the memory of a lovely soul is not absurd, however extravagant it may seem to those not in sympathy. And here I return to my previous statement that there is some-

thing wrong with the man who does not appreciate Walton. Some day, sooner or later, you will find that he is selfish or cruel, that he murdered his mother and bullies his servants, or that, at least, he is a shallow "modern," fed on the thin diet of latter-day rationalism, who looks upon piety as an extinct brain disease, or maybe he is a vicious *décadent*, who hates fresh air and "simple pleasures," and regards "purity" as an anachronism.

Then, too, of course, there is the ordinary Philistine angler, who thinks very small beer of Izaak's antiquated angling methods, and to whom his pretty warbling talk of birds and honeysuckle-hedges has no appeal in comparison with a creel full of speckled trout. It is probably among those who have never cast a line, or, like Washington Irving, have but fished "to satisfy the sentiment," that the majority of Waltonians are to be found. As a practical guide to angling, the *Compleat Angler* was exploded even in its own day. Robert Franck belonged to the order of Philistine, as distinct from that of contemplative, anglers, and naturally he had little patience with Walton's unpractical digressions. He vents his spleen in a curious book, entitled *Northern Memoirs*, written in dialogue between Theophilus and Arnoldus, published in 1694, and re-edited by Sir Walter Scott, in 1821. Arnoldus complains that Walton "stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments." Theophilus loftily rejoins: "I remember the book, but you inculcate his errata; however, it may pass muster among common muddlers." But Arnoldus thinks not, "for," he continues, "I remember in Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz., Gesner, Dubravius, and Aldrovandus, which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary." Arnoldus finally relates how the Compleat Angler, getting the worst of the argument, dropped it "and leaves Gesner to defend it," and "so huffed away."

What would Franck think could he be told that that book, not likely to pass muster even with "common muddlers," is shortly to reach its hundred and first edition! Of course, from his point of

view he was perfectly justified. For one might as well consult a fifteenth-century pharmacopeia on Russian influenza as consult "Honest Izaak" on any of the higher branches of his art. But who minds that? Angling was simply an excuse for Walton's artless garrulity, a peg on which to hang his ever-fragrant discourse of stream and meadow. He followed angling, as indeed any such pursuit is most intelligently followed, as a pretext for a day or two in the fields, not so much to fill his basket as to refresh his spirit, and store his memory with the sweetness of country sights and sounds. The angler who merely angles for the sake of what he can catch is not so much an angler as a fishmonger. The truer angler is more often, like Mr. Lang, "no fisher, but a well-wisher to the game," such a one as Mr. Bridges describes in one of the loveliest of his verses:—

"Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his
hook
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a
tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant
book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery;
And dreams or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap."

How much better to be this angler who only dreams, to have one's creel empty indeed, but one's head sweetly giddy with the shining "ghosts of fish"—the angler who fishes for the sake of doing something else, to "some incognizable end," which certainly is not trout.

It is curious to note that that fantastic natural history which was the scorn of the fierce scientific Franck is one of the features of the *Compleat Angler* which most attracts us to-day. Aldrovandus, *Ælianus*, Dubravius, Rondeletius—what names had the scientists of those days! Names monstrous to the eye as the monsters they celebrate. It is hard sometimes to make up one's mind whether Walton's solemn deference to these extinct naturalists of the extinct is not a form of humor with him, as indeed one sometimes wonders too of his no less fantastic piety. Take, for instance, his familiar argument in favor of anglers that four of Christ's disciples were fishermen, and "first, that He never re-proved these for their employment or calling, as He did scribes and the money-

changers. And secondly, He found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are. . . . And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will, that these our four Fishermen should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of His Twelve Apostles, Matt. x. 2-4, Acts i. 13, as namely, first St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John, and then the rest in their order." It is difficult for us to realize that Walton probably meant all this quite seriously, so hard is it by any stretch of imagination to transport one's self into that atmosphere of primitive innocence in which the child-like soul of Walton breathed. But to doubt Walton's absolute seriousness in such a passage is to miss one of the essential conditions of his temperament, its complete, unquestioning reliance upon authority. He was entirely the product of the old order. We see in him an exquisite example of that perfection of character which that old order not infrequently developed. He is perhaps more the ideal Churchman than the ideal Christian, a respecter of castes and an unquestioning supporter of the powers that be. He is the type of man who grows obediently as he is trained, and gives God the glory. It is inevitable that such a type has its limitations. It is apt to be hard on purely human feelings, and one encounters Walton's limitations when he comes to deal with such a matter as Donne's beautiful passionate love-story. Donne's wife married him against the open hostility of her family, and their life together to the very end (even when she had become the mother of twelve children) was an idyl of devoted love—yet Walton declares their marriage to have been "the remarkable error" of Donne's life, and even goes so far as to say, "a marriage, too, without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary, to make even a virtuous love become lawful!" One would have expected the gentle fisherman to have treated so charming a love-story more tenderly, but I am, afraid "Honest Izaak's" view of women was much like that of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and his respect for social usage and dividing-lines as inexorable.

But a saint is, of necessity, somewhat inhuman, and Izaak being a true saint, he

was not, doubtless, without saintly drawbacks—though they are certainly hard to discover. To adapt Wordsworth's sonnet, he was a saint who wrote with a quill "dropt from an angel's wing." One can hardly think of one so innocent-minded writing so well. There always seems a spice of the devil in any form of skill, and we don't readily think of the good man being clever as well. It seems a sort of wickedness in him, somehow. Yet with all his piety, Walton artlessly wrote a prose style which our young self-conscious *prosateurs* may well envy. Alas, that style should be independent alike of abstinence or conversion! With what charming instinctive art, too, he planned his pastoral, managed his dialogues, and introduced his variations from his chosen theme. Has any one else brought the singing of birds, the fragrance of meadows, the meditative

peace of the riverside, into a book, with so undying a freshness as he—and all with a simple word or two? And how well he knew daintily to set a sprig of "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," here and there among his pages, poetry thus immortalized by the association—for no other writer so hallows his quotations.

In a few days it will be three hundred years since he was born at Stafford, and the day, August 9th, is to be fitly kept *piscatoribus sacrum*. Two hundred and forty years since Master Richard Marriott published the *Compleat Angler* in St. Dunstan's churchyard! We strive by critical reagents to analyze the unfading charm of this old book; but is it not simply that the soul of a good man still breathes through its pages like lavender? —*New Review*.

MADRE.

"*Ora pro nobis*," said the cura, and "*ora pro nobis*," repeated the children, their young voices contrasting strangely with the dry cracked tones of the priest; in fact, the whole scene was full of contradictions—the bright sun struggling to get into the large gloomy room, with its stone floor and white-washed walls, a crucifix in one corner, two tall canes in another, the rows of restless noisy boys in their blue blouses, and the solemn priest with his long black robes and tonsured head. The cura was having what he called his "doctrina" class, though what doctrine the children learned it would be hard to say; they only knew that it was their duty to repeat whatever the "señor cura" said, and also that if they made too much noise they would feel the cane on their heads; as to understanding the words they said, such a thought never even entered their minds, and the cura, either from ignorance or laziness, did not explain. He, in appearance, was a tall dark man, and, after the custom of most Spanish priests, unwashed and unshaven, a man fond of ease and comfort, but kind-hearted in his own way. As it struck four he sighed contentedly and told the children to take their caps and go to their homes, a command which they were not at all slow to obey—at least they took their caps and went out,

whether to their homes or not the cura did not take the trouble to ask. We will follow them as they go into the sunlight.

Perhaps you will think that this small Spanish village is not much to look at, with its one principal street, which in rainy weather turns into a rushing torrent, its low badly-built houses, and generally uncared-for appearance. You may be right, but if you will look beyond the village on to the purple hills where the vines are bowing beneath their weight of black and white grapes, you surely cannot help being struck with its sort of grandeur. The sky is so blue and clear, and the pine trees stand out so sharply against the light; the silence too is impressive, though with something of sadness about it; not a sound is heard (not even the song of a bird), except when now and again a lonely goat with a bell round its neck strays past, or some cries come up from the village below. There are a few scattered houses too up here on the hill, where the men who have to keep watch over the vines spend their solitary days walking about the "*campos*" while the daylight lasts; then when the relief guard comes up from the village, they go to their huts till sunrise, when their duties begin again.

Pedro Andrès was one of these vine-

watchers, and lived, with his little nephew Pepito, in one of these small houses on the hill, about a mile from the village. Pepito was not in any way a remarkable child. Imagine to yourself a small boy with dark, closely-cut hair, a face so sun-burned as to be almost black, and bare feet and legs, and that will be Pepito as his uncle saw him every day. Poor Pepito! his father and mother had both died before he was old enough to remember them, and ever since he had had plenty of knocks and hard words, but very little of what we call petting, although as the neighbors said, "Why should Pedro waste good words on Pepito?" He was kind to the child—that is to say, gave him such food, clothes, and shelter as he had. What more could you want? If you had seen Pepito that sunny afternoon as he sat on the doorstep of his uncle's house, eating his usual meal of bread and oil, you would have thought that *he* at any rate did want something more. He was very miserable. The cura that day had broken two new canes on Pepito's head, and moreover required that Pepito should replace those broken canes by two fresh ones before to-morrow morning; but that was not what made him so sad, for after all canes were easy enough to get since they grew wild all round, and a beating more or less did not really matter; it was what the cura had said that had caused all this trouble in Pepito's mind. "Boys, look after your mothers. Remember what they have done for you; do something for them." So had the priest spoken, and on these words Pepito pondered. He thought to himself, "I cannot possibly do anything for my mother if I have not got one." Then he began to wonder why he was in this respect so different from other children. All the boys he knew had mothers; it was very hard that he should not have one too; and thus thinking, he got up from the doorstep and went down the hill into the village. He stopped the first boy he met, and said to him—

"Antonio, what would you do if you had not a mother?"

"Ah, but I have," said the boy, proudly, his imagination not extending to the possibility of life without his mother.

Just then a child running out of one of the cottages fell down. Its cries soon brought its mother, and snatching it up she quieted it with kisses and soothing

words. Pepito's eyes filled with tears; he knew now what was missing in his life. If only he had a mother, he said to himself with a sigh, he would be all right. How he longed for even one kind word or look; and as he thought these things, he leaned against the door of the church and cried bitterly. Presently the cura came out and was touched by this unusual sight.

"What is the matter, my son?" he said, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder.

Pepito looked up. "I want a mother," he said slowly.

The cura drew back the curtain that hung before the church door.

"Come here," he said; and Pepito followed him. The priest went to one of the side chapels.

"Here is the Blessed Mother," he said.

Pepito gazed in wonder. Could it be really true, he thought; could this beautiful lady in white satin and gold embroidery, with such smooth pink cheeks and large eyes, really be his mother? Impossible! But then the cura had said so, and *he* must know. The end of it was that Pepito fell on his knees before the figure with a smothered cry of "Ah, madre mia, madre mia." He had, of course, often been into the church before, but he had only thought of it as a place where one must be quiet and not talk; and the candles and smell of incense oppressed him, so he never stayed there longer than he could help. It was different now; his mother lived there—his beautiful mother. Poor child, he did not see—how should he?—that the soft pink face he admired so much was always the same, that it looked with the same calm smile on all his troubles, that the gorgeous dress was stained and tarnished; he thought of nothing but that he had found a mother, and from that time all his little world seemed changed; he was miserable no more; it did not matter that the other boys laughed at him he just told everything to his "madre" inside the church, and came out comforted. He never thought it odd that to all his questions, all his appeals, he got no spoken answer; he did not expect one; it was comfort enough there in the soft light of the church, and at the smiling figure's feet, to pour out all his thoughts. He did not know much, poor little fellow; he was terribly ignorant of even the first princi-

ples of religion, as the cura, when he had taught them the "Padre nuestro," and a few Latin sentences of which, perhaps, he did not know the meaning himself, thought he had done his duty to the children of his flock; and beyond occasionally telling them to be good, or that it was wicked to throw stones, did not trouble himself much more about them. And so the life went on in the little village.

Pepito did not go any longer for instruction to the cura. "The boy is too old to be idle," said Pedro, and accordingly Pepito went to work every day—that is to say, he broke stones on the high road some way out of the village, and earned quite enough to buy himself shoes and stockings to wear on Sundays or "fiestas," and have enough over to give to his uncle for use on future occasions. The child was very happy, and the other boys laughed at him no more for his fancy in the church. "It does not matter to us," they said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

All had been going on in this peaceful way for some time, when one evening a dreadful thing happened. Pepito was on his way back from work; the sun was setting, and the whole world looked calm and happy. Pepito whistled as he walked along, kicking up the dust with his bare feet, when suddenly he saw a man on horseback come riding out of the village at a furious rate. As soon as the rider got within speaking distance, he called out—

"The hayricks behind the church are on fire, and the cura thinks it will spread to the church."

Pepito took this piece of news in silence. There was no fire-engine of any sort to be got within some miles, and Pepito knew the man had no time to lose if he would save the church; but he (Pepito) could not have spoken if he had wished. The church on fire! and his beautiful mother? "Ah, madre, madre!" he thought, and began running as fast as he could; he might be in time to save her still; he *must* save her, and on he tore. As he came near the village he was met by some men gesticulating, and evidently much excited; but he took no notice, and ran in through groups of people assembled round the church, through the open door to the chapel where "madre" was, and with a

great sob threw himself upon the figure, saying, "Come down, my mother! come down to me!" Then as the figure seemed still to look at him with its old calm smile, he gave a frantic pull, and the next minute it had fallen upon him, marble pedestal and all.

Two men who, seeing his excited state, had followed him in, found him there; they lifted the heavy figure off, and placed it by his side. He was unconscious, and the crowd, who had soon gathered round, at first thought he was dead, but after some time he opened his eyes, then shut them again with a shudder. There beside him, terribly smashed, lay what he had called his mother. His mother? and she was only wood! He had no mother after all. Oh, mother! mother!

Unconsciousness came again to his help, and very gently the rough men tried to lift him up; but he moaned when they touched him, and seemed to be in such pain that they laid him down again to wait for the doctor whom they had sent for at once.

And after all, the fire was out; the hay was damp and did not burn quickly, so by the time the fire-engine came it was not wanted at all; but all night long Pepito lay on the stone floor of the church. The doctor had come, had looked at him, and said, with a shake of the head, that life in that little crushed body could not last long, and that it was better not to move him; so there he lay with some hay under his head, his life slowly ebbing away. His uncle had been sent for, but the boy was unconscious still and did not know him. At last, when the dawn was breaking and a few people were coming in to the morning mass, Pepito opened his eyes, and with a smile stretched out his hands. "Madre mia," he said, and then all was quiet again. A troubled expression came over his face; he looked at the cura bending over him, and said—

"It was only a dream that she was wood; say it was only a dream."

"Yes, my son," said the cura gently, "yes, it was only a dream."

And so Pepito died.

He was buried in the little "Campo Santo," with the broken figure by his side, and life in the village goes on just as it did before; but the sun through the

stained windows of the church looks on something new : the money Pepito saved had been used to buy a virgin to take the place of the other one in the little chapel ;

but this one holds a Child in her arms Whose finger is pointing upward.—*Temple Bar*.

THE PROFESSOR'S ENTERTAINMENT.

AFTER six o'clock dinner at the Grand Chevreuil, we always gather on the stone terrace in front of the house to look at the sunset, to compare notes about the excursions we have made during the day, and to watch the new arrivals descend from the diligence. Mrs. Champion and her pretty young daughters form a centre to the principal group ; "a Queen Rose set with beautiful buds" as the Vicomte de Marny called them ; the Vicomte is generally known in our circle as "Strapontin," or "Strap" for short, because he is useful for every one to sit upon.

On the evening of the Professor's entertainment there was no after-glow to the sunset, which had flamed itself out furiously in the western sky, and had been quickly followed by banks of heavy, lustreless, gray clouds, rolled like another chain of mountains across our usual view. The little, fat, weatherwise gentleman who was really a Monsieur le Baron Something, but went among us by the name of M. le Baromètre, ran about with his pocket instrument, demonstrating to those who would attend that a tremendous storm was brewing. Mrs. Champion listened to him most courteously, as she did to everybody except the scandal-mongers, and retreated into the hall that he might show her how the mercury had fallen since morning.

As he fluttered away to catch a new listener, the English lady found herself face to face with a notice newly posted on the board which hung in the entry and announced the hours of service at the English church, the projected party at the Bellevue, our rival hotel, and other important fixtures. It was in three languages, on a sheet of thin lined paper ; the English version ran in this fashion : "M. le professeur Bonjean gives" himself the honor to announce to MM. the Visitors at the Grand Hotel Chevreuil, his Entertainment will find place this evening in the Saloon at eight o'clock. Entry free."

The girls were laughing over the notice when M. Paul, our landlord, passed by ; he stopped to have a word with Mrs. Champion, as every one liked to do. "Ah, this poor Bonjean, you will give him support, Madame ? He is a brave fellow, and I cannot refuse that he shall make his little harvest in my salon. I do not let every one who applies for the permission victimize my visitors ; but Bonjean comes once a year in the season and I have for him a special consideration. *C'est un fort honnête homme*, and if Madame et ces charmantes demoiselles will but encourage him—" M. Paul glided away, leaving the result to M. Bonjean's advantage to be imagined rather than expressed.

"Why, mother, dear, that must have been the Professor we saw this afternoon meandering among the raspberry bushes, with a book held behind his back, muttering to himself : he didn't look much like a very *brave garçon*, poor old thing, creeping about in a thin dress-suit in broad daylight. What do you think his entertainment will be, conjuring or a zither ?"

"I don't know, but I think we will go to it, whatever it is. M. Paul asked us almost as a personal favor, and you know how zealously he encouraged the concert for the English church funds last week. We owe him some return for his politeness, and this Bonjean seems a special *protégé* of his. Yes, I know what you are going to say," to Colonel Currie, her husband's old Indian friend, who joined them as she spoke, and stood pulling his mustache and looking as cynical as he could ; "M. Paul supported the English church concert because the English church helps to support M. Paul and his hotel ; but for all that, I am grateful to him for his politeness, and you must allow that, as he says, he does not permit too many artists to victimize the visitors. The girls and I shall go to this Professor's entertainment to-night, and I hope you will come too, Colonel Currie."

Who could withstand Mrs. Champion ?

None of her husband's brother-officers, I know.

By and by it was eight o'clock. The Champion girls and their mother came in from the terrace, and with them a little train of followers whom they had persuaded to join the audience of Professor Bonjean ; old Monsieur and Madame Baromètre, he with one eye on the gathering storm outside, she plying her interminable wool-work under the lamp ; the English clergyman and his aunt and cousin ; the boys on their walking-tour, who formed a guard of honor, in tweed suits, to Rosy and May and Alice Champion ; "Strap" gazing forlornly at their mother, who never noticed his devotion ; one or two old ladies, with cotton-wool in their ears, who dreaded a draught more than anything in the world, and insisted that the terrace was beset by this malign influence.

The salon was stiffly set with rows of chairs ; a few lamps glimmered in the corners to which the tables had been relegated ; in a cleared space stood a little rickety round table covered with a white cloth on which was set a water-bottle and an empty saucer ; behind this, coughing nervously, stood the Professor. The audience could only see a narrow black form, and a pair of immense bony hands moving nervously in the shadow. Presently the Professor stretched over and lifted a lamp on to his little table ; Mrs. Champion noticed that his thin fingers shook painfully as he grasped at the light, and she felt glad she had come, and smiled encouragingly as if anticipating a treat. She and her girls and their young friends occupied the front row of chairs.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," began the Professor, and then stopped short, as the burly frame of old Colonel Currie appeared in the doorway, and was accommodated with a seat beside Mrs. Champion, and thanked with a quick, grateful glance from her kind eyes. "Mesdames et Messieurs,"—a thin reedy voice with a tremble in it, two shaking hands clasped tightly over a shabby brown volume, a gaunt elderly figure rising mistily behind the small circle of light which fell upon the white linen cloth and the gaping blue saucer—"I propose to declaim to you one of the comedies of our great dramatist Molière." Here followed an uneasy wriggle from the boys, who scented a flavor of Speech Day about the entertainment

which they had hoped against hope might turn out to be conjuring. "I shall commence by reading over the names of the *dramatis personæ*, and shall endeavor to indicate to you their individual personalities by my changes of voice, of expression, and of action."

This was said in a sing-song tone as if it had been repeated with more or less effect many times already ; then the Professor drew himself up, leaned forward on the table with the book propped up in front of him, and plunged into his play.

It was one of the best known, the most hackneyed, if one may use the word of Molière's comedies. There were fine ladies and fashionable dandies, pert chambermaids and intriguing valets, whose voices and peculiarities of diction the Professor "indicated," as he had promised us, by ludicrously painful efforts of mimicry far beyond his attainment. There were little snatches of song which he rendered in a tired, cracked *falsetto* ; jokes from which his anxiety eliminated all possible point ; and, above all, there were pages upon pages of long-winded conversation through which he labored conscientiously, while the white-faced clock on the consol-table behind Mrs. Champion ticked stolidly on from eight to nine o'clock, from nine to half-past, drawing as it seemed no nearer the entertainment of his audience, or the end of the play. As the half-hour struck, two sounds broke upon the monotonous sing-song of the Professor's reading, from which even the first fire of the start had faded ; one was a burst of loud cheerful laughter from an American party on the terrace without, the other was a deep unmistakable snore from Colonel Currie within.

The Professor stopped, coughed, and leaned forward across the table ; he had a long, pale face and sad eyes, which he fixed on Mrs. Champion, addressing her instinctively as a leader : "Perhaps Mesdames et Messieurs find the reading wearisome?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Champion answered, touched by the melancholy humility of the speaker ; "it is most interesting, most diverting," stonily indifferent to the pinches of her daughters on either side.

"Shall I therefore continue to the end, Madame?"

"We should all like to hear the end,

Monsieur," Mrs. Champion replied mendaciously; "but having in consideration the long journey which Monsieur must make if he intends to return to the valley to-night, and the lateness of the hour, it might be expedient to ask him to be so kind as to give the audience a short *résumé* in his own words of the next few acts, and to conclude the reading by ten o'clock with the final scene."

"Madame was consideration itself," the Professor asserted, too simple to dream that the tactful little lady was representing the interests of both sides. He started afresh on his task, and by judicious skipping and intelligent explanation,—for the text was evidently as plainly written in his memory as in the book before him—the lecture came to a happy conclusion a few minutes before ten o'clock. There was a general uncrossing of legs, relaxing of shoulders; a sort of wave of stretching, mental and physical, seemed to pass over the audience; the Professor sat down in the shadow, black and indistinct, only his fingers fumbled uneasily with a coarse, clean, calico pocket-handkerchief, which he was folding into the semblance of the table-napkin in which roast chestnuts are usually served. He laid the square on the empty blue saucer before him, and hesitated.

Mrs. Champion has wonderful intuitions which belong to the realm of imagination and sympathy. At a touch from her mother, little Alice, the younger girl, had taken the saucer from the table and was handing it systematically round the room, as if she had been a sidesman in church for years; the Champion children have no self-consciousness, and do just what they are told without any of the questioning of modern childhood.

"You must be tired, no doubt, Monsieur Bonjean," Mrs. Champion said in gentle explanation. "Allow my little daughter the pleasure of collecting the fees for your pleasant intellectual lecture. What a memory you must have, Monsieur le Professor; you scarcely looked at your book all the time."

"Ah, Madame, it is easy to remember what one loves!"

"And we shall not soon forget the agreeable evening you have given us. I understand that you are obliged to leave the hotel to-night; may I ask that you will join us in drinking a cup of coffee be-

fore you start? I will go and order it at once, and you will find us on the terrace."

"Mother dear, I got nearly thirty francs for the poor old Professor, only it was difficult to count them all among the folds of the handkerchief; but Uncle John" (so the Champion girls call Colonel Currie) "put in a gold piece because he was ashamed of having snored so loud; and the boys gave ever so much—they don't know what to do with their money up here, where there are no tuck-shops,—and I believe, when I brought him back the plate, the Professor was crying!"

A few moments later M. Bonjean sidled up to Mrs. Champion's table. For the first time we saw his face under the light of the lamp in the portico; a sad, long countenance, with the patient endurance of a camel's, the head dropped forward, and with a false air of youth which a closer inspection of lines and wrinkles proved to be only due to general narrowness and want of self-assurance. Mrs. Champion motioned him to a seat beside her and put a steaming cup of coffee and the inevitable plate of Albert biscuits before him. "You must be tired with so much speaking," she said in her kind English-French; "and M. Paul tells me you are thinking of returning to Loisiré to-night."

"But yes, Madame, I am expected at home."

"Monsieur is married, no doubt."

"I have not as yet that happiness. But my mother and sisters reside with me, and would be exceedingly disquieted were I to delay my return."

"How do you make the descent? Is there a carriage returning to-night to Loisiré?" Loisiré is the little town down below, where there is a railway station which connects the Grand Chevreuil and its visitors with the rest of the world.

"I go by choice on foot, Madame. I am a mountaineer by birth; such a walk is to me a mere bagatelle. I shall catch the last train at Loisiré, and shall reach my home at Montelet before one o'clock."

"You'll have to look sharp then; *Regardez vite, vous savez*," put in one of the tourist boys who was learning French with a tutor from Geneva. "We've done that tramp down to Loisiré several times, you know, and it's precious like two hours, I can tell you."

The Professor gulped down his coffee

and rose to his feet. A great wave of bluish lightning which lit up all the panorama of hills showed him standing before us meagre, shabby and trembling; in his hand he held an end of Mrs. Champion's shawl which had trailed from her chair to the ground. "Madame," he said, "you have met me like a pilgrim on the way, and you have made my desert path to blossom and sing; you have recognized my poor efforts to give pleasure; you have heard the words of the Master spoken by me, and have not thought them degraded, because love can be no degradation. You have treated me as a scholar and a gentleman, and a fellow-citizen of the great commonwealth of Letters. May God bless you, Madame; you have made an old artist very happy!" He kissed the end of the woollen shawl which he held convulsively, scarcely knowing what he was doing; then he caught up his little squalid black bag and hurried down the path which led into the carriage road to Loisure. It was very funny, but somehow we did not any of us laugh just at first.

An hour later the brooding storm broke. Few of us went to bed, for the rolling peals of thunder among the mountains, the wild, blue conflagration of lightning which seemed almost to hiss at us as it laid bare the land to our sight for miles and miles, were something to watch in awe, to remember forever. Even M. le Baromètre was stilled, and ceased explaining to us how and why the storm had arisen, and how and why he had, all along, known all about it. When the worst was over, I passed Mrs. Champion in the corridor; she looked tired and white, for she was only a fragile little Indian lady after all.

"I hope we shall all get to sleep now," I observed.

"That poor old Professor; how I wish I knew that he was safe in shelter!" she replied.

The poor old Professor was safe in shelter, lying under the stone wall a mile before you get to Loisure. They found him next morning as the supply-carts started

on their first daily journey up to the Grand Chevreuil, quite dead, but smiling in the rosy morning air, one hand inside the breast of his thin coat, clutching the chamois leather bag which held his little earnings of the night before, *une vraie moisson* as he had called them to M. Paul, the landlord.

Dr. Pallet said that death was caused by hurry and excitement acting on a weak heart. His mother and sisters were communicated with, and later the English community at the Grand Chevreuil began a little collection to supply these ladies with a donkey-cart, or a mangle, or the good-will of a clear-starching business, I forget which, to console them in their loss. We understood from M. Paul that *ces dames* were something of harpies, but we were glad to help them, nevertheless, to please Mrs. Champion; M. Bonjean had been her *protégé* from first to last. The French visitors were surprised and touched to find this fund set on foot by the indefatigable English for these sufferers of another nationality, and with much liberality, and many exclamations of varying profanity, contributed to it, till the ladies Bonjean had a tidy sum in hand, and their son and brother was almost forgotten in the exciting inauguration of the new business.

"It is sad," Mrs. Champion said. "They are common, coarse women; he was an artist. What must the gentle creature have suffered all the years that he worked for them?"

"Ah, these artists, these artists!" muttered M. le Vicomte Strappontin, piqued by the little English lady's utter indifference to his fascinations. "If there were fewer of them in the world the *bétail* would be better tended!" But Mrs. Champion was not listening even to "Strap's" sarcasm, and of all the compliments paid her that summer at the Grand Chevreuil, I am inclined to think that old Bonjean's "Heaven bless you, Madame, you have made an old man very happy," pleased her best.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.—Mr. Besant [says the *New York Critic*] takes an optimistic view of the situation created by the passage of the International Copyright Bill, in December, 1890. "Has the new law proved as beneficial as you thought it would?" I asked. "Quite so," he replied. "The only persons who have been disappointed are the writers of no popularity, whose works had been printed in the cheap libraries over here, merely because they cost nothing and were useful in making up the periodical issues required to secure cheap postal rates. Finding their books reprinted by two or three American publishers at the same time, they fondly said to themselves, 'What a harvest will be mine when I am paid a royalty on all sales!' When the time came for paying royalties, the American publishers immediately dropped the works of these poor fellows, and stuck to those of really popular writers. The latter, instead of getting a hundred pounds or so, for serial rights only, now get four or five times as much as they got before." The leading article in the *Publishers' Circular* of July 1st is devoted to the effects of the American Copyright law. These effects, we are assured, have been by no means revolutionary. New York has not supplanted London as a publishing centre. "American plates are occasionally sent to England; but that was a custom of the trade long before the Copyright Act was passed, and the number of such importations shows but an infinitesimal increase. We believe this fact has caused some disappointment on the other side, and has been accounted for by a supposed prejudice on the part of English readers against American type. Whether such a prejudice exists we do not know; but it is rumored that an American firm has been making large purchases of English type in order to satisfy the whims of the British reader. We fancy, however, the larger cost of having a book set up in America has more to do with the paucity of specimens of American printing in England than any question of taste. Nor can the peculiarities of American spelling, about which there was a lively correspondence in the press last year, be said to affect the matter; for even in England a section of the press has adopted Cousin Jonathan's method of orthography." While the popular writer—the novelist with a public—finds his position greatly strengthened, since July 1st, 1891,

"to the young and unknown author the benefits of the Act are prospective rather than present." It is difficult for a beginner to arrange for an American edition of a work. "If he fail to find a publisher, most likely he will shrink from incurring the expense of the book himself; so that in nine cases out of ten a maiden effort loses copyright in America."

A WELL-KNOWN scholar and man of letters has sent the following *jeu d'esprit* to Dr. Murray, on hearing the news that the New English Dictionary has at last got through the letter C, and that D is now in hand:

"Wherever the English speech has spread,
And the Union Jack flies free,
The news will be gratefully, proudly read,
That you've conquered your A B C!
But I fear it will come
As a shock to some
That the sad result must be
That you're taking to *dabble* and *dawdle* and
doze,
To *dulness* and *dumps*, and (worse than those)
To *danger* and *drink*,
And—shocking to think—
To words that begin with a d——."

MR. H. JOHNSON, editor of "On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers," which has already reached a fifth edition, is preparing a short "Life of Miss Kate Marsden." The volume will be issued simultaneously in England and America.

As we believe it is proposed to publish the correspondence of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, it may be as well to call attention to the fact that the series of his letters from India, which appear in the current number of the *Century*, are disfigured by numerous misprints. On p. 758 we are gravely told that Delhi "was the centre of the great meeting of 1857;" and on p. 760 occurs the *vox nihili* "unsnarled," for which we can only conjecture "unscathed." The names of both Sir James Fergusson and Sir Charles Aitchison are misspelled, and we have noticed other (more pardonable) blunders in proper names. It is evident also that the letter from "Banka-poor," printed on p. 757, is erroneously dated January 3d, instead of January 30th; and that it has consequently been misplaced.—*Academy*.

MR. CHARLES ROBINSON, a member of the editorial staff of the *North American Review*, has

written a history of political parties in Europe, which will be published in October.

MISS MARIE CORELLI's new romance will be published by Messrs. Methuen early this month. Messrs. Lippincott, of New York, have secured the American copyright, and Baron Tauchnitz made arrangements for the continental edition some months ago. The work, which for special reasons will not be designated as a mere novel, is entitled "Barabbas: a Dream of the World's Tragedy."

THE tablet which has just been affixed to "Coleridge Cottage" at Nether Stowey has for inscription these words, framed within a pair of crossed laurel branches:

HERE
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
MADE HIS HOME
1797-1800.

THE anniversary of Izaak Walton's birth seems to have renewed the interest appertaining to the "Compleat Angler," a copy of the first edition of which has just been sold by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto for £235, the purchaser belonging to America. As a contrast to this we note that Messrs. F. Warne & Co. have issued an edition at 1s. 6d. A stained-glass window is to be placed in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, in memory of the famous fisherman.

THE old Sorbonne at Paris is now in process of being destroyed, and the faculties have already moved into their new quarters. M. Oct. Gréard has taken the opportunity to publish a memorial volume, "Nos Adieux à la Vieille Sorbonne," illustrated with engravings and plans. He traces the history of the institution from its foundation by Robert Sorbon, in the thirteenth century, as a hall for indigent theological students; its reorganization by Richelieu; its disappearance under the First Empire, when the buildings became a museum of art and a home for artists; and its restoration in 1821. To a considerable extent, M. Gréard's work is based upon documents that have never before been published. —*Academy*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD kept up for twenty years a close correspondence with his mother, writing her long letters, telling her of all he did, saw, and read. After her death he used to write to Miss Arnold in the same full way. These letters, or at least a large portion of them, will appear in the selection from his

correspondence which Mr. Russell is editing and Messrs. Macmillan are to publish.

THE University of Paris is said to be frequented by 423 female students, 127 of whom have entered the faculty of medicine. Ninety-five of these hail from Russia, four from Roumania, two from Servia, two from this country, one from Turkey, and another from Germany, while the remainder are natives of France. —*Athenæum*.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, who has been spending some months at Athens and Constantinople, is now on his way to Leipzig, where he will celebrate the jubilee of his doctor's degree, conferred upon him by the University of Leipzig on September 1st, 1843.

MISCELLANY.

BOILING POINTS.—What is boiling? The writer has asked this question many times of unscientific friends, and usually receives for answer that "Water boils when steam comes out of the spout of the kettle," a piece of information which can hardly be considered exhaustive, and is moreover only true when the orifice through which the steam enters the spout is considerably below the surface of the water in the kettle. Before entering upon the consideration of boiling points, it will be, therefore, as well to ascertain what is really meant by boiling. It is not merely the transition of a liquid into a vapor, because this may take place so slowly as to be imperceptible at any special moment, and we then call the process evaporation. If we heat the liquid, evaporation takes place more rapidly, and in ordinary language we "see steam" rising from its surface. If the heating be still continued, a temperature is presently reached at which not merely the surface layers but the whole body of the liquid enters upon the transition stage, large bubbles of vapor rise from the interior, and if the heat be applied long enough continue to do so until the liquid has completely disappeared. This free and rapid discharge of vapor from a liquid mass is called *boiling*, and the temperature at which it takes place the *boiling point*.

It may seem superfluous to observe that there are more boiling points than the boiling point of water, yet a considerable number of persons so seldom have any other brought under their notice, that they not infrequently speak as if it were really the only one, and

moreover as if it were quite independent of any external conditions and never varied. Were this the case many scientific calculations would be considerably simplified; but, on the other hand, it is much to be doubted whether either scientists or non-scientists would appreciate the very extraordinary world in which they would be called on to live; for a common boiling point would mean that under the same external conditions all bodies would be in the solid, liquid, or gaseous state together. Therefore we should have either nothing to eat, nothing to drink, or nothing to breathe. In other words, life would be impossible, or would be adapted to conditions very different from those with which experience has made us familiar; and it is partly by giving to every substance its own boiling point, or rather its own set of boiling points, for the fixed temperature even for the same substance is a fallacy, that nature has rendered our physical environment suitable to our needs.

What is generally understood by the boiling point of water is a temperature of 212° on the Fahrenheit thermometric scale, but Alpine climbers know well that on a high mountain water boils at a very much lower temperature than this—on the summit of Mont Blanc at 184° . The reason is that at these altitudes the pressure of the atmosphere is greatly reduced, since the density of the air decreases with distance from the earth's surface, so that the water is able to expand with greater ease on the application of heat, and consequently passes more readily into the vaporous condition, in which the volume of a given mass of any substance is always far greater than that of the same mass when liquid. The boiling point of a liquid is therefore seen to depend not only on temperature but on external pressure, and the boiling point of water at 212° corresponds to what is called "a pressure of one atmosphere," approximately 15 pounds to the square inch, or a pressure capable of supporting the column of mercury in a mercurial barometer at a height of 29.9 inches. This is the average pressure of the atmosphere at the sea-level, and if it is reduced the boiling point is lowered, while if it is increased the boiling point is raised. Thus for a pressure of 28.9 inches, which would be that of the atmosphere at about 1000 feet above the sea level, the boiling point is lowered nearly two degrees Fahr., and for a pressure of 31 inches it is raised from 212° to 213.8° .

A very curious result is arrived at if we place a vessel of water in the receiver of an air-pump, and reduce the pressure to .006 of an atmosphere, for then the water boils at 32° —viz., at its freezing point at ordinary atmospheric pressure. Since it is quite possible with modern appliances to produce a vacuum so nearly perfect that the pressure is reduced to the millionth of an atmosphere, it will be readily understood that not only can water be made to boil at its usual freezing point, but at a very much lower temperature still. This sounds strange to the uninitiated, but, as we shall presently see, not only are there substances which can be made to boil at very low temperatures, but which require them in order to do so at all. Even among those bodies which at the ordinary atmospheric pressure maintain the liquid state, there are very great differences in the temperature of the boiling point. Thus at a pressure of one atmosphere, water boils at 212° , as we have seen, but under the same conditions alcohol, which is far more volatile than water (i.e., passes more readily into the state of vapor), boils at 172° , and ether at 93.8° , which is more than four degrees below the normal temperature of the human body, "blood-heat," as it is called.

Since boiling is the rapid transition state between liquid and vapor, the boiling point of any substance is not only that at which its liquid vaporizes, but also that at which its vapor liquefies. Thus water boils or passes bodily into steam at 212° , but steam also liquefies at 212° . We have a parallel to this in freezing and melting. Freezing water and melting ice both have a temperature of 32° under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, and the freezing point is always the same as the melting point for the same substance.

Since increase of pressure retards the vaporization of a liquid by making expansion more difficult, it of course facilitates the liquefaction of a gas by assisting the process of contraction. Consequently many gases are capable of being liquefied by pressure alone, though only when they are below what is called their *critical temperature* (different for every different gas), above which cold as well as pressure becomes necessary. Substances whose critical temperature is high, such as water-vapor and sulphuric acid, are the most readily liquefied by pressure. Those in which it is low require the addition of many atmospheres of pressure in order to pass into the liquid state; and there are some in which it is so low that press-

ure only, however great, is insufficient, and the aid of powerful freezing mixtures has to be called in. Oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are the most remarkable examples of gases having very low critical temperatures, and it is only in modern times that their liquefaction has been accomplished at all. They were long thought to be "permanent gases." It is now understood, however, that such a substance as an absolutely permanent gas does not exist. All can be liquefied provided a sufficiently low temperature is attainable, and that temperature is the boiling point of the substance in its liquid state.

The boiling points of oxygen and nitrogen are respectively 375.8° and 356° (Fahr.) below the freezing point of water, and therefore these are the highest temperatures at which they can be seen as liquids. The most remarkable liquefaction which has yet been accomplished, however, is that of air. The two gases of which it is almost entirely composed are oxygen and nitrogen, and since these have different boiling points, it would naturally be supposed (as it was supposed) that they would liquefy separately, the oxygen which has the higher boiling point first, and the nitrogen afterward. So indubitable did this reasoning appear, that though some few years ago a small quantity of liquid atmospheric air was actually produced by two continental scientists, they were told that they must have been mistaken, and that their supposed liquid air was not air at all. The audience which was so fortunate as to witness Professor Dewar's remarkable experiments at the Royal Institution on June 10th last, received ocular demonstration that the too confident critics were wrong. Liquid atmospheric air was produced in considerable quantities, and some of it poured into a wineglass and handed round for inspection. It was at first in a state of violent ebullition, but this soon ceased, and a gentle and finally almost imperceptible effervescence took its place, the liquid air being apparently in no hurry whatever to resume its ordinary gaseous condition. This was not the least striking part of a most striking experiment, for at ordinary temperatures tons of pressure to the square inch would not have retained the air in a liquid state, yet there it was in an open vessel and apparently exposed to the temperature of the lecture-room, but it was *apparently only*. All liquids when boiling absorb heat, and liquid air is no exception to the rule; therefore on being poured into the glass it immediately absorbed all the heat it

could get from that source, and there was no other available save the immediately surrounding air, but this air was itself just given off from the liquid state, and was at the low temperature of the boiling point. In consequence sufficient heat was not forthcoming to maintain ebullition, and the liquid air was compelled to evaporate with comparative deliberation.

The explanation of air liquefying as air in spite of the different boiling points of oxygen and nitrogen lies in the fact that the internal pressure at which these gases exist in the atmosphere is not the same, the density of oxygen being only $\frac{1}{2}$, while that of nitrogen is $\frac{1}{3}$ of the density of any given mass of atmospheric air. Consequently, under the same external pressure the liquefaction of nitrogen is accelerated just enough to make its boiling point coincide with that of oxygen. A very strange and as yet unexplained fact is that this cause appears to cease operation when air is vaporizing instead of liquefying. We should of course expect that it would do so, as air; it does not; the nitrogen whose boiling point is lowest, evaporates first and the oxygen afterward, yet the greater density of the former should retard its evaporation just as it assisted its liquefaction. This is a physical puzzle which will doubtless be solved before long, but, in the mean time, the scientific world seems to have received a double illustration of the saying, "*Rien n'est certain que l'imprévu*," first, in discovering that air liquefies as air, and then that it does not evaporate as air.—*Emma Marie Caillard, in Good Words.*

HISTORY AND POETRY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.—The ladies had none of the excitement of the feuds or forays of the wild chance-medleys or foot-ball-play; and we can imagine that an alarm, with the probability of a forced flitting into the wastes, may have been a not unwelcome interruption to the dulness. It is not difficult to picture the scene on these occasions, for many a ballad verse paints it in a few incisive touches. Lean riders on their half-starved and shaggy little steeds come spurring up from the south, bringing news more or less reliable, which may have been preceded by vague flying rumors. The inhabitants of the hamlet beneath the peels, and of the shealings in the haugh in the immediate vicinity, are all on the alert, snatching at the spears, bows, and broadswords which are always handy, and getting kye, sheep, and swine together, in case of the worst. Man

and beast are being gathered in toward the barmekyns or fortified enclosure at the base of the chieftain's tower. If it is only an incursion of their nearest neighbors, they "may lightly drive them back again with small avail;" and the position may be made good against the assailants. Setting the country in a blaze with the signal-flame is a serious matter; and the men who make a false scare of it, will be ridiculed for fools or cowards. Indeed we have often thought it a strong proof of the grim earnestness of life in those days, that no practical joker, when the malt had got above the meal, ever dreamed of humorously firing the train. Now, nevertheless, all is ready, should the worst come to the worst. The hesitation of the elders in council is overcome by the arrival of some outlying Wat Tinlinn, who does not leave his lonely home for a trifle, and whose experience as to raids is undeniable. All is in readiness for the signal which is to set the pulses of the country throbbing to the Lothians and the southern shores of Fife. There is the beacon or need-fire, a grate always filled with combustibles, and fixed in a corner of the battlemented roof of the peel. The flame shoots up against the sky, and is caught and repeated from the surrounding heights, where the watchers who have been warned have long been on the outlook.

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It remains to say something of the wild and weird poetry inspired by superstition. The reivers and lifters were loose livers, little addicted to religious observances, and ready enough to welcome the Reformation which gave them reason for pillaging the Church. But they were no sceptics, and indeed they firmly believed in being surrounded by a world of invisible spirits, and in the probabilities of future reward or retribution. Their long, involuntary fasts, and their lonely rides through the wilderness, predisposed them to sad and superstitious fancies. The shadows that fell in the moonlight, and the mists that wreathed themselves in the deep hollows at dawn and dusk, took strange phantom shapes. The little brown man of the moors made not infrequent apparition, and was believed to bring them warning of death or disaster. The peels, the mills, and the homesteads were haunted by the brownie, who was a good-natured and harmless domestic drudge as long as his caprices were indulged. If the Borderers did not go much to mass, they went in for nature-worship, and paid involuntary hom-

age to the tutelary spirits of the streams and the lochs. So in the first canto of "The Lay" we have the prophetic dialogue between the spirits of Flood and Fell. There were water-kelpies who lay in wait for solitary riders, at flooded fords when the rivers were in spate. They looked out for corpse-candles in the churchyards, and shuddered under their corselets at the flickering lights which flitted in the gloaming about the morasses. There were nights when evil spirits had exceptional license, and when the restless souls of the unshriven dead revisited the scenes of their crimes and their sorrows. Above all, they believed in the fairies, who only finally disappeared toward the beginning of the last century. Hobbie Elliot in the "Black Dwarf" traces the decline of credulity with unconscious humor. When the high-born "Young Tamlane" and the gifted seer of Erildoune flourished upon the Borders, the elves were in not unfrequent communion with humanity. Soulless and without hopes of a heaven, they led lives of false splendor and of hollow gaiety. The mortals they spirited away, whether in childhood or maturity, seldom were suffered to revisit earth, and then they came back saddened by their subterranean experiences. The Rhymer, who had the ill fortune to inspire a passion in the Queen of Fairy, was rather an exception; yet he seems to have been only set free on furlough. When he sees the portent of the hart and hind in the camp on the banks of the Leader, he recognizes the sign he respects, and calmly resigns himself to their guidance. But "Young Tamlane" is the most picturesque and elaborate expression of the popular belief. "It brings out the dark as well as the bright side of the Elfin faith. The latter pictures a scene as weird and awesome as the heart of man has conceived. The good folks of Fairy were not altogether free from the powers of evil, for they had to pay kane or teind every seventh year to hell, in the shape of a member of their own company or a living man." The ballad turns on the salvation of Young Tamlane by the maiden he has seduced by his enchantments or under promise of marriage. It is not his beauty wins hers, for he is "a wee, wee man," "an Elfin gray;" and her noble father, the Earl of March, with his knights and her bower-women, seem to accept her strange story for gospel. She is bound to another assignation with Tamlane, and she meets him again, when he explains that he was the playmate of her childhood, and tells

how he may be rescued by her courage and devotion. It is a terrible ordeal ; but she has the courage of her race, and will risk anything to redeem her reputation and to find a father for her unborn child. At mirk midnight she makes her way to the haunted cross to await the arrival of the Elfin cavalcade. She hears strange elritch shrieks borne on the winds, and it is a positive relief to her overstrained nerves when the critical movement approaches :

"About the dead hour of the night,
She heard the bridles ring ;
And Janet was as glad o' that
As any earthly thing !"

Then come the verses that ought to be familiar :

"And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the brown ;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

* * * * *

"They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
An esk, but and an adder :
She held him fast in every shape,
To be her bairn's father.

"They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man :
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan."

—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

WHY THE FRENCH ARE BAD COLONISTS.—The Frenchman's love of France, *plus* his amiability, has always rendered his efforts at colonization rather feeble. He goes abroad, but he returns the moment he has acquired the smallest competence ; so that, except in Canada, and, it may be, in the African islands, a French colony, in the English acceptation of the term, is almost unknown. Nor has he the art of ruling barbarous peoples, anxious though he is to essay the task. He is apt to become too familiar with the inferior race—too much like one of themselves. Bishop Heber tells us that in his day the memory of the French rule in India was held in affection by the natives ; but that the British, though they were not loved, were feared and respected. And it is just this kind of respect which in the time of trouble serves to win and keep the empire of such a country. Kossuth used to say that if a Frenchman and an Englishman were both landed on a savage island, the Frenchman would in six months be tattooed like the aborigines, and hardly distinguishable from them, but that the Englishman would be

king of the tribe. The requirements of epigram aside, there is in this dictum a great deal of truth, for it is certain that while at one time France seemed far more likely than England to be a wide-spreading nation, she has contracted her bounds in the latter's favor. In the early days of Canada, the French were more successful than the British in winning the savages, and Mr. Fiske seems to think that their "firmness and tact" ought to have been more powerful in extending the limits of their empire than the "disdainful coldness of the English." But when we read of the fiery and haughty Frontenac, most punctilious of courtiers, with the bluest blood of France flowing in his veins, not thinking it beneath his dignity or his seventy years to "smear his cheeks with vermilion, and caper madly about in the war dance, brandishing a tomahawk over his head, and yelling like a screech owl or a cougar," it does not require a great deal of penetration to know that neither tact nor terrorism could long keep the race of whom such a mountebank was the representative, the master of a people in whom "familiarity breeds contempt." The modern French *mélis* is invariably far more of an Indian than his Scottish or English cousins, though the fathers might have been in much the same social position ; and to this day—as it was at the period when Britain contended with France for the lordship of the New World—a Frenchman is more likely to be on good relations with his Indian neighbors than a Briton or a man of British blood.—*Peoples of the World*.

SOCIALISM AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.—By the "American spirit" Mr. Gilman means the spirit which is not socialistic in the sense of the absorption of the individual in the aggregate. It is a many-sided and many-tongued spirit—like American humor, characteristic of the people (we had almost said of the soil) ; ever leading the way to the new and untried, yet ever doubtful and hesitating in view of will-o'-the-wisp theories of government or social life. Had it been otherwise—had there been the personal freedom without the cool and almost audacious caution of the American character—the War of Independence might possibly have meant the birth of an earthly pandemonium. As it is, the caution has kept pace with the wild impulses of freedom. America could give birth to Mormonism ; but to be reared, the bantling had to be taken to the wilderness. The freedom which could

look with curiosity, and even with complacency, on the strange birth, harked back from the fully developed monstrosity. In the same way, the facts and laws of industrial life were tested. The Pilgrim fathers and their early successors had carried to the West laws of labor which in some cases were found to be unsuitable to the new and practically boundless land. The English workman, for instance, believed in long apprenticeships and elaborate legal indentures binding a boy henceforth to one trade. "Once a stonemason, always a stonemason," was as certainly the law of life as "once a priest, always a priest." The American workman, in effect, said to his English brother: "Don't you think that all this is, possibly, a mistake?" And though the answer was often doubtful—the question being of the American, rather than of the old English, spirit—the laws of industry were slowly but surely altered on both sides of the Atlantic. In like manner the laws of faith, of criticism, of social affairs, were dealt with. Englishmen were entirely at a loss what to do with a form of socialism which meant deism, if not atheism. The Duke of Kent stood by the side of Robert Owen, but in vain. Socialism could find no standing-ground in England. The Americans did not see the subject from the English point of view. They wisely resolved to keep their religious faith and their industrial and other social projects distinctly apart. When English workmen of socialistic tendencies carried their labor and their faith to America, as to a land of perfect freedom, they often (we know curious cases in point) returned to England declaring that church and chapel "out yonder" were too strong for them—were, in fact, stronger than anywhere else in the world. The socialism of America was even then (say, fifty years ago) strong enough to secure for every social project a fair hearing, but the individualism was, after all, the stronger. The cool audacity was all there; but it resented organized, and, as it were, embattled opinion more difficult to combat than armed forces; and that opinion was on the side of what the Americans deemed, and continue to deem, law and order.

Mr. Gilman shows somewhat of this warfare, and the persons engaged in it. Accepting Dr. Schäffle's definition of socialism and individualism as, in the first instance, "the transformation of private and competing capital into a united collective capital," and in the second instance "as private and compet-

ing capitals, with a large measure of individual freedom from State control," he claims for the latter that it accords more truly than the former with the genius and character of the American people. Socialists of all opinions and shades of opinion arrive at the American ports of entry, and represent there the heated views and expressions of persons who find it hard to believe that the governed and the governing can anywhere be true friends. The "American spirit," with its strong and self-assertive individualism, has to face and remould much of this, be the process short or long. Thus individualism, tending in one direction (to pure selfishness possibly, if carried far enough), and socialism tending in another direction (to communism, it may be, if its tenets are driven home), act and react on each other; while "scientific anarchy, the antithesis of State socialism," carves out for itself a way all its own, maintaining "that all interference of the State with the individual is inadvisable, and that the State—in the sense of Government—should be abolished." The America of to-day, Mr. Gilman says, is no more affected by scientific socialism than by thoroughgoing individualism. The American with his strong individualism "would be untrue to himself were he not continuously and persistently a social reformer," etc. For this Mr. Gilman claims the name of opportunism. "Franklin," he says, "was an opportunist from first to last;" and "Washington and Lincoln were both content to serve their own time," etc. This is the American spirit as represented by Mr. Gilman—the spirit of a "higher individualism," referring back its doubts and difficulties, as a last appeal, to the socialism of the New Testament.

The definitions given by Mr. Gilman of socialism, individualism, etc., sufficiently serve their purpose without being exact, or, perhaps, even critically satisfactory. We believe, with him, that there are senses in which the Americans are intensely conservative, the opponents of what Englishmen term radicalism. If experiments are to be tried with the foundation stones of a nation, the Americans prefer that the nation should be some other—not theirs. No ridicule or terrorism would lead them to consider complacently the subject of breaking up the American Union. Mr. Gilman adopts, as entirely of this spirit—

"The old Amerikin idee,

To make a man a man, an' let him be,"

—and so do nearly all of the old stock of the

founders of the United States. No theorist must interfere with that well-rounded individuality; and no theorist must infringe the sacredness of the "flag." We pass over some pregnant remarks of Mr. Gilman's on "Nationalism in the United States," on "The Industrial Future," on "Industrial Partnership" (the subject of one of the author's earlier books), etc. In many cases the "American spirit" finds new names for old ideas. In some cases (as in that of education) the socialist seems to be allowed to claim more than belongs to him. Allow him all his claims, and we must grant him a large share in the foundation of our systems of national education. Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster, however, were not socialists, but simply Christian men who created new facts to which they gave simple, everyday names. Taking the subject from another point of view, Dr. Birkbeck, Sir James Macintosh, John Howard, Lord Brougham, Lord Shaftesbury, and even Wesley and George Fox, were all socialists, though no men ever lived who were less likely to merge their individuality in any mass of persons or ideas. Penny banks, mechanics' institutions, and evening improvement classes were hardly less socialistic than are free libraries, national compulsory education, and co-operative labor. In this order of socialism, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, and Robert Owen might have stood together as representing the same faith of social progress. The Mechanics' Institution is dead in many places—absorbed in the Free Library, or is left behind by the more ardent spirits of the Christian Institute; but it was a great fact fifty years ago. Even "Christian socialism," a term with which we were once so familiar in connection with the names of Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Thomas Hughes, is now only an oratorical term for an eminently practical form of Christianity which fills the entire field of vision. Socialism may grow into Christianity, but Christianity is more than socialism. The reader will see from these remarks how wide is the scope of Mr. Gilman's book. He attaches more importance than we would care to attach to these terms. We do not say that he claims co-operation in labor, free libraries, the shortening of the hours of labor, and other similar great changes in social life as belonging to socialism. He does not; but his remarks at times seem to allow the claim. The socialist (using the term in its strict sense)

had no more to do with national education than he had to do with that great social power, the locomotive steam-engine. Let us be thankful that we can now discuss these subjects freely both in America and England. If the men of fifty years ago could see and hear some such discussion, they would perhaps see, as we cannot, that the fifty years have been years of real social progress. One pleasant part of this book has reference to the alleged, and, we believe, real optimism of the American people.

"The American," Mr. Gilman says, "is constitutionally an optimist. He naturally inclines to take a cheerful view of the most desperate situation, morally or politically. . . . He has unbounded faith in the country and the people (with a very large 'P'). . . . The day after election is the one day of the year in which there is the largest exhibition of good-humor. The defeated party cheerfully accepts the situation, and resigns itself to its position in the minority until the next election, when it is hoped that the popular verdict will be different."

This peculiarity of character, we cannot doubt, is an important factor in estimating the forces for and against the more dangerous forms of socialism. Where there are discontent, suffering, or abject poverty, there men and (worse) women become dangerous as elements of disorder, ready to be inflamed. Fortunately for America, her people not only find that it is possible out of the most unpromising material to produce law-abiding citizens, but also that the people themselves are disposed to wait till this transformation is completed, simply holding the key-positions till frenzies of the hour have passed away. The danger, as the Americans well know, is not with the honest advocates of socialism on public grounds, but with persons who would use a professedly unselfish creed for purely selfish purposes. These the optimism to which Mr. Gilman refers does much to check and restrain. Whether or not the Americans will be able, without civil war, to escape the entanglements which their freedom and their fine position among nations have created for them, remains to be seen. Their difficulties are stupendous, and the temptations to haste and immature action are on every hand; but the brightest examples of the history of America enjoin dispassionate forbearance, and these are the examples to which a true American recurs in times of real perplexity.—*The Spectator*.